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Publication Office, High School, Academy Street.

Vol. V.

ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH, 1901.

No. 1.

THE CLARION

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EDITORIAL



HE "CLARION" once again extends a sincere welcome to its readers. It is no longer a young paper; it has been running for four volumes, and is now starting in on its fifth. Through its entire career both its appearance and subject matter have been of the first order. It has always held a high position among other school papers and has always been well spoken of. The paper, as a paper, has improved steadily rather than rapidly, and the last issue was considered the best that has been published.

The "Clarion" having reached such a stage, now, if ever, everyone should take hold and help it along. With a record such as it has, reflecting faithfully as it does, over school life, the "Clarion" deserves not to meet with disparaging remarks and lack of interest on the part of members of the school. Such an attitude, taken even by a few, only throws an additional burden upon those who are eager to make our school publication as successful as possible.

In every cause there are faithful and unfaithful followers; there are always some who do the work, and others who leave it for tired hands to do. And so, those who have always so loyally supported our paper, we thank most heartily, and earnestly urge all to join in with this number.

At present we have the largest subscription list in the history of the "Clarion." We earnestly appeal to Alumni and friends of the school to swell this list to still larger proportions by

sending in their subscriptions at once.

Besides the subscriptions, the paper is supported, in a large measure, by the advertisements. Our advertisers have always been most generous in their support and we wish to assure them that we are most appreciative of their faithful and long-continued interest in our school paper.

DR the last few months we have been having a rich repast of foreign and domestic affairs; we are still watching anxiously the unsettled state of things in the Transvaal, China and the Philippines, and England's great loss has aroused world-wide sympathies. Victoria was a wonderful queen; "she was a good queen and wrought her country lasting good." As we turn our eyes to King Edward VII, we wonder what sort of a king he will make. As a son of such an admirable woman, we can only hope that he will be proven to possess some of her sterling qualities.

HE term commencing after the Christmas vacation has been unusually hard and long. But in spite of la grippe à la mode, "big hooks" and "small hours," the term has not been totally without its charms and the April vacation is almost here. How fine it would be if, when the April vacation comes, we could only have as much in our minds as we have had on them for the last three months.

HAT have the boys of the hockey team been doing in the meanwhile? In watching them play their game, as we see them brandish their sticks, whirl, rush, turn and slide in every direction, we wonder if that little rubber has made them mad. There seems to

have been method in their madness, however. We are all very proud of their success, and although they have gained laurels for their own heads, it seems almost as if we too wore them, as we tell our friends about "our" hockey team and the cup "we" have won.

ADORNING OUR ROOMS.

In the last number of the "Clarion" there was an article on the new pictures in the school-building. In this number we shall describe the works of sculpture, which were added last summer. As we have stated before, rooms "A" and "1" are decorated with Greek and Roman works of art and rooms "2" and "3" with Italian.

At the front of room "2" are two panels in high relief by Luca Della Robbia. These together with four others originally formed the organ loft in a cathedral in Florence. One of these panels shows six boys playing on trumpets and four children dancing, and the other represents five boys playing on drums and four children dancing. These pieces express a great deal of life and action, and the children certainly look as if they were enjoying themselves. Even if these are not to be enjoyed by everybody, no one can say that they lack spirit or skill in execution.

In the same room on the west wall are the chubby heads of two children called the Bambini. These are also by Luca Della Robbia. The originals were made in glazed terra cotta about five hundred years ago and were placed at intervals, to form a sort of frieze around the outside of the children's hospital at Florence, where they still remain. They are in the form of oval slabs. The backgrounds are blue; and the little white figures, partly draped, stand out, making a very pretty combination of color.

Perhaps the most popular work in the

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION.

room is the group of four singing cherubs. They are seated with their little legs crossed, two singing from a book, one beating time, and the other playing on a mandolin. One can almost hear the sweet strains of the music, unless the hoarse voice of the little bell behind happens to disturb these pleasant thoughts.

Turning to room "3" we find that the decoration consists in two busts and two panel pieces.

One of the busts is St. John as a child. The original is in the Pinacoteca, a museum in Florence. This bust gives an idea of a very frail child, but there is a great deal of sweetness and purity in the innocent young face.

But St. John's companion, the bust of a young girl, is not so pleasing. It is by Donatello and is wrought with great skill and delicacy, but the expression is insipid. However, this does not detract from the skill of the artist, as it was the aim of Italian artists in Donatello's time to represent life and not unnatural perfection.

The two panels at the back of the room are by Donateilo also. They belong to a set of twelve panels made for the singing gallery over the altar in the same cathedral where Della Robbia's reliefs decorated the organ gallery. "Luca Della Robbia's have more grace and elegance of composition, but Donatello's are charming studies of joyous childhood." One panel represents two winged cherubs singing from a book, and the other a gracefully draped figure, wreathed with flowers, playing on a pipe.

In the north corner of room "1" is a bust of Cæsar, and in the east corner of room "A" one of Cicero.

Cesar's face shows him a soldier and a scholar, a man of determination and will. He is represented in the prime of life and has a fearless but refined expression on his face. The original of this bust is sculptured in Greek marble.

But the other bust is a marked con-

trast to the ambitious Cæsar, and it is not uncommon to hear the exclamation, "Poor Cicero." He does look as if he needed a great deal of sympathy. The mouth has an anxious and care-worn expression, and the eyes are uplifted as if he were in great distress. Still, underneath all this, there is much strength and character in the face of this famous orator, and his expression is intellectual and distinguished. Although this bust of Cicero is not so pleasing as some which depict him in the early part of his career, still it shows the great strain that he must have endured, and does not fail to call forth admiration for the man. The busts of Cicero and Cæsar are now in the Capitoline museum at Rome, and they are very good examples of the Roman portrait sculpture. While portrait sculpture was not unknown to the Greeks, it was practiced very little by them; but the Romans made a great art of it. During the life of a great Roman, a statue of his body was made, but the head was not added until after his death.

At the back of room "1," on the right, is a bust of the Hermes of Praxiteles. In the original statue Hermes, under Jupiter's direction, is carrying the infant Bacchus to the nymbhs for protection from "cruel Juno's unrelenting wrath." This beautiful statue was unearthed at Olympia, in 1877, by some German excavators. When it was first found both legs were shattered from the knees downward and the right arm was missing, but the face and the rest of the body were unharmed. The Germans have restored the legs rather poorly, but we shall never know the position of the right arm. The superb head has all the beauty and dignity of a Greek god, but still there is a certain expression of tenderness which at once gains the admiration of the beholder. Indeed, it is so life-like that the expression of the face seems to change as one looks at it. While Hermes has all the serenity of the Apollo Belvedere, there is a certain masculine appearance in the Hermes which the Apollo lacks. It seems remarkable that a sculptor, in his statue, can express all the strength and manliness of a youth, and at the same time depict his subject, holding a little child as tenderly as a woman. Praxiteles has done all this. The original Hermes of Praxiteles is still at Olympia in a small museum made especially for it.

The Venus of Melos is at the back of room "1" between the windows. original was found on the island of Melos by a peasant of that place. It was bought by the Marquis de Rivière in 1820, carried to Paris in 1821, and presented by de Rivière to Louis XVIII, who placed it in the Louvre, where it still remains. It is larger than life size, and this is very exceptional in Greek statuary. It is the most famous and most beautiful female statue in existence. The chief beauty lies in the simplicity and exquisite refinement. The beautiful head, with the hair coiled loosely at the back, is tipped slightly to the left. Venus has nothing of coquetry about her, but a majestic purity and sweetness perfectly adapted to the "Goddess of Love and Beauty." Do we wonder that Paris gave her the golden apple? The weight of her body is resting on her right foot and the left foot, which was missing when the statue was found; was originally placed a little in advance of the right. This position raises the right hip a little above the left and gives a grace and ease to the curves of the body which is unexcelled in art. The arms, which are both missing, have never been satisfactorily restored, and there has been a great deal of controversy about their position. One supposition is that they held a bright shield which the goddess was using as a mirror; another, that she was resting her hands on the shoulders of her lover, Mars: and still a third, that this is the statue of a madonna and that originally she held a child in her arms. Although none of these theories can be satisfacto alv proved, there is one restoration that seems more probable than the rest. When the statue was found at Melos, a left hand holding an apple was found, not far from it. It seems reasonable that Venus should be holding an apple, and as the hand is made of the same material as the statue it is very likely that they belong together.

These are the new works of sculpture which adorn our school-building. It is very interesting to notice the difference in style between the Greek and the Italian. While the Greek sculpture was composite and aimed at perfection, the Italian showed more emotion and was more true to nature. But the repose of a Greek statue ever fills the beholder with awe and admiration

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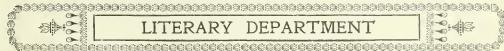
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT



"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

The western sky, all aglow with the setting sun, was faintly reflected in the small pond by the roadside. A path ran from the road by one side of the pond in among the trees, just beginning to turn into red and gold. On the other side of the path a great field of rye sloped towards a white farmhouse. At the stile stood a man with a frank, open countenance, somewhat browned by the sun. One foot was resting on the lower bar, his elbows on the top bar; his hat was pushed far back on his head, and he was looking expectantly along the path towards the woods. Presently his eye grew brighter, and his face lit up with a happy and affectionate smile.

She had just emerged from the woods. At first she did not look up; she broke off the head of some gay autumn flower, then looked up for a moment with just a little smile of welcome in her brown eves, and an expression which plainly told that she knew he would be there. He had not failed her a single afternoon all summer, and then, perhaps, she had heard him whistling faintly a few minutes before. She did not hurry at all, and even stopped now and then to look into the clear, quiet water. He waited and never moved, only the smile broadened on his face.

At last she reached the stile; then he slowly took his foot down, removed both the bars for her to pass through, put them back again, and stopped a moment to look at the great red sun just sinking over the distant hillside. Then he turned where she was patiently waiting for his usual caress, with, perhaps, a little look of displeasure at his evident admiration of the sunset; he threw his arm around her, and lovingly they walked off down the lane, quite happy together, farmer John and his brown heifer Bess.

MARGARET CHAMPNEY, 'O'I.

A SUMMER BOARDER.

At the end of a winding lane shaded by young birds' trees, and flecked with patches of sunlight, in a peaceful little country village among the hills, is the dearest little house ever secluded from the inquiring gaze of the public. Its weather-beaten gray shingles are covered with a thick green vine, whose tendrils curl around the old-fashioned brick chinney which extends to the ground. Hollyhocks of the richest shades grow luxuriantly in a mass of glowing color around the moss-covered stone doorstep, and add the necessary touch of color to the landscape. A canary in a wooden cage at the window continually pours forth his most beautiful melodies in appreciation of the surroundings. Evcrything is spotless, from the muchscrubbed kitchen floor, to the glass-covcred wax flowers on the parlor mantelpiece. On the door-step, the old dog, who goes by the rare and unusual appelation of Prince, slumbers peacefully, only waking now and then to give a disturbed grunt at the naughty kitten, who delights in playing with his tail.

In this delightful place live two maiden ladies, Miss Priscilla and Miss Maria, who are in straigthened circumstances, and are obliged to resort to various means to better their lot. They were discussing the problem of existence one morning, while washing dishes.

"We are ladies, Maria," said Miss Pris-

cilla, holding up her head proudly. "Do not forget that."

"So we are, 'snapped Miss Maria, "but ladies have to live."

Miss Priscilla sighed gently. Suddenly a bright thought entered her mind, and she said timidly, "We might take summer boarders."

"Summer boarders," screamed Miss Maria. "Summer boarders! My dear Priscilla, are you daft? Summer boarders who are always wanting you supply crough cookies in the middle of the foremon to feed a regiment, and small boys who would want to tease our darling Prince, and swing the kitten around by the tail."

After much discussion, however, they at length agreed to try it, and after waiting a long time finally made arrangements with a well known club-woman from a large city, who wished to come there with her little daughter.

At last the eventful day arrived. Miss Friscilla had pictured to herself a tall, graceful woman in black velvet, with cerdial and gracious manners. The old carryall drew up to the door with creakings and groans which sounded decidedly dangerous, and there alighted a stout woman with short, iron-gray hair, and a very short skirt, carrying over her arm a huge black bag, and wearing a golf cap tied down with a green veil. She was dragging along by the hand a little girl with tightly-braided little pig-tails of hair standing out from her head. Her freckled face was shaded by an immense broad-brimmed hat, and she was busily engaged in sucking a large health cracker. Prince, whose disposition was at times rather sensitive, jumped at her with a growl, but subsided on being presented with a dog biscuit of the most hygienic kind. Miss Priscilla timidly tried to make advances to the child, but Elizabeth Anna being of a shy disposition, retreated in alarm behind her mother's skirts, and was seized with such panic at supper, that she retreated under the table until only the tips of her pigtails were visible.

That week was indeed a reign of terror. The club-woman stared in amazement at the supper-table, and pityingly at Miss Priscilla, who, being of an apologetic disposition, usually received the scoldings, said patronizingly,

"My good woman, is it possible that you allow on your table hot doughnuts, griddle-cakes and cream-of-tartar biscuits, in defiance of all scientific rules? I have here some hygienic bread, health crackers and wheat biscuits which you should never be without."

Elizabeth Anna, tired of health crackers, was munching a huge doughnut, but meeting her mother's astonished gaze, she dropped it and slid under the table.

The industrious club-woman, who was said to have great executive ability, turned the house upside down. breakfasted on oatmeal, shredded-wheat biscuits, and health coffee; dined on shredded-wheat salad, and supped on hygienic bread. She cleared out most of the furniture in the parlor because, so she said, it collected germs, and with sacrilegeous hands deposited in the woodshed the chair on which the minister always sat when he came to call. She even obliged Miss Priscilla to listen to the last paper which she had written for the club, "on "Housekeeping of the Future," and discoursed with Elizabeth Anna on "The Advantage of Cultivating the Philanthropic Instinct in Children,' and "The Advantage of Hygienic Living."

After a week of skirmishes Miss Maria and Miss Priscilla rose in revolt, and the enterprising club-woman was politely requested to depart. Her comments on departing are better left untold. As the door closed on her portly figure, Miss Maria, raising her hands, said,

"Don't ever speak to me again of sum-

he rose to the surface, and found himself in five feet of water. Proceeding cautiously, he was soon out of the water entirely; but in darkness. After groping about for some time he came to the live coals of a fire. The cave was about twenty feet long and twelve wide; and was held up by planks and logs. In this cave was a perfectly appointed distillery, with a water supply from the river. Following along the tunnel, he came to a second outlet like that by which he entered. Retracing his steps until he reached the log across the tunnel's mouth, he dove and came up at the feet of his companions.

There were several gallons of liquor in the tunnel. It was agreed to occupy the distillery and capture the gang on its return. They did not care to reach the cave by swimming, so they dug to it.

Just after daylight the moonshiners returned and were seized one by one.

For thirty-two years the distillery had been in successful operation. It had taken months to complete the tunnel, which had been made by deserters from the Confederate Army during the war. Only a certain number of moonshiners were allowed to possess the secret of the retreat, as great danger had been faced in carrying on the business.

It was the old story over again, great labor and ingenuity wasted, when perhaps one-tenth of the same qualities better applied would have brought profit to themselves and to society.

ARTHUR J. HENDRICK, '05.

"EARLY RISING TO JOHNNY."

I believe that the mothers and perhaps some of the fathers will sympathize with me when I say that calling a boy in the morning, whether big or little, is no easy task. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it, especially the big boys, who

delight in going to see their lady friends for a short call in the evening; or perhaps it is from studying late evenings trying to find out why the square of the weeks in vacation hasn't the same ratio as the weeks of school divided by forty. The mothers know this; so do the boys. But the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the door and gently procailms "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no sound. Then there is a sharp, short "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt mixed in with a gape and a few bed clothes, coming from the upper regions, signifies that an impression has been made and the mother is encouraged to say, "You'd better be getting down here to breakfast before I come up there and give you something you'll feel."

This so startles the young man that he immediately goes off to sleep. The father all this time knows nothing about the trouble. He merely opens the door calmly and the "John Henry" rings all up and down that stairway and goes into Johnny like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of bed, into his clothes and down stairs with the running time of the "elevated." It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons, and if he does—not more than once—there will be trouble. But all the same Johnny believes that early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy. wealthy, or otherwise.

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THE NINTH INNING.

The portly gentleman came upon the grandstand hurriedly and seated himself beside a small, freekled-faced, and redhaired boy. He seemed glad that the inning had commenced; for he had acted almost ashamed to come in. Unbottoning his coat, thereby revealing his spotless waistcoat, he accosted the boy by his side, "What is the score, sonny?" "Three to two in their favor, first o' the ninth," replied "sonny," "but Lakeville will beat 'em yet." "Um! who's that in the box?" The boy gazed at him with a look of surprised wisdom, and said, "Huh! don't you know Jack? Thought everybody knew him! His whole name is Arthur Jackson, but us fellers that knows him calls him 'Jack.' He's all right, too!" The man's only response was another "M-m!," and he settled himself to watch the game.

There were two on bases now and the voices of the "coachers" were heard hoarsely encouraging the men,—"Come on, Sam, old man! get off! get off! he da'sen't throw the ball! Look out!"—as the pitcher turned quickly and threw the ball. "Safe!" shouted the umpire. Then "Jack" settled

down to pitch.

The next batter went out in one, two, three order: the large grandstand fairly shook; and the air seemed to vibrate with applause. "What d' I tell yer?" said the boy, with a

self confident smile. "He'll do," and the stout gentleman shook with ill-suppressed mirth as he smiled into the lad's glowing face. Then a well-directed liner put another man on base, but sent the man "Sam" to third base only, amidst the applause of the neutral spectators.

The excitement was now intense. The grandstand was silent, and every voice was hushed except for the occasional words of encoragement to the runners by those "coaching." Then Jackson pitched the ball. There was a sharp rap and the ball left the bat, struck the ground half way between home and the pitcher's box and bounded into the air above the pitcher's head. A quick, high leap into the air and the pitcher had the ball in his glove. But then he forgot himself; for instead of throwing home, he threw to first. The second baseman shouted to first, "Steady; time enough," and a swift throw home barely beat the runner, the whole taking place in one-third of the time it takes to tell it. The voice of the umpire was completely drowned in the great sea of applause.

"'I George, that's the best playing I've seen for a long time!" exclaimed the portly gentleman, trying to conceal his excitement. "You bet!" said the boy, "and there's more coming too!" "Batter up," called the umpire. The first man stepped to the plate, gripped his bat, and sent a well-placed

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grounder between first and second. He ran hard, and was rewarded by the umpire's "Safe enough on first!" The next man struck out miserably. The man following got out at first, sacrificing for the man on base, who easily took second. Jackson now came to the plate and gripped the bat. The relieved words, "Ah! here's Jackson," could be heard throughout the L. A. faction of the grand-stand. "Now you jest wait," said the red-haired spectator, as he turned again toward the field. The first ball left the pitcher's hand. "Strike!" called the umpire. "Nice pitching, old man," the catcher said, as he threw back the ball.

Three balls and a strike then followed in succession. Lakeville began to lose heart. "Just a hit, Jackie, now," the men would plead, while the coacher redoubled his efforts to get his man to third. Then came a ball straight over the plate. Jackson swung hard and struck the ball fairly, and it soared far over the heads of the running fielders as the runner, dropping the cracked bat, sped around the bases. Then the grandstand seemed to go wild. Every one was on his feet; even the white waist coated individual waved his hat until he grew red in the face. Jackson was running hard now toward home. Would the ball beat him? Suddenly a shrill voice rang out above the noise, "Sli-ide, Jack;" and Jack slid. As the dust cleared, the umpire, running up, shouted, "Safe!" The game was over.

As the players left the field, "Jack" was saying, "I would never have slid if my red-haired friend hadn't shouted to me. I'd not thought of it. We'll make him mascot, next year."

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Two hours later, Arthur Jackson sat in the fast deepening shadows of his room in Lakeville Academy, talking with the aforementioned gentleman of broad proportions. "Well," the latter was saying, "that is certainly the best game I have seen since our game of '77, or its equal! Perhaps I have mentioned it before?" "Why, yes, just a little, father." "By the way, Arthur, will they elect you captain again next year?" "They will if I stay, and let 'em," responded that individual, with a smile which seemed to indicate that something had been said on the matter previous to this time. "If you stay! And is there any good reason why you should not?" "It seems not," laughed Jack, as they went to the window to answer the cheering below.

CHARLES GOTT, JR. '06.

THE NATURAL PERVERSITY OF INANIMATE THINGS.

Mr. Pembroke had been away in the country on a vacation for about a month. He sent a letter to his wife, saying he would be home the following Thursday. Of course Mrs. Pembroke was very much pleased, and wished to have things look very cos for him. She told Jane, the maid, that she wanted Mr. Pembroke's room thoroughly cleaned, and that she would also like a few

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changes made. When Jane had done her best she informed her mistress that the work was finished. Mrs. Pembroke determined to see that everything was done to please her, and upon looking the room over she concluded that it would do very well. The next evening Mr. Pembroke would be home. How happy she felt upon waking the next morning to find that it was going to be a pleasant day. About nine o'clock in the morning she received a telegram from Mr. Pembroke saying he would not be home until the ten o'clock train; for he wished to take a short trip with some of his friends in the morning. Thursday evening, Mrs. Pembroke told Jane that she was not going to sit up for her husband, as he would not be home until late; so she retired at half-past nine.

About a quarter past ten Mr. Pembroke could be heard ascending the front steps at his home, and then entering the house. Finding that a light had not been left for him, he determined to go up stairs without one. He never once realized what trouble was in store for him. He determined to go through the dining room to the kitchen and up the back stairway; for he did not want to wake up his wife, going up the front way,

hich was not carpeted. He went into the dining room; every board in the floor seemed to squeak as loud as possible, though it would never think of doing such a thing in the day time. He first bumps into the dining table, and then after hitting about every chair, as he thought, in the room, succeeds in reaching the kitchen. He then proceeds to find the stairway, which he reaches in safety. Lucky for Mr. Pembroke that he did not make the acquaintance of the kitchen stove. He starts up the stairs as softly as possible, and on reaching the top, as he thinks, he starts to go to his room, when much to his amazement he finds himself sliding down the stairs. When he picks himself up, he is very careful to make sure that he has reached the top.

At the hotel where Mr. Pembroke has been staying during his summer vacation, his room was on the left hand side of the upper hallway; but he does not remember that at his home his room is on the right: so consequently he starts for the left as unconcerned as could be. He tries his best

to find the door, but is unable to do so. He at last remembers where he is, and realizes that he has been feeling along the wall for his door. Crossing over to the other side of the hall, he succeeds in finding his room.

He then makes up his mind that it is about time for him to remove his hat and coat. Of course Mr. Pembroke does not know that a few changes have been made in his room; so taking off his coat he proceeds to hang it up on a hook that was always handy for him; but he soon finds out that he has used the mirror for a clothes rack. He then places his hat on a table close at hand and much to his amazement finds out that it has landed in a basin of water that his wife had placed out for him. He hits his foot against a very large rocking chair, vainly endeavoring to reach the bureau; and brings up short against the chiffoniere with a bang that almost knocks him breathless. Standing still to recover from the last blow he has received, and making another venture, instead of reaching his pet chair, which he knows to be close at hand, is somewhat astonished to find himself stumbling over the writing table. Mr. Pembroke is now almost out of patience, but has no idea where he will find the matches or a lamp. This last move proves so utterly fruitless that he is about ready to give up in despair, when suddenly looking beyond the desk, he sees a faint glimmer of light looming up in the darkness, which from its size he knows can only come from a window. The rest is comparatively easy. Aside from two or three stumbles over various misplaced rugs, and one tremendous knock upon his forehead from an open closet door, he succeeds in reaching the rest which he so richly deserves.

The morning dawns upon a very different world, when at last Mr. Pembroke is able to locate himself by the light of day. A somewhat serious and lengthy conversation with his wife at the breakfast table, he hopes, will prevent a repetition of such disasters in the future. His concluding statement to his wife is to the effect that when he builds a house all of the furniture will be built into it, and therefore give no chance for any serious change.

FLORRIE WHILTON, '05.

We have some rising young artists in '03, if one may judge from the designs on the note-book covers.

NECESSITIES.

Nowadays wise people say, Dame fashion is our bane,

For the only things which a gentleman needs,

Are a tall hat and a cane.

A collar reaching to his ears,

His gloves within his hand,

A smile upon his placid face— These constitute a man.

Now a lady's wants are very small,

A long, loose, coat if she's very tall,

A picture hat, a mannish shoe, A pompadour and she will do.

By a rising genius found in class of '03.

A CATASTROPHE.

When Willie got an auto',
He took his girl to ride,
The boiler got too hot o',
Now they lie side by side.

By the brilliant star-just discovered-in class of '03.

Class of 1904.

One of the Mythology class recognizes the statue of the Minerva Medica by her "chest-protector." It must be rather a noticeable feature.

The Sophmores do not seem to be troubled by insomnia.

Wouldn't you like to see the god who had a purely Greek profile, also a typical Roman nose?

The pupils of Room 2 have a great habit of dropping g's on the floor.

One scholar is unusually fortunate in having a new kind of mythology—the Gaylfinch.

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CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER 1900.

W. E. MARSHALL, A. GRANT.



Why is it that Arlington can always produce a winning hockey team? We had only three men left from last year's team, but the open positions were filled, and well filled, as our record will show. The team as formed was as follows: Freeman, Cook, Moore and Berthrong, forwards; Johnson, cover point; Mills, point; Hilliard, goal, with Buhlert as substitute. We have yet a clean record, not having been beaten this year, although we played almost every afternoon until a few weeks ago.

Our hardest game was, perhaps, with Waltham. This was a league game and it was our turn to go to Waltham. They were tied with us for first place and our future hinged on that game.

In the first half, after about fifteen minutes of sharp play, Freeman shot the rubber safely between the posts. However, in a few minutes, Waltham also got a goal. Then time was called. But we greatly outclassed Waltham in endurance, speed in skating, and team play. Thus at the beginning of the second half, Moore shot another goal, and later Cook got one also.

The forwards are to be complimented for keeping their temper as long as they did, for Waltham, well knowing that we could out-skate them, resorted to such playing as tripping, slugging, and body-checking. The crowd also pushed in and hindered Arlington as much as possible. However, after the game was won, we went in and quite effectually wiped out all old scores. Ask the boys about it.

We have won games from Cambridge Manual Training, Cambridge Latin, Somerville High of the International league, and also many picked teams containing such stars as Lyman. In our own league we have beaten Waltham 3–1, Roxbury 2–0, and claimed a game from Boston Latin as they did not appear on the scene at the appointed time.

We owe our'success to the perfect harmony existing between the players, their team work and love of the sport, also to the effective work of Johnson in breaking up plays which came his way, and to the large feet of the goal team. The work of the forwards speaks for itself, and they played a defensive as well as an offensive game.

We had our picture taken at the request of the Journal, which is something that has never before been done for an Arlington High Team.

The entertainment to be given in Town Hall, March eight, we hope will be a great success as we are dependent on it for our funds for the ensuing year. However, tickets are going well and things look favorable.

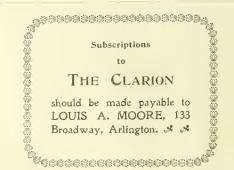
There is some talk at present about getting up a Basket Ball Team from this school, as other schools have, but yet it has not come before the Association.

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EXCHANGES



In the Christmas number of the Wind Mill there is a good story called "The Soul of the Red and Black." We recommend every one to read it. It is full of life and interest.

> "Nonpartus," Freshie dixit, Cum a sad and doleful look; "Alle Reckte," Prof. respondit, "Nihil" scripsit in his book.

Teacher, "Did you ever see a Greek God?"

Pupil, "Yes,"

Teacher (smiling) "Where and which one did you see?"

Pupil, "I saw Mercury in a thermome-

ooT. M. CANNIFF oo

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IS AT THE

Central W Dry W Goods W Store, 447 Massachusetts Avenue.

"Why are pianos noble characters?"

"Because they are grand, upright, and square."

The January number of the "Racquet" has a sensible and appropriate cover and contains two or three good stories. This paper always has a good appearance, both inside and out.

Brutus (after Easter) "Say, Cæsar, how many eggs did you eat Easter morning?

Casar "Et tu, Brute." Ex.

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impressive orator. "What does this nation need if she steps proudly across the Pacific,—if she strides boldly across the

Compound Quinine hair Conic

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448 Massachusetts Avenue.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

mighty ocean on her march of trade and freedom.' 'I repeat, 'What does she need?'"

"Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear sea.—Ex.

A bow-legged man who was warming himself in a country store by the stove was thus accosted by a small boy who had been anxiously regarding him for some time. "Say, mister, you're standing too near the fire, I guess; you're warpin'."

Small Boy-"Say, paw?"

Paw-"Well?"

Small Boy—" Paw, what did the Dead Sea die of?"—Ex.

Football season now draws near, Ho, for youths with uncut hair! The photograper is busy, but The barber's in despair.—Ex.

YEAR ROUND NOVELTIES ____

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EDITORIAL



"Hark! 'tis the bluebird's venturous strain High on the old fringed elm at the gate, Sweet-voiced valiant on the swaying bough, Alert, elate,

Dodging the fitful spits of snow; New England's poet-laureate, Telling us spring has come again!"

THE CLARION once again extends sincerest greetings to her spring readers.

HE SENIOR SOCIAL given on Friday evening, April twenty-sixth, was unusually enjoyable, and in view of the smoothness with which every thing passed off, the Seniors may well feel repaid for their conscientious work in preparation for it.

Miss Alice Reed opened the first part of the programme with a skilfully rendered piano solo, Lolita, Chaminade. Following this was the President's greeting, in which Miss Margaret Champney certainly made her guests feel that they were welcome and there for a good time, as was so happily proven to be the case. Mr. Hackel closed the first part of the programme by a violin solo (Wieniawski's Legende), as usual displaying that he has a talent to be proud of.

The "Song Sheet" was perhaps the brighest feature of the evening; at least some of the faces that so quaintly peered through the sheet seemed to show that they enjoyed singing "Superstition" about as much as the audience enjoyed hearing them. The series of advertisement tableaux were well gotten up and exceedingly attractive, well meriting the enthusiastic applause that they received. They were as follows:—

Squire's Hams and Bacon,
Miss Anna Scannell.
Rogers' Bros. Silverware,
Miss Mabel Payne.
Pear's Soap,
Miss Ida Rogers.
Mr. James Duff.
Mr. Forester Wyman.
Pillsbury's Vitos, Miss Elizabeth McGrath.
Pabst Malt Extract,
Miss Elizabeth McGrath.
Misses Margaret Murphy, Alice Reed,
Misses Margaret Murphy, Alice Reed,

Misses Margaret Murphy, Alice Reed, Helena Robertson, Anna Scannell. Parker's Tar Soap, Miss Dora Parsons. Queen Quality Shoes,

Miss Addie Fillebrown.

Next Mr. Frederic Butterfield, in his usual commendable manner, rendered two piano solos.—a. Fruhlingsrauschen by Sinding; b. Le Cavalier Fantastique by Goddard.

Then came the play entitled "Quits," which reflected great credit on the talent of the Seniors who took the various parts.

Scene—Girl's Parlor at White Elms Seminary. Time—Afternoon of Senior Reception.
Kittie Goldthwait, a senior,
Miss Harriet Gott.
Gladys Courtenay, her friend,
Miss Margaret Champney.

Miss Griffin, principal of Seminary.

Miss Evelyn Gott.
Fred Olney. cousin to Gladys,

Mr. Arthur Freeman. Charles Goldthwait, Kittie's brother, in love with Gladys, Mr. Philip Patterson.

The actors in their several roles were easy and natural and the hits here and there together with the amusing scrapes, which followed one after another brought forth repeated peals of laughter from an attentive and appreciative audience.

Light refreshments were then served followed by general dancing in the lower corridor. Yes, Seniors, your Social was successful. ITH this number of the CLARION ends the description of the new art treasures which the Arlington High School has recently acquired.

In room "A," and on the west wall of the room as one enters, hangs a picture of the "Porch of the Maidens," at This portico is on the south side of the Erectheion looking towards the Parthenon. The most striking feature of this structure is the substitution of the human figure for the column, of which this is the most successful example in Greek architecture. In all, there are six figures, two at the sides and four in front. On studying these figures one forgets the fact that they are supporting members of a portico, and only wishes to admire them as individual statues so skilfully is the architecture blended with the sculpture. The elasticity of their pose does away with the idea that their burden, which they carry with perfect ease and stability, is heavy; the graceful curves of the neck which would tend to make the figure weak are strengthened by closely fitting bands of hair; and a light basket-like capital, instead of a frieze rests upon their heads. straight lines of their draperies carry out the idea of support, while the curves and bent knee suggest repose; indeed, to me there is more real artistic grace and repose in one of these bent knees than in all the countless pinnacles of a Milan cathedral. There are two suppositions concerning the significance of these maidens or Carvatides. Some believe them to represent slaves in commoration of the city of Carya in the Peloponnese, which having been captured and destroyed by the Athenians, the women were sold into slavery; but it is highly improbable that any such event took place in this epoch. It is more generally accepted that these figures represent Athenian maidens of the time, who for their beauty and rank, were chosen to

carry sacrifices to Athena in the Pan-Atheniac procession. The Erectheion was the centre of worship of Athena, and their rich festal draperies and the simple severity with which they are treated, fitting them so peculiarly for the position which they occupy, lead us to believe the latter supposition to be true.

The low relief over the first stairway at the east end of our building is a portion of the noted Parthenon frieze. The original frieze which encircles the walls of the Parthenon probably relates to the Great Pan-Atheniac or chief festival of the Athenians, who once in four years paid tribute to their patron-goddess, Athena. Of the entire frieze the greater part is in the Brid Seum, the west portion is in turner's chiding, and a few other slabs are in Atlant the Louvre and elsewhere. 11, br. procession, which lead beast for ice to the Acropolis, was of all that was noblest a. state and society. The the raportion, of which we have

ing. It is by Thorvaldsen and represents Alexander's triumphal entrance into Babylon at the head of his victorious and devoted army. The hero, stately and strong, with a victory near by holding the reins of four prancing chargers, stands gracefully turned toward the pride of his heart—the Macedonian cavalcade. His handsome face and bearing portrav noble pride rather then arrogance; this pride seems to be reflected on the faces of his followers who, as they converse with one another and motion toward their leader, signify, by the expression on their faces, their great love and respect. In comparing this frieze with that of the Parthenon, Eugene Plon says that Thorvaldsen, when he conceived this composition, 1 1 probably not seen the casts of the 'infs of the Parthenon. mara rate not brought to England until my wings of them, however, had the and there is no doubt that be consulted them. But the was not servile, as jealous artists h. aintained: on the contrary, it was per ectly independent. This is especially notable in the groups of Macedonian cavaliers, which recall the Athenian horsemen in the Pan-Atheniac Procession. Most of the latter wear the tunics and chlamys, which the Danish artist has retained, and properly so, in his warriors of Alexander's train. He has also given them breast-plates. The attitudes these cavaliers assume, whether in curbing or urging on their steeds, are skilfully varied; and the action of both horses and horsemen are in the severe style of antique work.

The original Diana of Gabü, a reproduction of which has been recently presented to the school by the Cotting High School Alumni, is in the Louvre, Paris. It is a full length statue of Diana, Goddess of the Hunt, just returned from the chase, and is one of the most important products of the excavations made by

Marc Antonie Borghèse upon the site of Gabü in 1792. The movemnte of the charming figure is full of grace and airy ease; she is just about to lay aside her chlamys, which comes just above the knees, and which is the garb usually worn by the Amazons. The treatment of the entire is very life like, but the head and lovely features of the goddess tend most to the finish and grace of the whole. Indeed the school is very fortunate to have such a statute included among its works of art. This statue is at the head of the stairway at the west end of the building, while on the wall above the stairway below is the bust of Zeus recently presented by the class of '02.

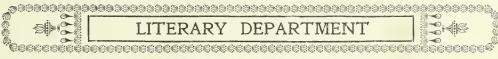
This magnificent bust, in the Sola rotunda of the Vatican, is supposed by some writers to be a copy of the great work of Pheidias. It belongs, no doubt,

to the Roman period; but it ... certain that the design is not Rc with certain modifications, is al noble Greek original. It gives w clearness the characteristics of 2 settled by Pheidias. Among thes teristics are the manner in which rises straight up on the forehead, down on each side of the head mane; the brow clear and ope and prominently arched below: massive beard flowing down in ric the deep set but widely opened ev the refined and noble expres. mingled majesty and mildness in t so suitable to the omnipotent ru gracious father of gods and men. is the best bust Zeus handed de Antiquity.

In room 6 on the south wall havery fine picture by Ruvsdael, e "Landscape with Windmill." The mill is a favorite subject of the N landish artists, and is one of the standard characteristics of Dutch pictures, mill at the right is nearly perfect is

tail, while at the left the stagnant flats and swamp-grass are bathed in the warm afternoon sun, which the artist so loved to portray. The whole picture is full of contentment and peace and well typifies the quiet Dutch character.

In room 8 is the finest landscape in the building. It is evidently an evening scene and is perhaps one of the best works of the artist-poet, Corot. It is one that we may study long and still continue to discover something new to charm and delight. A huge scrambling oak, in striking outlines, rests against the evening sky, at the right of the picture; along the bank against the rich, massive foliage, with his coat flung over his shoulder, as he leads his "lowing herd along the lea, the ploughman homeward plods his weary way," while at the left of the picture " in the pool drowse the cattle up to their knees.'



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



CONCILIATION WITH THE PHILIPPINES.

There is much discussion at present, one may say all over the world, as to whether the United States is pursuing the correct method in dealing with the bit of humanity, which lies literally under our feet. I will not say what my opinions are, but will simply state a few facts which occur to me in my most melancholy moods.

The war, or as we are informed, the chase, over in the Philippines has been drawn out until every man, woman and child, at least in the United States, has had opportunity, and renewed opportunity, for deliberating this subject. I hope my classmates will pardon me if my thoughts run in a furrow formed by a noble orator of the eighteenth century, which has lately been reproduced, perhaps, on a small scale, in a spare corner of my brain.

If one stops to think over this guestion the awfulness of the whole matter at once presents itself. Think of the young men tramping in an unknown land, received perhaps only by hunger, hardship and ambuscades, and all for what?

Some people argue that this is not the right policy. They think that peace should be a worldly virtue, and advocate dealing with the Philippines in a conciliatory manner. Peace is of little value when it is won at the point of the bayonet, as my friend, Burke, has told me, for if the bayonet is removed war again springs This idea of peace is admissible to the United States, as other questions equally important have been settled without war; and again, may not a superior power offer peace in perfect safety?

The inhabitants of these islands are chiefly Malays in the western part, and Papuan Negroes in the east. They live mostly on the coast and lead a sea-faring life. Certainly a most ideal lot of subjects to conciliate with. Care is necessary in dealing with such an object, for is not the honor of the United States involved?

The industries of these islands have greatly increased in the past few years, but one may see a number of their most civilized inhabitants lounging on the piers as he enters any port on the coast. In the case of commerce, the carrying trade has been mostly done by other countries. However, they even export tobacco to the United States, although it is one of our chief products. They also export the famous Manila cordage, hides, rice, gums and cigars.

Were we to use force in subduing them, it would only, perhaps, be temporary, uncertain, and would greatly impair the object.

Then, too, the islands are so far away that the advantage would be entirely with them, as it takes days and even weeks for a slow transport steamer to reach the seat of action.

The United States has three ways in which to deal with this outlawed world in regard to its rebellious spirit-to change it, to prosecute it as criminal, and to put up with it as necessary, but to change it is impossible, to prosecute it inexpedient; thus compliance is neces-

Do the inhabitants of these islands want to be governed by a nation of which they know comparatively nothing? Do they wish to be governed by a man sent over, who knows, perhaps, nothing of the wishes and needs of the people? Certainly they have reason to be touched and grieved. But you say these people are ignorant, and would it be possible to admit them to the Congress of the United States? They evidently can put up a good running fight, and such people generally make good statesmen. Thus it would be only a few years before their minds would advance, until they would become competent.

In order to bring about conciliation all acts contrary to this result should be voted down, and as far as possible kept from the House. But if force is continued the result is easily conceived. The Americans will be victorious and the Filipinos will hate us, and as soon as a good opportunity presents itself will rise up, and the history of England in 1775 in regard to the colonies may repeat itself.

How much better it would have been for England if she had followed out Burke's plan. Then let us take warning and prove to the world how much better it would have been, and to ourselves how glorious it is, to have a nation subject which will greatly advance our wealth, prosperity and happiness.

ARTHUR E. FREEMAN, 1901.

"COMUS" PRODUCED BY BOYS.

When the curtain lifted, an open in a wild wood was discovered. On either side rose leafy trees dimly outlined in the light; at the back were faint suggestions of hidden springs and grottoes. Forth from these obscure depths a graceful little spirit danced, and as it first appeared it seemed a being of light and beauty in its white dress spangled with gold stars. As it advanced, we saw a round, fair face with baby blue eyes and golden hair that fell in little ringlets over the broad forehead.

Right to the front of the stage it came and with a graceful wave of its wand began to speak. What a pity it had to speak and break the sweet illusion, for it was not the silvery tone of some forest sprite which came to us, but the lusty voice of a ten-vear-old school boy as he panted forth with monotonous accent his well learned verses. Av, they were, indeed, well learned, and emphasized at intervals by stiff, conscientious gestures. Hardly stopping to take breath, he hurried through his verses—describing the wickedness of the wilv Comus, who in the assumed form of a kind shepherd wins the confidence of the weary travelers, and while pretending to lead them to his cottage for rest and comfort, betravs them to his palace. Here he entices them to drink the wine of Circe, which takes away their human forms and changes them to beasts. The Spirit tells, also, how he himself, at Jove's command, descends from Heaven to stav the artful Comus in his evil purpose. Here he came to the passage where he "hears the tread of hateful steps" and "must be viewless now." After announcing this important fact in a loud, excited tone, he disappeared.

When next we saw him, he was in a shepherd's dress. On top of his yellow curls a little red cap sat jauntily and his stout little body was wrapped in a loose dress of cream color bordered with wide bands of red. Now he informed the anxious brothers of the danger of their fair sister, who has unfortunately fallen into the hands of wicked Comus. "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I, "how sweet thou singest, how near the deadly snare!" The words came forth in rattling haste, while his eyes fairly beamed with boyish fun and excitement.

Meanwhile the brothers stood stiffly before him, staring vacantly round, except when they heard a "catch" word. Then they reached for their swords, brandished them bravely before them and then with due precision and evident satisfaction, replaced their manly weapons. When the shepherd told of the wiles of wicked Comus, each head turned simultaneously, it would seem, on a pivot, and their large eyes rolled backward and forward in dreadful and awe-stricken terror.

But the best fun of all was the last act, where the scene was laid in a stately palace. High in an enchanted chair sits the beautiful lady, while Comus, clothed in white and crowned with a wreath of green leaves, entreated her to drink the treacherous wine, but she with disdain put it from her. Standing about the room were creatures of strangest description; frogs reared on their hind legs and rabbits four feet in height. The walls were all hung with tapestries of fantastic design with a generous amount of red.

During Comus' speech we could let our imagination carry us so far that we could almost think the lady really beautiful. We could round out the cheeks and soften the lines of the mouth, forget the long, thin nose, and the one long stringy lock of straight black hair which had been pulled out from the gauzy veil. when the lady replied in words of righteous resentment, "Fool, do not boast," "'Twill not false traitor," and so on, mercy! the words were called out in a loud, deep voice without the virtue even of sounding natural. The tone was forced and harsh, the effect coarse and grating. Then, too, in his gestures the actor was exceedingly awkward. When the lady raised her hand toward her wicked betrayer, it stuck out stiffly before her with threatening firmness; and, too, when her brothers rushed in and rescued her and the spell of her enchantment was broken, down came my lady fair, with a loud hop and jump from her lofty seat, and then with a violent kick at her train she marched in manly strides over the stage and made her exit.

HELENA ROBERTSON, 1901.

THE WRECK OF THE JASON.

Three years ago next twentieth of December we had a terrible storm along the coast of the New England states, and it was especially fierce on the Massachusetts coast.

The Jason, a hundred ton two-masted schooner, with a cargo of cotton, was on her way from Savannah to Boston. She had as crew six men—Joe Dinks, captain; Manuel Silva, mate, and Bob Hicks, cook, with three deck hands. The weather as far as New York had been very good; they had passed Hatteras in safety and all hands were anticipating spending Christmas in port.

At this point, however, Captain Dinks saw that trouble was brewing, but thought he could get into Boston harbor before the storm broke. Instead of gathering slowly, however, the storm gained strength rapidly, and at nightfall, off Highland Light, Cape Cod, about eighty miles from Boston, the Jason was apparently in the centre of the storm. The wind from the east ard blew a gale, and the seas broke over the vessel almost constantly. Presently one of the tiller chains broke, and could not be repaired, so great was the violence of the storm. After this the fated vessel, completely at the mercy of the wind and waves, drifted rapidly shorewards.

The life-saving stations in the region of Provincetown and Truro are stationed about four or five miles apart, and the beach between them is constantly patrolled. A life guard leaving one station is given a brass check which he gives at the half-way house, a small shed with a fire in it, to the guard from the next station, receiving in exchange a check bearing the name of that guard's station. These men keep a sharp watch on the sea for any signs of a wreck. If one is seen they light a red-light torch to show the sailors that they are discovered, and

then hurry to the station to give the alarm.

About midnight on this twentieth of December the patrol from Peaked Hill Station discovered a two-masted vessel driving for shore at a point not far distant from the station which he had but just left.

At this point along the shore there are two sand-bars, visible at low-tide, about an eighth of a mile off shore. The outer is not so high as the inner, but both offer an effectual blockade to vessels drawing much water.

The patrol did not stop to watch the schooner, but dashed toward the station and gave the alarm. The men immediately donned oilskins, then harnessed the horses to the carts; one contained all the signals—mortar, ammunition and other paraphernalia necessary; the other was a truck, holding the life-boat. Now the horses were driven outside and then started at a gallop toward the spot opposite, where the vessel was laboring in the terrible surf.

By this time the Jason had struck the outer bar, and was pounding against it, until, lifted by a mighty wave, she rose clear over it, and was launched with tremendous force against the inner bar. The masts had gone when she struck the outer bar, and now the vessel was a mass of wreckage.

The life-savers finding it impossible to launch the life boat in the fearful surf, had decided to use the mortar to shoot a bolt, to which was attached a cord over the vessel.

The first shot landed the line across the bow, and Bob Hicks secured it. and read the attached message, which stated that they were to haul in the light rope till they reached a heavy one, to which was attached another rope; to fasten the heavy rope to the stump of the mast, and then haul in the rope attached to it until they came to the breeches-buoy, which

was a very large life-buoy with an enormous pair of short pants attached to it.

The crew went ashore safely, sitting in the breeches-buoy, though at times the rope sagged and the men were soaked to the skin in the icy water.

As soon as all were landed they were taken to the station quickly, where, under the influence of warm food and dry clothing, they were soon very comfortable.

The next morning they were taken in a team over the frozen sand-hills to Provincetown, where they took the train for Boston. Here they soon got positions on another vessel belonging to the owners of the Jason. But since that stormy December night none of the crew pass Highland Light without thinking of their dreadful experience.

FRANK A. BUHLERT, '03.

THE STORY OF A SHOE.

On a certain moonlight night the aristocracy of the dump were holding a consultation, whether or not to admit into their society a new member, Miss Shoe. To associate with someone that they knew nothing whatever about would never do. At last, one of the members, Miss Red Box, decided to have a tea, at which they would introduce Miss Shoe to their society and invite her to read a paper on her early life. She agreed to this request, and produced a paper something like this:

The very first that I can remember about myself, is being taken out of a large box, and put on a glass stand in a store window in what I should judge was a shoe-store, as there were nothing but shoes, as far as I could see. I was then quite good-looking, having a fine smooth complexion, and a bright shinv cap, and as people went past mywindow I could hear many different remarks, such as would have made any one but me very vain indeed.

I had been there but a few days when there went past my window a lady who at first glance took my fancy. She had light golden hair, brushed lightly back from her face, and soft blue eyes. She entered the door of the store, and I heard her say, "Can't you take that pair out of the window?" 'That pair' meant my better-half and me.

I was tried on her small foot and pronounced a perfect fit, and after being wrapped in tissue paper and packed in my own little box, I was sent to her home. It was one of the grandest houses I have ever been in, with its large halls and rooms, and its broad stair-case. Well, soon I was taken out again and placed on her foot, and we tripped gaily down the stairs, and entered a large drawing-room. It was brilliantly lighted, and ladies and gentlemen stood in little groups talking. Suddenly the band, which was over in one corner of the room, struck up a dreamy waltz, and I heard some one say, "May I have the pleasure, Miss May?" The answer must have been ves, but I didn't hear it, for we went gracefully gliding around the

room. First we went forward, then backward, then forward, and backward again, and then round and round for a few times. I cannot describe that evening. except that I had a very agreeable time. even if my sole did burn and smart a little afterwards.

I went to a number of such parties, and then after having a new sole on me (fol mine was nearly worn out) I was put up in the closet with lots of other shoes, among which were my mistress's tan golf shoes, her new fancy dancing shoes, and her high storm shoes. We had quite sociable times there evenings, and from my friends that I have mentioned, I found out that my mistress was a fine golf and tennis player, and that on rainy, disagreeable days, when most people were in their homes enjoying their grate-fires, she was out on an errand of charity, or doing some good deed.

Of course these things made me think all the more of her, yet I couldn't help wondering why she had cast me aside, and why she didn't wear me any more. I soon found out though.

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One day a very scantily-clothed girl with no shoes or stockings on came to the door, and asked my mistress if she had any old clothes to give her. I suppose I was considered as old clothes, for I was done up in a bundle with some other things and given to her. Soon I found myself in a narrow, dingy street, with numerous dirty children running about, and some one called out, "What yer got, Sadie?" The answer was one that I would not deign to repeat, but meant that it was none of her affairs. This girl, my new owner, wore me constantly, from morning to night, rain or shine, daily exhibiting me to all her companions.

It seemed sometimes that I simply couldn't stand it, and it was a relief, when a few days ago, she discovered that I was too old to be of any further use to her, and threw me over here.

Of course the latter part of my life has not been very happy, and I often think of the time when I was bright and shiny, in my days of "Old Lang Syne."

At the closing remark Miss Shoe was universally elected a member of the aristocracy of the dump.

EMMA R. TURNER. '03.

A DAY ON THE RIPS.

Those who have ever been outside on the fishing grounds pulling bluefish on a windy day with a choppy sea, know what exhilerating sport it is.

On such a day last summer, having slept aboard the fishing-boat the night before, as was necessary on account of the early start, I was with the fisherman outside, about five miles off shore, on what are called the Rips.

We had started a little after three in the morning, and partly owing to the hard bunk and the small and stuffy cabin, and partly on account of the snores of one of the fishermen, I was unable to get much sleep, so that while we were getting under way for the fishing-grounds I thought I would continually fall asleep, but as a breeze sprung up and the boat began to pitch and throw water this sleepiness soon wore off. As the harbor is nearly landlocked, in order to get outside upon the fishing-grounds, it is necessary to sail through a narrow opening, through which the tide runs with so great velocity that a large fishing-boat with a strong breeze at times is hardly able to make headway against it, and when outside the breakers are very dangerous in stormy weather.

We left the harbor just at sunrise, the most beautiful part of a summer day, and the red glow overspreading sky and water was very impressive.

As soon as we were outside we rigged the lines on the outriggers at each side and one at the stern. The lines on the sides are from sixty to seventy yards in length, and the one in the centre about thirty to forty yards.

At the ends of the lines are about six inches of chain to prevent the fish from biting the line, a light sinker to keep the line a few feet from the surface, and a large powerful hook. Over the hook and chain is drawn an eel-skin inside out, which shines in the water like a small fish.

The lines are trailed along through the water at full speed, for if too slow sometimes the fish will not bite, and the hooks also must be kept clear of seaweed.

I took charge of the port line, a fisherman the starboard, and the captain the one at the stern.

I was sitting on the windward rail when I felt a thrill go through the line, and looking to windward, I saw the outrigger stand nearly straight up and then settle a little.

Springing to the guy-line I started to pull in my fish. This is no easy task if you have a gamey one, for the lines are small and the boat goes through the water at a good six knots.

Sometimes the fish breaks through the water and shakes his jaws fiercely, endeavoring to get unhooked. Then he will dive down, the time when one must be careful and not let the line slip.

At last I got him up to the quarter and then I had to do the hardest thing of all—land my fish. I had to be careful in doing this, not to let him strike the boat and flap off, or bite line or my fingers in unhooking, many fishermen having lost their fingers in this way.

During the day I caught many others. Although one might think that after the first fish it is less sport with the others, nevertheless as their tactics are different there is the same thrill and the same tug-of-war.

I remember especially one time while hauling in a fish that a big wave came and struck the boat on the quarter, and next I found myself sprawled against the leeward side of the cogpit.

We stayed upon the fishing-grounds until the tide changed and then headed in toward the Opening. Just as we were going through the breakers on the cutside we caught our last fish, as we to k in our lines a minute later.

As soon as we got inside I counted the fish and found we had forty-one, ranging from six to seven pounds apiece. While on the way home the fishermen got things more ship-shape, so that when we reached our mooring the fish themselves were the only traces of the day's work.

Picking up our moooring we made fast, furled the sail, and putting the fish in the dory, then rowed ashore to the fishermen's boat-house.

Here I left them cleaning and packing their fish before shipping them to Boston and went home to try and get some of the salt out of my hair and to eat a good dinner, which never tasted better.

H. V. Spurr, '04.

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SCHOOL LOCALS



'01.

With this issue the class of 1901 closes its connection with the Clarion. For four years we have followed the career of the paper and we hope we have aided it during those years. If subscriptions are counted as any support the class is certainly doing its best for the name of every member is to be found on the subscription list.

At a recent meeting the class had its attention drawn to the question of graduation and whether a speaker should be secured for the evening or if we should display a few of the talents we have acquired in this institution of learning. We decided on the the latter plan.

Our class social was held on Friday evening April 26 in Cotting Hall. An account of it will be found in another column. We would like to know however who it was that ran off with the rouge and what became of those red stockings after the play.

The class has decided to patronize the Litchfield studio for its class pictures. Although we had most tempting offers from other photographers, Mr. Marshall's reputation is too well known for us to try any one else.

Have you seen the new style shirt waist manufactured by M. M. O. & G. the senior haberdashers? They are getting out a line of extra quality pique shirt waists with large button and patient attachments.

Through the kindness of Mr. Holt the senior Latin class enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the production of "Dido" as given by members of the Roxbury High School. It was elaborately staged and performed with remarkable excellence. It is hardly necessary to say that we were profoundly interested in every word and action, which we had so recently been over ourselves in the class room.

'02

One of the pleasantest memories of school days will be that of the visit which the Junior Greek History class made a few weeks ago, to the Boston Art Museum. The class is greatly indebted to Miss Cutler, who made the afternoon particularly profitable and enjoyable to all.

Were the young gentlemen of the Sophomore class, attempting to change the style in neck-ties, or were they merely recalling child-hood days?

Latin translation, "And two kings hung over all Asia."

A member of the Greek class informs us that Greeks found much food in the villages, which they used for missiles. Was it the "biscuit gele," which was recently translated "frozen hardtack?"

We are told that "the noun 'juventus,' means 'any young man,' so that it must be an abstract noun." Quite true.

What does the Senior Latin class think of this? An evil mind can be quieted neith er by Virgil (vigil) nor by slumber.

'03.

Latin translation-"And you, Miseythus, take back your gold." Slang in Nepos, even.

Perhaps you did not know that they have steam-ships in Congress, but it must be a fact, for we have the statement on good authority. Query-What do they use them for?

An endowment for a hospital for de malade papier et de malades plumes would be very acceptable to certain members of the class.

If the noises which issue from Room A the last period may be taken as a fair sample, it is no wonder that German is called a gutteral language.

The Civics class visited the State House a few weeks ago and had the opportunity of hearing a very spirited debate in the House of Representatives.

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The Physics class have come to the conclusion that sound is easier to make than to define.

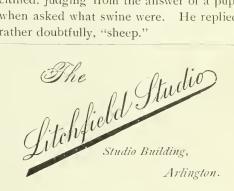
'04

Mice are certainly very cunning but we hope no more will appear in school hours as it is quite a strain on our nerves not to scream. A mouse-trap seems to be needed

What a wonderful man was Caesar! A most the first thing we learn about him that "he" lateris dejectus habebat.

We have heard many people wonder the boys would play basket-ball with the girls, as in Lexington. It seems more w the point to wonder if the girls would play with the boys.

Arlington seems to be becoming quite citified, judging from the answer of a pupil when asked what swine were. He replied, rather doubtfully, "sheep."



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CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER 1900. 1901.

> W. E. MARSHALL. A. GRANT.



It is again the painful duty of the Secretary of the Athletic Association to write up a few of the "happenings," which have taken place since the last issue.

The Entertainment, which was given March 8, in Town Hall, was a complete success, netting the Association ninety-five dollars and forty cents. Much praise is due the committee in charge, as everything, even to the paying of bills, was left to them. The committee was Freeman (chairman), Moore, Cook, Berthrong, Trowbridge.

The chief sport in the spring is base-ball. Very early quite a squad of enthusiasts gathered in the basement and began getting into form. Many of last year's team left school and this greatly crippled the team. We lost Shean, Dale, Lloyd, Knowlton, Buckley, and Bartlett, all veterans. However, there was good material in the school, and all the vacant places are filled now. The team as it was finally chosen is as follows: Freeman captain, (catch), Moore manager, (2nd base) Cook (pitch), Hilliard (1st base), Berthrong (short stop), Duffy (3rd base), Hoyt (left field), Viets (center field), and Mills (right field). As is well known to all who have ever played ball, it is very difficult to develop a whole new infield, but this has been done, and as we have not, as vet, been defeated, it can be seen that the infield is holding its own with that of other teams. In fact Hilliard has developed into a Tenney, while Moore fields his position without error, and Berthrong and Duffy "line them over" like veterans. Owing to the superb work of Cook, the outfield can at times hardly keep awake. However they gather in everything in great style. The

stick work of all has been a little weak but is now improving. In the game with Waltham we "fattened up our averages" in great style.

We have had rather hard luck in playing our games on account of rain.

We have been obliged to cancel five games on that account, but have now the other four, which are given below:—

Arlingto	n High,	5	Cambridge Latin,	4
+ 6	6.6	8	Roxbury High,	2
4.4	+ 4	5	Balleau & Hog'nd,	4
6.6	6.6	17	Waltham High,	o

We have not been beaten in any game, hockey or base ball, since last June. KEEP IT UP.

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EXCHANGES



"This is on you," remarked the rain-cloud as he caught sight of a man without an umbrella. "Rubber!" said the man, as he put on his water-proof and went on his way rejoicing.—Yale Register

Hoffer—"On our farm we raised cabbages as big as tubs!"

Petz,—"That's nothing for vegetables. Up in Detroit I saw three policemen asleep on one beat."-Ex.

T.—Give me an Anglo-Saxon word.

S.—Butterfly.

T.—How do you make butterfly?

S.—On buckwheat cakes.—Ex.

ooT. M. CANNIFF oo

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Prof.—Here waiter, bring me a bottle of Hoc-Hic, haec, hoc.

But the waiter being a college man, never moved.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the professor.

"Well sir, you ordered a bottle of Hoc, but afterwards declined it."—Ex.

As the newly captured horse-thief Dangled from a lofty tree,

In a whisper hoarse he muttered,

This suspense is killing me.—Ex.

In an examination the students were required to give the principal parts of "to skate." One of them did it as follows:

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Skate, slippere, fallere, bumptum. The professor marked his paper: Fail, failere, flunxi, suspendum.

Intelligent Student (picking up Caesar.) Oh, say, Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages) forty ducks in a row (forte dux in aro). Pass us some jam (passus sum jam). The bony legs of Caesar (Boni leges Caesar.)

"Good morning," said the lobster, As the fish he gladly hails; "I feel musical this morning, May I practice on your scales?"

A little five-year old girl was taught to close her evening prayer during temporary absence of her father, with: "And please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added: " And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

Teacher,—When is an army unable to fly?

Boy,—When its wings are broken.

"A New Robin Hood Tale" in the April edition of the Distaff is well told and worth reading, especially for those who are interested in this character just now.

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EDITORIAL



Summer is dead, ay me, sweet Summer's dead! The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre! Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean

While from the east, as from a garden bed, Mist-vined, the dusk lifts her broad moon, like

Great golden melon, saying, "Fall has come."

Once more the Clarion sounds its note of welcome to its readers.

THE summer vacation, long hough it seemed short enough has come to and end, and we The urselves "in medias res." The 1301 made a vacancy that was he o ill, but "'o2" is trying its best to be all that a Senior class should be. The Freshman class has organized and elected officers and we wish them prosperity and peaceful class meetings.

Every year our numbers seem to increase, but this year has surpassed all others. The "ninth" grade class has entered the building with so many students that they occupy three rooms, and a new teacher has been engaged for them. In the High School proper, too, there have been several changes. We regret the fact that Miss Newton and Miss Austin are not with us again this year, but we are very glad to welcome Miss Butman and Miss Roop into our school.

During our absence from school no time has been lost in preparing the building for the fall session. All the woodwork is radiant with a coat of varnish and the corridor walls have been tinted in terra cotta and the recitation rooms and hall in light green. This has been a great improvement to the building and makes it bright and attractive, especially on some of these dull autumn days.

() the readers of the CLARION who are Alumni members the fall days must bring memories of those vanished days when they, after the long summer, took up their school work again. Perhaps they, like us, entered on the autumn work reluctantly at first, but soon with an eager interest. It surely seems strange to us now, to hear that many years ago, in an Arlington town meeting, when it was to be decided whether the town should have a High School or not, the vote in favor was decided by a majority of one. In this case one vote did as much good as a hundred. We send greetings to the Alumni and when our school days are over and we are gathered to that goodly fellowship, may they be glad to receive us.

THE class of 1901 has said "Farewell to A. H. S., and in their graduation exercises made a success of which the school as well as the class may well be proud. The carefully prepared programme was especially well arranged and of the highest order. The President's greeting with a brief history of the class was a splendid beginning for the evening. After this came the essays and recitations, which were presented in an unusually pleasing manner, as were also several selections by the High School chorus. In the play the actors showed great ability and the

class prophecy furnished amusement for all. The hall was decorated with the national colors, the platform with masses of flowers and foliage, and at the front of the hall, over the stage, was the design of the class-pin in green and gold and the class motto: "Nulla vestigia retrorsum." The class has evidently stood by its motto. After the exercises, music was furnished by an orchestra for an informal dance, which was enjoyed by the class members and their friends.

HEN we came back to school in September our country was in great anxiety, hoping against fate that our President's life might be spared, but this was not to be. assassin's bullet proved fatal and has caused all nations to mourn the death of a very great man. The late President McKinley was a man close to the heart of the people, most worthy of admiration, an ideal American citizen. public and private life have been of the purest. He had a sincere devotion to his country and he has shown the young men of the United States that it is possible to be a politician and at the same time an honest man. In the future we shall be proud to say that we lived in the time of William McKinley.

HILE preparing this issue of the CLARION, we have had handed to us an article contributed to a paper of the class of 1872. It was written by Miss Eliza A. Simmons, who was a teacher in the Cotting High School from 1870 to 1860. After the receipt of this, the news of her death came to us. It now seems doubly appropriate to publish these words from her pen. Miss Simmons was much beloved by the pupils of the school, and this left is characteristic of her wit and hume

mounted the side of the building with two ladders, putting one up from the ground, mounting that, drawing the second after then, hooking it in the window above them, mounting the second, and fixing the first in like manner. They had mounted four or five stories when the woman began throwing things out of the window plates, pillows, chairs, clothes, a coal-hod and a mattress-following each other in close succession, and then she rushed back into the room. It was perfectly evident that she was crazy with fear, and the firemen redoubled their efforts to reach her. She suddenly appeared again at the window and threw out something white. There was a shriek and a thud, the firemen rushed forward, and picked up-a baby, crushed into a shapeless mass by the fall. Before the horror-stricken firemen could recover themselves the insane mother jumped after her baby and was killed likewise.

Sickened by these occurrences I left, but heard later that after three hours' more hard work the firemen brought the fire under control, and the danger was past.

GEORGE M. DWELLEY, '04.

A MEMORY.

"Do I remember when President Mc-Kinley was shot? Indeed I do, as well as if it were only yesterday," and I looked around on the group of bright-faced children before me, all impatient for a story, a story that was really true.

"I remember it as well as if it were only yesterday," I repeated, "and as if I were standing just where I was at the very moment it happened."

And where was that? Very near the Temple of Music—the building in which he was shot, one of the many buildings which graced the grounds of the Pan-American Exhibition held in Buffalo in

1901, let me see, twenty,—thirty years ago.

It was late in the afternoon of September the sixth when the President, who was to hold a public reception at the Temple, drove by the place where we were standing, and amid the cheers and shouts of the people, passed on to the hall and disappeared from our sight in the doorway. Not long after this, in fact only a few moments later, an ambulance came dashing down the avenue and disappeared around a corner. Before we had time to inquire what had happened it came back faster than when it went down and followed by mounted police.

What can be the matter? everyone was saying, but soon someone said that the President had been shot. This seemed hardly true, for everyone was quiet and there were no mobs and riots which would be expected under such circumstances. But soon the statement was verified by the police and officers on the grounds and the people, dazed by the awful traged passed silently along.

McKinley was at once taken to the home of Mr. Milburn, where he had been visiting, and for a week the nation waited anxiously for his recovery, but finally the awful struggle between life and death was given up and on the fourteenth of September he passed away."

Just before I finished the clock struck nine, and the children, prompt to the bedtime call, left the room as the story was finished, but their faces were much graver than when my story began.

As I sat looking into the fire I thought of the sad week that followed, of the flags at half-mast, the discontinuation of business, and the church services held all over the whole United States in honor of our President.

AMY J. WINN, '04.

THE APPLE.

The apple is a native of Europe or Central Asia, but it was first cultivated in a little town in Campania that was rich in fruit trees. It is said that the Romans had twenty-two varieties in Pliny's time.

In the time of Henry VIII, Richard Harris, fruiterer to the king, imported some new varieties into England (for there were already a few kinds indigenous to England) and planted orchards at Kent. Likewise in the time of Charles I, Lord Scudamore, ambassador to France, planted apple trees in Herefordshire. In 1688 England had seventy-eight varieties.

The apple is not a native of America, but was brought here in 1629 by the Governor of Massachusetts Bay. It grows in nearly all parts of the United States, but thrives particularly in the north-eastern part. In fact there is no country in the world that excels the northern United States in the quality, quantity or variety of its apples. There are at present about a thousand varieties in the United States and over a million barrels a year are sent to England.

There are apples in the western part of the United States, but they are not so plentiful as they are in the East. There is a story about an old man whom the people called "Johnny Apple-seed." He was so fond of apples that he went about planting the seeds by every brook that he passed. However, the Westerners laughed at him, perhaps they would have been without their apple-trees had it not been for "Johnny."

It is rather hard to trace the history of our own apple because the ancients called the fruit of almost every tree an apple. Probably the apple of Adam and Eve, if there ever was one, bore no resemblance whatever to ours. The apple has been taken as a symbol of excellence or, if not quite that, as something very dear as expressed in the Dutch word, "oogentroost," apple of my eye.

Of all the fruits mentioned in history, mythology and literature, the apple is by far the most prominent. Hercules made a long tiresome journey over land and sea and killed a giant and a dragon just for three golden apples. In fairy lore it is often used as a temptation. At the wedding of Thetis and Peleus it was a golden apple that the jealous Eris chose to throw down at the banquet and make the trouble between Juno, Minerva and Venus.

It was with an apple as a mark that William Tell showed his skill as an archer and saved his own life and that of his son.

After pondering a long time on the problem of gravity, Sir Isaac Newton was convinced by seeing an apple fall from a tree.

These stories, whether fact or myth, seem to prove that the apple has been universally known.

The apple is also a symbol of love. At harvest time the country girl removes the peel in one long strip, and, throwing it over her shoulder, tries to discover in its curves the initial of her sweetheart.

In modern Greece, throwing an apple is a sign to express love or make an offer of marriage. There used also to be a custom there of throwing them at the bridegroom in place of the slippers of today. "Hit with an apple" was a significant omen.

In Chili the peasants consider apples more nourishing than bread, and the laborers are able to do all of their work on a diet of baked apples. They have so many trees there that Darwin has said the streets look like paths going through an orchard.

Thorean loved to eat apples out of

He says: "An apple is a rose when it blossoms, a rose when it ripens. It pleases every sense, the touch, the taste, the sight, the smell."

The apple-tree seems to express the very essence of hospitality. Nothing adds more to the beauty of the spring than the blossoming apple-trees with their wealth of delicate color and fragrance. The broad spreading branches of the tree afford a grateful and protecting shade all through the hot summer, and in the autumn it offers its abundant fruit so temptingly that even the owner of the tree cannot condemn the uninvited guest who helps himself.

THERESE NORTON, '02.

The following was written for a class paper edited by the class of '72:

February, 1871.

DEAR EDITOR:-

I am sorry at this late day to resign my position on your staff, but find myself utterly incapable of furnishing anything worthy of your columns and in excuse can only relate my experience At first I felt since my appointment. quite flattered that my friend and I had been selected by the class for this position, but I saw an anxious look settle on her face from the first, and to my surprise her dejection seemed hourly to increase. As for myself I was determined to startle our little world with something brilliant and original. I went home from school, and, suffice it to say, passed a restless night. Bad puns and worse conundrums haunted my dreams, till at last I woke with a shrick (not of laughter) and daylight soon appearing, arose little refreshed. With the tone of my ambition somewhat lowered. I started for school. My friend met me as I came up the steps with a look so haggard and an air of such utter dejection that my fears were awakened for her reason. I became still more anxious, when a little later, happening to glance at her as I sat in the class, I caught her glaring at me with a most ferocious expression. I wrote on the cover of my book, "You look as if you would enjoy eating me," and passed it over to her. She wrote back, "No wonder: for yesterday you were in a stew, last night you were a turnover, and today you are a little tart." I at once understood the terrible pressure there must be upon her brain, and dared not disturb her again. As the day advanced I became more cheerful. thought if I could not be original, I could at least pun on the names of my unfortunate classmates. So I twisted and turned the surnames that admitted

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of that operation till I almost expected the owners to cry out, but a glance at their unconscious faces reassured me and I went on, although feeling guilty enough if one of my victims chanced to look at me. At last I felt that success had, in a great measure, crowned my labors; my spirits rose. I longed for the moment when I could try the effect of my efforts on my companion. I considered that genius never comprehends itself, and almost trembled when I remembered the effect of Holmes' attempt to be as funny as he could, especially when I thought of the already overwrought condition of my friend's nervous system. But there was no time to lose and I determined to run the risk, so when school was out I requested an interview. noticed she became paler if possible, and as we walked away I could not but remark that she seemed like one for whom life has lost all joy. At last determined to rouse her I began with, "Why ought our class to be industrious?" "Because our day is short," she answered, while a faint smile passed over her pale features. I was astonished, but I then remembered to have seen her gazing at our friend, Miss Day, during recitation. "Why is

our class the richest in school?" I next asked. Quick as before the answer came, "Because we have a well-stored Pierce." I was growing angry, but I rallied once more, "Why should we make the best appearance on the Brighton road?" "Because we have a fine Cutter." As she said this she calmly rose, slipped a piece of paper into my hand, and went out, leaving me staring in blank amazement at the door through which she had vanished. When I had sufficiently recovered to examine the paper, fancy my feelings as I read the following: "Why does our school labor under great disadvantages?" "Because the hill of science up which we toil is always "Hazen-veloped," and however near the summit we may think ourselves, we always see Hills* far above us." I felt that I could say nothing more, and will only add now, that my friend has entirely recovered her usual health and spirits, and although I have watched her narrowly, I can perceive no decline in her mental powers.

Yours truly,

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON WIT AND HUMOR.

*Mr. Hazen was the principal of the Cotting High School at this time and Miss Hills was an assistant teacher.

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SLANG.

Slang is made up of new and unauthorized words of shifting cant and ephemeral phrases that change with the fashion of every season. It was at first the cant of theives and this seems to have been its only meaning until well into the present century. Some phrases are as old as the Parthenon. When Agesilaus boasted that the walls of Sparta were her citizens and every man "a brick" he didn't know it but he was talking nineteenth century slang. Slang proper consists for the most part of meaningless catchwords and phrases, snatches of popular songs, quotations from plays which are very short lived. They express no thought, they serve no purpose except to conceal the poverty of empty brains. They are very funny while their vogue lasts and in certain circles such quotations as "Just tell 'em that you saw me," "There are others," and so forth set up the speaker as a wit for life. One quotation which was used during the war in the Southern Army spread over the land like an epidemic and now no one hears the expression, "Here's your mule." This never failed to raise a laugh, although it is perfectly imbecile. To show how such phrases come into use I will tell the following story, which is the source of the expression above: "During one of Stonewall Jackson's rapid marches, the wagons, in fording a stream full of ice, became so impeded that the mules could not draw them out and the men were ordered to assist. One of them, as he leaped into the stream and took his place beside the tired animals, cried out laughing, 'Here's your mule, general!'"

The word slang is only mentioned by two lexicographers, Webster and Ogilvie. Johnson, Walker and the older compilers gave slang the preterite of sling, but not a

word about slang in the low and vulgar language. Only one man is said to have given an etymology of the word and that man was Jonathan Bee. He said that slang was derived from the slangs of fetters worn by prisoners which had acquired the name by the manner in which they were worn, as they required a sling or string to keep them off the ground." Slang is not an English word, it is the Gipsy term for their secret language and its synonym is gibberish, another word which was believed to have no origin. Grose was the first lexicographer to recognize the word slang, and it is said that the poem, "Tam O'Shanter," by Burns, was written to him because Burns was so pleased by his story telling.

The transformation into the English language and how we obtained it from the Gipsies is easily seen. Beggars on tramps at fairs associated with the Gipsies and words would be continually heard by them and would in this manner become cant, and when carried by the thieves into their homes, would as quickly become slang. We find that by far the greater part of this slang of the day contains a figurative element, so that it makes it hard to decide at once whether a given expression is of the nature of slang or metaphor. For this reason and others, it is a stumbling block for all foreigners who are trying to learn the English language Even such simple words as do, cut, go and take are hampered and overloaded. It is these little words which so confuse the German and Frenchman. Sound contributes many slang words. pleases an ignorant person more than a high sounding word such as rumbumptions, splendiferous and the like. Misprotiounciation, too, is a great source of vulgar or slang words such as bimeby for by and by, backy for tobacco, rumatiz for rheumatism, and many others.

Written slang was checked rather than increased by the pens of Addison, Johnson and Goldsmith. But even Goldsmith is said to have coined a few words, although as a rule his pen was pure and graceful. The word fudge, which as all remember is frequently used in the Vicar of Wakefield, was first used by him in literary composition, although it originated with a Captain Fudge, a notorious libeler nearly a century before.

In England one hears some of the following expressions: a vehicle if not a drag or trap, and if the turnout happens to be in other than a trim condition is pronounced at once as "not down the road," but a city swell would say that it was "not up to the mark," whilst a costermonger would call it "very dickey." In the army a barrack or military station is known as a "lobster box," to "cram" for an examination is to "mug up;" to be rejected from the examination is "to spin." In the upper class slang, a title is termed a handle; a dance a hop; dining at another man's table is sitting under his mahogany; anything flashy or showy, "loud." We too often use this expression, and also "wouldn't it jar you?" We call a good fellow a trump or a winner, a difficulty a screw loose or "just a little bit off the top."

The universities of Oxfor1 and Cambridge and the great public schools of England are the hotbeds of fashionable slang. Many of the most expressive words in a free and easy conversation are old university vulgarisms. Cut, in the sense of dropping an acquaintance, was originally a Cambridge form of speech; governor the general term for a male parent; row a noisy disturbance; and grind, referring to working up for an examination, are words much used in these colleges. In our own colleges we find much slang used. Here are some phrases overheard among undergraduates; "We won't do a thing to them," remarked a Cornell man of the Harvard crew. "Get on to their jags" was the chaste remark of one of the sons of Yale. Twenty years ago the college man had a most picturesque and variegated vocabulary. It separated him from the casual outside youth. Some of these collegiate

coinages were so good that they gradually worked their way into the language of the outside world, as for example "fresh," "flunk" and the verb to "be rattled." The best of them usually came from Yale whose life, take it all in all has generally had more flavor to it than that of the other American universities. But all this is slipping away, and now the college man expresses himself in the dialect of "Chimmie Fadden and the mucker."

I will mention here some of the phrases and their meanings which are familiar to us all and are very interesting: The word money has many synonyms, such as brass, chink, tin, dough and others. The expression "heads or tails" and "man or woman" is said to be a less refined version of "head or ship," which the Roman boys cried when they tossed up their coppers at the time of Hadrian. Cheek is another word which has gradually become slangy. At first the word face was used to mean impudence, but after a time the word cheek was used with the same meaning. Chicken, a term applied to anything young, and the expression "she's no chicken," said of an old maid; "apartments to let" or "wheels," said of any one with a somewhat empty head; "bamboozle," to deceive or cheat a person is derived from the Gipsies; "blowout," a feast, "corker," "that's a corker," said of something fine, and "fork out," to bring out one's money, to hand over what does not belong to you was an old cant term for picking pockets. In the early part of the last century forking was the newest mode and it consisted in thrusting the fingers, which were called forks, stiff and open into the pocket and then quickly closing them and extracting any article thus caught. I might go on and name dozens of other examples, but I have not time, so I will stop here; but first let me say that slang, although it is vulgar and often used in the wrong place, is often expressive of what one wishes to say and even those who try to avoid using it in conversation fall into the trap and use it all the time, unconsciously, perhaps, for I have found in my readings that words which no one dreams to be slang must be classed under this CONSTANCE E. YEAMES, '02. head.



SCHOOL LOCALS



Class of 1902.

May our class when it leaves the school be remembered as pleasantly as we remember the class of 1901.

"Equus." Can the seniors see a horse?

Heard in the Greek class: "And you will gnaw within your heart."

Before complaining to your milkman of "blue milk," look on the bottom for the cream. According to some members of the Physics class you will find it there.

On l'a vu en chair.

(Sight translation)—"He has been seen in a chair."

Good-bye—on one line, and directly below it—Dolly. Who could be blamed for reading the words together?

Un avocat was translated "A liar." Well! what of it?

There is a great amount of uncommon sense displayed in the laboratory. Query: Can you get a bottle more than full?

'V ha nois brans the r hmen have! W can lear them study

We are total that if a "wriggling wom" were put betere the members of the English class, and they were asked to write a description of the worm's movements, the results would be something as

"The worm moves." Nose Dignified Senior-"The worm contorts.

Another addition to the list of faultily constructed sentences:

"He threw his sword upon the ground, mounted with gold nails."

"While out walking his money was stolen."

Class of 1903.

Overheard in the German class:

Teacher—"With whom are the boys going to play this afternoon?"

Pupil—"Mit Waltham."

"John Smith grabbed the Indian by the wig." It is rather an innovation to think of Indians as wearing wigs.

Is it to be wondered at that the Cicero in Room A has such a strained expression on his face when he has to undergo the torture of hearing certain phrases of his orations translated by such words as "forget it."

I suppose the class of 1904 will soon be appearing with their class pins. It is only to be hoped that they showed as good taste as did 'o3.

If the increasing size of the ninth grade may be taken as an indication, Arlington is surely growing.

It is a feminine failing to be afraid of mice and spiders, but to be afraid of sparrows seems rather out of the usual order.

I wonder if the French consider 'Le cou pendu' slaug.

Class af 1904.

Ciphers are used freely in the Geology Class. We have mountains 14,000 miles above the sea and the earth is wearing away at the rate of three to five miles an hour.

What is the antecedent of which? "I received a bicycle on my eighth birthday, which was a great surprise to me."

Although Cæsar was such a great general himself his lieutenants were certainly less capable, for we have it on good authority that one of them did not know what fleet he commanded, and another prepared to fight when the enemy was two thousand miles away.

Greek translation: "Poets call ambrosia the grain of the gods."

Class of 1905.

Latin translation: "His mother had a wife."

We were told in the Greek History Class that Agamemnon was the grandson of Peloponnesus.

The latest specimen of "Freshy brilliancy" is the statement that two dozen oranges at ten cents a dozen amount to five cents. A primary school course in arithmetic is advised.

The flies evidently are hungry for learning lately, but it would be considered a great act of kindness on their part if they would keep off the ends of our noses when we are reciting. We indeed labor with difficulty under such circumstances.

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CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER 1900. 1901.

> W. E. MARSHALL. A. GRANT.



ATHLETICS



At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Louis Moore; vice-president, James Allen; secretary, Raymond Grover; treasurer, Arthur Trowbridge; athletic committee, Berthrong, Mills, Hilliard. this meeting, also, a committee of three was appointed to secure as many Freshman names as possible to increase the membership of the association.

At the next meeting it was decided to take up foot-ball again this year, although the prospects of a winning team were not of the brightest by any means. Hilliard was chosen captain, but very unfortunately broke his arm while practicing, thus depriving the team of one of its most valuable men. Mills was then chosen to fill his place and has kept the boys busy at the Park. The line-up was decided on as follows:

Kelley and Spear, l. e. MacLean and Roach, l. t. Grev, 1. g. Smith, c. Gott, r. g. Bates, r. t. Holt, r. e. Moore (Berthrong), q. b. Johnson (Moore), r. h. b. Kidder, I. h. b. Mills, f. b.

On Friday, October 4, the team went to Winchester for its first game, and was defeated. However, there was an improvement in the playing of the second half over the first, and much credit is due the aggressive work of Berthrong, Hidder and Moore.

On Friday, October 11, the boys took a dose of the same medicine from Waltham High, which rather diminished their hopes of success at foot-ball. this game luck was against them in the second half when Kidder and Allen were unable to play, and there being only one substitute present, they were obliged to play with ten men. The team appreciates, however, the good support which the girls have given it by appearing in such goodly numbers at the games.

It was decided that the entertainment which is to be given under the auspices of the A. A. should be held at an earlier date than last year and a committee of five has been appointed to have the matter in charge. No report has yet been made.

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We have not yet received any of our exchanges this term, but we hope to get them soon and shall welcome both old and new when they come.

"Have you noticed the tender place on the new postage stamp?" "No; where is it?" "Just behind the locomotive."

"I fear," said the postage-stamp on the student's letter to his father, "I fear I am not sticking to facts."—Ex.

"Never make love in a cornfield; corn has ears and is easily shocked."—Ex.

The June number of the Latin and High School Review is a most interesting one and shows good management.

"When is a child first conscious of gravity?"

"When it looks up to find something it has dropped."

Pony-A beast of burden used by students when traveling in unexplored lands. -Ex.

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If I knew a little Greek,
How easy life would be;
For all the other languages
Are naught but Greek to me.

School-teacher: "Now, Bobby, spell 'needfe'."

Bobby: "N-e-i-d-l-e, needle."

School-teacher: "Wrong. There's no 'i' in needle."

Bobby: "Well, 'tain't a good needle, then."—*E.r.*

"Who was the first man injured in a foot-ball game?"

"Why, Socrates, I suppose. He met his death at the hand of the Athens eleven.—Ex.

A good student is known by three things: he can begin to study when he does not want to; he can study when he would rather quit; he can quit when he ought to.—Ex.

Small boy terrified at sight of a large dog.

Master: "Don't be afraid, little boy, he won't hurt you. See how he's wagging his tail!"

Small boy: "I know, but that ain't the end I'm afraid of.—Ex.

How to make a dollar go a long ways: put it in an envelope addressed to somebody in the Sandwich Islands, and mail it.—Ex.

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Bright Soph. (just dipping into mathematics): "Say, what goemetrical figure does an escaped parrot present?"

Senior: "Give it up."

Soph: "Why, polygon, of course.—Ex.

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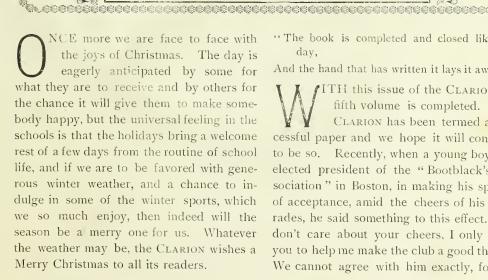
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EDITORIAL



"The book is completed and closed like the day,

And the hand that has written it lays it away."

ITH this issue of the CLARION the fifth volume is completed. The CLARION has been termed a successful paper and we hope it will continue to be so. Recently, when a young boy was elected president of the "Bootblack's Association" in Boston, in making his speech of acceptance, amid the cheers of his comrades, he said something to this effect. "I don't care about your cheers, I only want you to help me make the club a good thing." We cannot agree with him exactly, for we

appreciate words of commendation. In other words, we do care for the cheers, but we also appreciate the support that has been given us, and urge that it may continue and even increase on the part of both subscribers and advertisers.

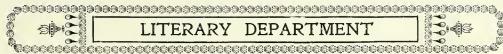
OW the time goes when we are in school! We assemble in Septem-ber and by the time we are well settled down to work, two months have gone and report cards are staring us in the face. However, this excitement is soon forgotten, we "begin over again" and the next thing we know, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas come hurrying along in rapid succession. It makes us feel that life is short, and it is well to bear this in mind and take our opportunities as they present themselves, or, "take things as they come." Still we often make a great mistake by half doing things and say, "O, life's too short." We in school, of all people, should get all the possible benefit from the advantages that are given to us.

OLLOWING the usual custom of the school a committee has been chosen from the Senior class, to arrange a program for the recitals which take their place among the opening exercises of the school. A goodly number have responded to the invitation of the committee and as a result the recitals have been very successful and worthy of calling forth the commendation of the school. Still, there are some pupils among us who seem rather modest about showing their accomplishments. Surely when we see what pleasure has been derived from the entertainment that has already been given us, should we not try to overcome our modesty and do what we can to please others? Let no genuis in our school be hidden.

T last the football season is over and most of us, no matter what our devotion to other colleges, must feel a little pride in the victory that has been achieved by the one so near to us, geographically speaking. Of course hockey is in the foreground now and all are hoping that Spy Pond will furnish good skating for us throughout the winter. For many years A. H. S. has been proud of her polo and hockey teams. We have the same confidence in this year's team and wish them a successful season.

"TO be or not to be" vaccinated. This is a question that has been in many minds during the past few months. Notwithstanding the rapid increase in the cases of smallpox in Boston and vicinity, some people are still opposed to vaccination. It has been said that Chicago is almost entirely free from smallpox; at least there has been no epidemic there, and it is simply because special precautions have been taken and about nine hundred thousand people have been vaccinated. This would seem an argument in favor of vaccination.

In the last issue of the Clarion we mentioned the improvements that had been made in the interior of our building. At present the exterior is in a state of chaos. Surely while repairs are being made it is not a pleasant sight to look upon the High School grounds bordering on Academy street, but when they are properly graded and a granite edge-stone laid, the work will doubtless add greatly to the setting of our building.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



A QUAKER MEETING OF TO-DAY.

It is only a two-story and a half yellow building, raised in the simplest style. Its windows, unrelieved by blinds, look out upon a gently rising hill, dotted with white stones, memorials of those who have gone to rest. Its eaves and chimney are occupied by the sparrows and swallows, and its surrounding grass, undefiled by mortal hands, runs riot as nature wills. This plain, unassuming building has been for a period of a hundred years or more, the place for worship of a people as simple as it is itself; it is the Quaker meeting-house.

Within, as well as without, the beautiful Ouaker character is revealed, and the lack of all the usual embellishments is well compensated by the wonderful harmony of the simple furnishings; for the typical old Quaker, although he was exceedingly abstemious in partaking of life's pleasures and vanities, owned nothing that was not the best of its kind in suitability as well as in material, and the effect of his taste was quite as striking as that of his worldly neighbor, but the Quaker, priding himself upon his scorn of worldly adornments, by that very pride unwittingly disclosed a vanity as great as his neighbors.

The meeting-house is practically divided into two parts, each entered by its own door. In the old days, the men occupied the right, and the women the left. Above, on either side, are the galleries that were thronged on the "Quarterly Meeting" days, and in front there is a long pew which faces the congregation and used to be occupied by the "elders."

There is no sign of anything like music in the whole building. The Quakers objected to music on the ground that it was trivial.

The service, if, indeed, it can be called a service, seems very strange to one unaccustomed to it. Sometimes, not a single word is spoken during the entire meeting, but it generally happens that some one is moved by the Spirit to utter its words. When the friends wish to close their meeting, they solemnly shake hands, and go home.

Today, the beautiful old Quaker customs are sadly changed. Modern ideas of civilization have crept even into their midst, and the Friends are fast becoming mixed with the general world. In the community I have in mind, the "thee" and the "thou," too sacred for ordinary use, are reserved for Quaker ears alone. In their conversation with the outside world, the Friends have adopted the pronoun "you." Quaker bonnets are curiosities, and even the old custom of separating the sexes during meeting time is disregarded. Recently, I heard a Quaker speak in meeting of "Bible criticism" and "chronological errors." Such terms seem difficult to reconcile with the Friends.

Although these visible customs have changed with time, the Quaker character itself is as firm and strong as it ever was. The gentleness, the moderation, the selfrestraint and the simplicity of the old Quakers remains unchanged, and unquestionably the world is better for their presence.

Annie B. Tufts, '03.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Josephine was born on an island in the Indian Sea. Her childhood was spent in out-door sports and amusements, but when she was nine years old she was told that she must give up her childish frolics and learn to embroider and play the harp and read poctry. Then she would grow up and be a fine lady. We are told that she was not pretty, but possessed that true index of the soul, a gentle voice. She was excessively fond of dancing and society, and many fêtes were given in her honor.

At one of these assemblies it was suggested that they consult, just for amusement, a negress, whose fame for fortune telling had reached their ears. Josephine went, and was told that she would soon be married, but the union would not be happy, and the husband would perish tragically. Then she would marry a man who would astonish the world, and for seven years she would be more than queen. Josephine regarded the whole matter lightly, but years proved the truth of the negress's words.

Occasionally visitors came to the island and were entertained in Josephine's house. Among these was a Frenchman, Vicomte Beaubarvais. He fell desperately in love with Josephine and displayed his title and estates to further his suit. Josephine did not care for him, but it was explained to her that she should not hold out against the wishes of those who had done so much for her. She relented, they were married, and together they set out for Paris. They entertained and were entertained, and the beautiful Creole became quite the rage. But she was not happy with this titled husband, and these were turbulous times. The French revolution came, and when it was a thing of the past, Josephine found herself a widow with two children, Eugene and Hortense,

the future Queen of Holland. She was confined in a prison because her husband had had a title, and there barely escaped execution.

Shortly after she was released, she met at a friend's house a man by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. She did not like him. He was short and seven years her junior, but this little man, what did he not dare to do? His power grew and continued to grow. It lent dignity to his face and made it look like marble. Josephine became aware of his growing might, and Napoleon as a lover was irresistible. They were married. Napoleon was twentyseven and Josephine was thirty-three, but the bridegroom swore he was twentyeight and the lady twenty-nine. He set out for Italy twelve days after the ceremony, and there conducted that brilliant campaign which places him among the foremost military leaders. He sent for Josephine, and the balls, fêtes and concerts given were unsurpassed in the annals of Italy for their pomp and magnificence.

Napoleon has said, "I gain provinces, Josephine wins hearts." All through her reign we find her working for the good of her country. Perhaps her greatest fault, if fault it was, was her extravagance but the French did not complain of this. They would not have been French if they had.

Josephine had great influence over Napoleon. The world's history might have been different if this had continued. She knew that power grows until it falls. His ambition knew no bounds, and there came a time when it overreached his affection for Josephine. He told her that his dearest wish must be silent before the interests of France, that he desired a new wife because he wished a son to found a dynasty. From this time Napoleon's star waned. He married the Archduchess

Marie Louise, but the much longed for son, the little King of Rome, died before he had reached his twenties.

Josephine remained always true to Napoleon, and when he was banished to Elba and Marie Louise was nowhere to be found, she wrote him words of consolation and hope. She died not long afterwards, and we can say with Byron, "A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving or more loyal, never beat within a human breast."

MARION FOSTER, '02.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

On almost any pleasant day in summer, there can be seen, out on a Gloucester wharf, a company of men sitting about some veteran story-teller and silently listening to a yarn which perhaps they are hearing for the twentieth time. Chancing to see one of these groups one day, I made my way toward it and became one of the audience. I was just too late to hear a good joke, for the whole company, except the captain, burst into a laugh. Apparently this joke pleased the listeners more than the speaker, for he said,

"After that you can jest reckon that I was bound to quit Jamestown. And the only way of escape for me was the sea. I was a little chap then and jest got a offer of a dollar a week from the cap'n of a slaver for serving as cabin boy and doing odd jobs about the ship. I always did have a hankerin' to go to sea and see the world. And now I had a chance.

"It were the first of May when I agreed with the cap'n to ship with him on the slaver "Atlantic," and that night the old slaver with all sails set slipped out of the harbor and pointed for Africa. I was aboard.

"Well, sir, for the first time I realized what I was up to. It came across me that I was doing wrong, running away from home, and, perhaps, I would never see it again. And then I begun to be homesick and ashamed of myself, but I didn't let on to nobody. I never worked so hard before or after as on that cruise, and it seemed a year before we sighted Africa. But fin'ly we did and fin'ly we threw out the anchor after we went up a little creek.

"That night after the sails was downed and we was made fast, the cap'n called us all together and give us orders for the next day. He didn't waste many words, either. He told us to go about three miles up river and find the agent. He would have the cargo. We was to drive 'em down to the river and row 'em to the schooner.

"And so the next day we started with the first mate and half the crew up river. We rowed about ten miles and fin'ly saw a kind of block house on the shore with a white man sitting at the door. Here we stopped and the first mate, after he had introduced himself, asked the man at the door how many he had, and the man at the door said, 'Jest three hundred.' 'Well, I guess we can take care of 'em; bring 'em out,' says the first mate. And then they come out chained together in four gangs, and we started through the woods towards the boats.

"My, but that seemed awfully cruel to me, to steal them men from their homes to make them slaves. But they had to go and go they did, and before sunset we had the whole three hundred stowed away below decks in a hold that I wouldn't put a hundred dogs in. Then the agent was paid and sails set for the return on the morning tide. We didn't have any time to go ashore, for the cap'n was a man of business and time meant money to him.

"But the rumpus that night was something that I'll never forget. Them poor creeters were nigh starved to death, and when we threw down food to 'em they all fought for it, and some got some and some didn't. And how they groaned! Why, bless me! mor'n half of 'em was sick.

"The next morning when we had got the anchor up and was moving out of the creek, all of a sudden about fifty black men and women appeared on the shore and set up a shriek that nigh deafened me. This shriek was answered by those that we had down in the hold, and that noise kept up for more than an hour.

"We had a good off-shore breeze that night, and I was trusted with the wheel. My turn came at midnight, and as I was sitting looking at the stars, thinking of home and listening to the groans of those below decks, all of a sudden I happened to glance behind and I saw almost upon us a tremendous square-rigged barque with every sail set and making an awful headway, but no noise. She carried no lights, and when I tried to turn the wheel to let her pass there was no strength in my arms, and I fainted. When I came to the barque was not in sight and no harm was done to us.

"In a few weeks we reached home. I had seen enough of the world and enough suffering for one while, and after that I have always hated the slave business."

Fred H. Viets, '03.

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SOPHOMORE FOLLY.

The Sophomore is jubilant at the close of school and lavs most magnificent plans for the afternoon, despite the fact that he has two lessons to learn for the next day. He spends all the afternoon carrying out his schemes. After supper he goes to the library and arrives home rather later than he intended. Then he pitches in and studies as hard as he can for a few minutes, but his thoughts wander to that new library book which he has already begun. He wonders how long it will take him to finish one lesson. He counts up the lines of Latin and looks at the clock and thus wastes his time until he is told that it is time for all boys to be in bed. He then willingly shuts his book and slyly takes the library book up stairs with him.

In an incredibly short time (to him) he is startled from the fine story he is reading by his father calling to him and asking what he is doing. With a sigh he relinquishes the book and proceeds to go to bed, but so taken up with the story is he that he can think of nothing else, and try as he may he cannot go to sleep. Finally he drops off, but is rudely awakened by the sound of an approaching thunder storm.

He tosses about and it seems as if the storm were about four times as bad as any he ever heard of. The pillow is as hard as a stone, the sheets are rough, and everything seems made especially to worry him.

In the morning he awakes rather early and is too sleepy to get up and see what time it is, but is dimly conscious that the morning is still young. After a time he drops off and is awakened by a loud rap

on the door. He sleepily calls out "yes," and before the footfalls have died on the stairs is almost asleep, but he controls himself by a great effort, though he cannot get up. The bed seems so soft and downy that he can hardly keep himself awake, though he does not dare to relapse into slumber. He finally has to be called again, and when his father enters the room he finds the undutiful son dressing. When he gets down stairs he discovers that it is still early, and that he was awakened for the purpose of studying. With a huge sigh of disgust he takes up his lessons and manages to scrape through at school.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON GOLF.

Golf, the sport that has so recently come to our country, and which has so quickly sprung into popularity, is one of the oldest out-of-door games. It is said to have originated with the Flemings', and there are old Flemish plates and tiles in existence which bear figures seemingly playing the game. It was called by them kolf, spelt k-o-l-f, and probably bore very little resemblance to the game that has been played in Scotland for four centuries. The Dutch word kolf itself means club, so the name of the game was probably derived from this source through the clubs being used in the game.

As early as 1457 it was the national game in Scotland, where it was at first played only by the rich, but it soon grew so popular that it was necessary for Parliament to pass an act restricting the play to certain days of the week, so that archery might be practiced, as it was claimed that it was neglected for golf. Charles I. was much attached to the game, and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., also played whenever he went to Scotland, there being at that time no links in England.

The game requires a large tract of land, a set of club and golf balls. The land is called a links, and is laid out in holes, the average length varying from one hundred to five hundred yards, with various obstructions, both natural and artificial, between them, that must be played over or avoided in some way. A single hole consists of the teeing ground, where the ball is placed on a small mound of sand or clay, and the putting-green, which has a hole in the centre of about four and one-half inches diameter.

The clubs vary in number, shape and size, according to the taste of the player. The principal and most necessary ones are the driver, used from the tee, the brassie, to be used in the fair green, the mid-iron and cleek, also for field use, the mashie, used to approach the green with, and the putter, with which the ball is knocked into the hole in the green. There are other sticks, which are also much used, but the ones already mentioned are the most necessary.

The balls are of gutta-percha, weighing about two ounces, and painted white, so as to be readily seen. In England, the heavy, solid ball is universally used, but in America, very lately, a ball with a rubber filling is used, and it is much more resilient, it being possible to secure much greater distance with this recent invention.

The driving is the prettiest part of the game, the record having been made in Scotland, where a ball was driven a distance of three miles, landing in a moving cart and being carried to the next town.

Another instance is cited where a man swung so hard at the ball that he missed it altogether, but his momentum being so great that he swung around again and got a good drive, without taking another swing.

Although the driving is important, it is not the greatest point in the game. The shots in the field should be straight, the direction often counting far more than the distance.

The approaching is perhaps one of the most difficult parts of the game, requiring a steady eye and good judgment, the object being to get the ball on the green and as near the hole as possible. In a

case which is said to have happened in England, a player approached the green from under a hill, and the ball lodged in the breast pocket of a player on the green, but so softly and gently that he did not know it till a search was made, and the ball found on his person.

Putting is also a very pretty part of the game, depending mainly on the steadiness of the hand and eye.

From this description it will be seen that with so many parts, golf is not a sport that can be learned in a day; in fact, an old Scotchman, on being asked as to how long it would take one to learn, replied slowly, "Weel, after ye have played about twenty-five years, ye may know something about it."

FRANK A. BUHLERT, '03.

A TRIP WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION.

During my summer vacation I made a very interesting trip to Lexington with a party of the "Children of the Revolution" who of course are much interested in historical places and events.

We started early in the afternoon from Arlington and met on the common in Lexington. As was before arranged, Mr. Staples, a minister in Lexington, met us on the common and told us a great many interesting things about Lexington and the battle fought there, April 19, 1775.

One story which impressed me concerned the soldier, who, on crossing the common (I think he was coming home from the church which stood near the great boulder now there) was shot by a British officer and lived only until he reached his doorsteps, and there died at his wife's feet.

After Mr. Staples told us about the battle we went over to the monument where all the bodies of the men who fought so bravely for their country, were buried. We also read the inscription on the boulder not far from the monument. I think I shall never forget the words of General Parker to the "Minute Men": "Hold your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon. If they mean to have war let it begin here."

Another interesting place which we visited was the Hancock House, where Samuel Adams and John Hancock hid when Paul Revere told them the British were coming. The Hancock House was, at the time of the Revolution, larger than when first built. Originally it was but a small ell with only two rooms; the kitchen and a small room in back called the minister's study, and two small bedrooms above. It doesn't seem possible that a family of seven (five of them being children) could live in so small a house. Later, and before the war, John Hancock built an addition to the house.

The rooms of this house are quite small and the walls and ceilings are not plastered, while the paper hangs loosely over the boards.

Among the old-fashioned articles we noticed were quaint writing desks, which were really chairs with large boards attached at the front. In one room is a collection of guns, swords, drums, powder-horns and knapsacks, used in the Battle of Lexington.

The original kitchen in this house is very small, and has one of the old-fash-

ioned hearths and many curious kitchen utensils that were in use in 1775. I lifted one of the kettles and it was so heavy I could barely hold it. I don't see how the women ever cooked with such kettles.

There are other utensils which are equally heavy, and many table dishes which we should not think fit to use now. In the minister's study, which is even smaller than the kitchen, we saw an old spinning-wheel, dutch oven, and an old-fashioned bonnet, called a callash.

In the newer part of the house is the exact copy of the bed in which Hancock and Adams slept on the night of the alarm. It has the same clothing, quilt and tester. As everyone knows, the old-fashioned beds used to have canopies or testers, supported by posts. We also saw two or three articles which belonged to Washington, such as a writing-desk, letters, a pitcher, etc.

Although I cannot now recall anything more of any consequence in this house, yet I could go over it again and again and

find it just as interesting, and see things which I hadn't noticed before.

On the opposite side of the street, a short distance from the Hancock House, is a beautiful old elm which is over one hundred and fifty years old. It is very straight and its branches arch over the walk in large curves that almost touch the ground.

There is much more of interest in Lexington which we who live so near it cannot appreciate until we go there. Visiting historical places, like Lexington, makes one take more interest in his country and the patriots who lived and fought for it. As time goes on, historical relics become more and more precious to the owners, or to historical societies. Let us hope that the historical society of Arlington will faithfully preserve everything connected with the early life of our town that will in any way tend to make us better citizens and Americans.

MYRA WOOD, '05.

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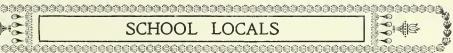
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SCHOOL LOCALS



Class of 1902.

Can we believe the statement, even though it comes from so good an authority as the English History class, that Henry VII. was his own aunt.

Teacher-" Moore, iussit." But he stood.

A disciple of Tennyson writes the follow-"People impart their aming sentence. bitions to their children, and 'roll forever and forever." Figurative language is good in its place.

How much smoother our life would be if we could avoid friction—in Physics!

We are sorry for the poor wretch who was hurled so violently from his ship that he "spun round on his head." The buoyancy of that water must have been unusual.

Often heard in the laboratory. "Have you found the point?" It isn't a joke.

Jupiter's hair is so troub!esome to manage in translation that, in spite of its beauty, we wish that his locks had not been so luxuriant "That they rolled down from his head."

When the boys of the Geometry class, stand so that "the girls can't see," would it do to tell them to "go way back and sit down."

Class of 1903.

I wonder what species of animal a man who eats his coat comes under. Omnivorous!

One member of the Greek class informed us that the distance from the tips of the middle finger to the elbow was three feet. Surely we must all be giants.

If Xenophon had been a little more lucid in his statements, he would have saved the Greek class considerable puzzling as to his meaning.

Has Cicero been vaccinated yet?

Did you know that hens crow? A person in the English class thinks they do.

While lying on the bed, Moses came rushing in to tell us the good news. A wonderful gymnastic feat certainly.

Class of 1904.

"Sophomore Thanksgiving Rhymes."

I'm thankful I ain't a turkey, To be eaten by our crowd, But I'm thankful I'am the boy That can holler for it loud.

On Tuesday the Turkey made his way Through the farm yard gate, at the farmer's call.

On Thursday the turkey made his way Down the throats of family, wings, body and all.

O, sweet to the nose is the smell of the turkey, But sweeter by far is is the taste of the same. The nuts and sweet cider, they go to the right

And we eat pies and plum pudding till our stomachs are lame.

A member of the theme class writes: "The splendid trees, though bare, shaded the street." Remarkable trees!

Latin translation—"And the Gauls supported the rest of the winter." On their shoulders?

One of the Greek class thinks that the Egyptian breastplates were made of cotton batting.

Considering the quality of the '04 pins, we have fully come up to the kind wish of the Juniors in regard to their's, as we have shown fully as good taste as they have.

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A. O. SPRAGUE.

Class of 1905.

Latin translation—Sociis praesidium polliceri non potuerat. "He could not promise a garden alley."

What "wise fools" those Sophomores are! One of them, in the Greek class, the other day even went so far as to give "pigs" for the stern ending of a word. Really Greek words do look queer enough, but just think of a pig dangling on the end of a word!

Lycurgus was certainly very ingenious, authorizing the coinage of iron currency so that "the people would not wish to become rich, on account of the weight of their riches."



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W. E. MARSHALL.
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As soon as everything had settled down to work after the opening of the fall term, and the usual routine of affairs had begun, plans were set on foot for the annual entertainment to increase the funds in the treasury of the Athletic Association.

Of course the first question to decide was what sort of an entertainment it should be. As we had had in previous years a concert given either by the Tuft's or Technology clubs, several of the members of the Association thought that we would be more successful, if we should make a change this year and have a vaudeville show instead. There was some little discussion as to this point before it was finally decided to have the Technology Club. A committee of five was at once appointed to carry out all the plans, and the date set for the entertainment was Dec. 6th. The members of the committee were: Moore, Smith, Buhlert, Viets and Freeman.

The entertainment was in every way a success, netting the Association almost one hundred dollars, as near as can be estimated at time of writing. Town Hall was

pretty well crowded, and we are sure all felt repaid as the Tech boys certainly did themselves justice, each number being heartily encored. The program was as follows:—

PART 1.

Knocked 'Em in the old Kent Road,

Arr. by Smith

Glee Club. Colored Major,

Banjo Club Wellesley

" La Fleurette,"

Mandolin Club.

Glee Club.

Lion Tamers,

Quartet,

Arr. by Lansing

Banjo Club. Mandolin Sextet,

Selected

Part II.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes, Dressler Glee Club.

An Heroic Duel, Written by Page

CHARACTERS.

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Irascible old man. Ordinary young man.

Willie Winkum,

A promoter of fads.

Banjo Quartet, Among the Flowers, Selected Eno

Mandolin Club.

Life's lesson, }

Words by Risey. Music by Jones.

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ARLINGTON, MASS.

The jolly mood in which the company had been put by the entertainment was, of course, not the least marred by the lance which followed. Great praise is due our enterprising schoolmates, Mr. Frank Grey, '02, and Mr. Julius Hackell, '02, who are members, the former being leader of the orchestra, which rendered such fine music.

At a meeting of the members of last year's base ball team, now in school, Albert W. Hilliard, '02, was elected captain for this year in place of Berthrong, who has left school to go into business.

The prospects for a winning hockey team this winter are not as bright as they have been in past years. Of last year's championship team we have lost Freeman, Cook and Berthrong, all forwards. The members still in school are Moore, forward; Johnson, coverpoint; Mills, point, and Hilliard, goal, who will manage the team. Grey, point on the '99 team, is also in school and will try for the team this winter. Among the other candidates, the most promising are Buhlert, substitute forward last year, C. Gray, Bodenstine, McLean, Viets and G. Gray. The team has been at work in the basement of the school since the middle of November, and judging from the work on

the ice during the Thanksgiving vacation, have derived great benefit from the indoor practice. The defensive work this year promises to be very strong, but the forwards must improve a great deal in speed and general team work before they can hope to approach the fine record of last year's team and to hold the cup.

The contest for the cup has now become so close that a brief review of its history may prove of interest. For seven years it has stood as a trophy in the Interpreparatory League, the deciding game each year having been between Arlington and Waltham High. Of the seven teams, whose names occupy the spaces reserved for them on the cup, four have represented our school. Since hockey was substituted for polo in 1899, we have won the cup both years. Now let every one strive to maintain this record. A win this year will give us five victories and only one more will then be necessary. If the members of the team will only recall the foot-ball score, which it rests on them to repay, when they meet Waltham on the ice, no trouble should be found in squaring accounts with our oldtime rivals.





We welcome and are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: Lynn High School Gazette, The Jabberwock, The Quill, The Racquet, The Latin and High School Review, and the Saugus High School Advocate. With these we have received two new exchanges, The Tatler from Bishopthorpe, Pa., and the Imp from Brighton.

"The Adventures of an Inquisitive Person" in the October number of the Latin and High School Review, is an exciting and well written story, but we have to stop at the most thrilling part and wait until the next edition to know what happens to the unfortunate person. Therefore, we anxiously await the next number.

"Ma," said the little boy, "When you get the cream whipped, may I lick the dish?" Fresh Freshy—"What can be made shorter by the addition of two letters?"

Dubious Sophomore—"Give it up."
Fresh—(in triumph) "Short."

From far up in the laboratory,
Floats the H S. so rare;
'Twas then we wished we played football,
And could a nose-guard wear.

The October number of the Jabberwock contains some interesting articles.

Nothing is better than a pretty girl. Also a homely girl is better than nothing. Therefore a homely girl is better than a pretty girl. Q. E. D.—Ex.

OOT. M. CANNIFF OO

Hair Dresser; Billiards and Pool,

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Why is it folks sit this way in

The car we miss,

While in the car we catch at last,

We'rejammedlikethis?

Cæsar, ominbus completis, summa diligentia Romam profectus est.

Cæsar, the ominbus being full, set out for Rome on top of the diligence.—Ex.

The cover of the Lynn High School Gazette for October is a great improvement on the former one.

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NOT ONLY IN

Young Men's Elegant Made-up Clothing

But in all Articles appertaining to a Complete Outfit, viz:

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Publication Office, High School, Academy Street.

Vol. VI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH, 1902.

No. 1.

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Officers of the Clarion.

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EDITORIAL



NCE again, obedient Earth has rolled about her orbit, and once again the CLARION extends its heartiest greetings to all its readers. Our paper is now starting upon a new year in its life. It has passed its sixth birthday and like a child of six, looks forward to a bright and happy future, but unlike a child of six, it realizes that it has its mission in the coming years and knows that only by the utmost effort can it fulfill that mission. The CLARION has passed the days when it must slowly creep over the ground, and has reached the time when it ought to a vance rapidly in long strides. In other words, is infant days are over and the CLAREN IS expected to show all the ingenity and all the freshness of youth.

A word of thanks is due to those who have always given the CLARION their heartiest support, both by subscribing to the paper and carefully reading it and by advertising in its columns. The advertisements form one of the stanchest supports the CLARION has.

It has always been the aim of those connected with the CLARION, to make the Arlington High School paper the best of its kind, free from errrors in English, printed on first-class paper, in clear, legible type, and truly representative of the school. This ear, as in previous years, the officers of the (LARION are working for that end.

Spring has now come upon us with all her joyous messages and all her heraldings of the coming summertide, and to most of us she is a welcome visitor.

Again Arlington has won the trophy.

Within the last few months, we have all been forced to think more or less about the new canal, and there is good reason for hoping that within a few years, the proposed canal will work as much of a change in the history of the commercial world as the building of the Suez Canal did some forty years ago.

We may soon expect to see the snow-drops, along with the spring chickens.

The Ninth Grade is beginning to take on a High School air, and gives promise of making a proper Freshman Class next year.

So the grocer must sell his tea without charging for the war-tax!

What is the matter with the Basket Ball team?

The papers are beginning to speculate in earnest over the next presidential candidates

It is a well known fact that the cats and dogs in the neighborhood of the school, have always been more desirous of obtaining a mental training than is usual with the members of their class, and the inclination on their part is increasing rather than otherwise. This looks well for the school and shows that its influence is spreading. On school days, between the hours of 7.30, a. m., and 1, p. m., four-legged pupils, accompanied by their two-legged friends, may often be seen approaching the house of learning.

The Seniors and Juniors wish to express their thanks to the Woman's Club for their kindness in permitting the upper classes of the school to attend the lectures, which proved to be both interesting and instructive.

Friday will bring vacation.

Prince Henry has undoubtedly enjoyed his short stay in the United States, and his visit bids fair to smooth over all those little differences which have arisen between Germany and our own country.

Rhetoricals are nearly over. How much we all shall miss them!

The school is eagerly awaiting the Senior Social, but it looks as if the Seniors were having as hard a time over their entertainment, as the Juniors are having about their gift to the school.

In the eyes of the students at large, the Teachers' Visiting Day was a decided success, and the teachers deserve three cheers for having taken the day for their own use.

The base ball players seem to be in good health and spirits, and the school looks forward with a good deal of interest to the selection of the team.

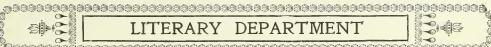
Report cards have come around again and remind us of the fact that they make but two appearances more this year. Only twelve weeks left!

Those of us who have not paid for our last year's CLARION, are beginning to think seriously about the matter.

Don't forget your coat and hat. The spring days are treacherous.

The measles have caused breaks even in our ranks.

TAREE CHEERS for the Hockey Team!



LITERARY

DEPARTMENT

A SHEAF OF DAILY THEMES.

(From the Seniors; written in thirty-minutes.) My Bête Noire.

A good speller is born, not made. Let them to whom the gods have granted the gift of accuracy in spelling, rejoice; I am not among the number. Allow me, however, my feeble triumph. In the days of spelling books and spelling matches, I once "spelled down" all antagonists and forthwith had my name inscribed upon the blackboard as—Champion Speller. I speak of this only to prop up my self-respect, which threatens to desert me at the mere thought of the countless words I have misspelled since that day. With the aid of a dictionary, I limp along with pain, but in moments of excitement or haste, when my crutch is neglected, consonants are doubled, vowels changed, and words generally constructed in a way that might well make poor Webster restless in his grave. I have often been wrestled with and ridiculed, and have made valiant efforts in my own behalf, but the victory seems as far away as ever, though perhaps I should feel encouraged that two words, once stumbling blocks, are so no longer—there is no "h" in sure, no "a" in together.

MARION CHURCHILL, '02.

A STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

It was my privilege a short time ago to attend a dinner given by one of the prominent Boston clubs and to hear a certain minister from Dorchester give an address on, "Don't Worry." Among 'i e nany ght stories which he told to illistrate his subject was one about a

Boston girl who was visiting friends in Toledo. One day she was riding in a street car, carrying her muff with her. She had been sitting but a few minutes, with her hand in her muff, looking out of the window, when a college fellow. home for his vacation, entered the car and sat down beside her. Soon our young lady felt in her muff the presence of another hand-not her own. For a few minutes she maintained perfect silence and then, with that awful chill so peculiar to Boston girls, she turned upon the fellow, whose hand she strongly suspected to be the other occupant of the muff, with these words, "Sir, I am not at all excited or wrought up by this occurrence: perhaps vou do not realize it, but I am a Boston girl, and we do not get worried or flustered, but let me tell you I will give you just twenty minutes to take your hand out of that muff."

Under ordinary circumstances we might be tempted to doubt this story, but surely we cannot do so in this case, for what better authority can we have than the word of a minister?

RUTH E. RICHARDSON, '02.

AT THE FRENCH LESSON.

Last Saturday afternoon I attended a French lecture and was as much interested in the audience as in the speaker. Directly in front of me sat a most beautiful woman. She had an abundance of auburn hair, done low in the neck, and a complexion and eyes only seen with such hair. A purple and gray dress with a light gray and white fluffy hat set off her charms to perfection. I was just trying to make up my mind whether this beautiful creature belonged to gay Paris

or sedate Boston, when somebody said to her in English, "Why, my dear Mrs. Rogers, it is, indeed, delightful to see you again." A figure in black with a short skirt sat at my left devouring King Lear, and a most beautiful little girl with a blue poke bonnet was here, evidently for "intellectual stimulus." She seemed carelessly indifferent to the speaker and occupied her time in making overtures of friendship to a little boy with spectacles sitting in front of her, who only lacked the big book to make the caricature of the typical Boston boy. Through the audience were scattered little Frenchmen with their emphatic gestures and their "eyes that talk." There is nothing I like so much as "seeing" people and these are some I saw on that day.

MARION FOSTER, '02.

A DIOLOGUE.

Scene.—A public street.

Time—5 P.M.

Characters: Two Seniors.

First Senior.—"Have you vour theme written?"

Second Senior.—"No. I haven't. I wish you'd give me a subject."

First Senior.—"Write on anything: or, as the teacher says, you can write on nothing."

Second Senior.—"If she had left out the on, and had said I could write nothing, she would have hit the nail on the head. Have you written *rour* theme for tomorrow?"

First Senior.—"Yes, 1 wrote up a batch of them last Sunday."

Second Senior.—"You are in luck. Where did you get your material?"

First Student.—"Well, I questioned in order all the members of my family, from grandmother down, gathering any incidents in their lives worth mentioning, so that together with those of my own life, I managed to work up five themes."

Second Senior.—"O I see. Well, I also pumped all my relatives, but did not find any incidents desirable for a theme."

First Senior.—"Then, for lack of a better subject, why don't you write up our conversation."

Second Senior.—"Not a bad idea. I think I will. Good-day."

RAYMOND GROVER, '02.

THE JURY SYSTEM AGAIN.

The jury system, which has always been a topic for keen debate, has been brought into prominence again by the events of the past week. In the United States Court, in Boston, where the South Danvers Bank case was being tried, one of the jurors was absent about a week after the trial opened, on account of sickness, as the deputies sent to hunt him up reported, thus necessitating the dismissal of the jury for the day. Tuesday morning the same man appeared in the jurors' room in an intoxicated condition. The fact was at once reported to the judge, who, after giving him a chance to defend himself, sent him to jail for two months for contempt of court and discharged the jury. This will cause the state heavy expense, as the trial was a long and tedious one and will now have to be gone all over again.

In regard to the jury system, the question brought up is somewhat different from the usual one; it is a question of the make-up of the jury lists from which the jurors are chosen. At present the duty of preparing the jury lists in Boston is entrusted to a board of four commissioners. Outside of the men, exempted by law, they place on the list citizens who, from the information at hand, they think will make the best jurors. This, of course, in many cases, must be Now the question mere guess work. arises whether provision should not be made for an examination of all men

whose names are placed on the jury list to see if they are competent for the position. Would it not be well to institute some such a test as this, based possibly on the examination necessary before a man can become a voter, only, of course, much more severe?

Louis A. Moore, '02.

THE CAUSE OF THE COMMOTION.

I sat in a crowded railway train which was rushing along at full speed, Everything was in confusion; passengers excitedly rushing here and there; porters, newspaper boys, and boys with books, magazines, and various other things for sale, passed through the car. In fact the noise was so great and the car so crowded, that I could hardly distinguish one thing from another, as I sat looking vgauely about me, or gazing at the fast receding objects outside, and wondering what all this commotion meant. I could not wish the journey at an end, for my destination was the dentist's office, and I did not altogether look forward to having my tooth extracted

Suddenly the din grew less and finally ceased. Everything became silent, and my confused senses began to grow clear, as I heard a voice at my ear saying, "Come here and help me, I think she is coming out," and felt something on my tooth. An instant later, I opened my eyes to see the dentist beside me, and hear him say that it was all over. Such was my experience in taking gas.

LOUISE COOPER, '02.

TWO VALIANT FIGHTERS.

As I was walking along a side street the other day I overheard an amusing conversation between two small boys, one bout eight years old and the other about the other about

street toward his companion and said, "Philip, do you want to fight again?" Philip twirled his hoop around on the stick and made no answer. The younger boy noticing my presence on the opposite side of the street, pitched his voice a little higher and repeated, "Philip, do you want to fight again? Answer me 'yes' or 'no?'" Philip began to look ashamed, but answered, "Oh, I s'pose vou thought I was fightin' my hardest the other day, didn't vou?" At this bold bluff the small boy hesitated a little, but finally determined to put on a brave front and said, "Well, what do you say?" muffled "No" came forth from Philip's coat collar and his opponent returned in the most pitying tone, "All right, I won't touch you tonight," and strode joyfully homeward.

THERESE NORTON, 02.

THE BOY AND THE BREAD.

Did you ever know of a little boy who really and truly liked bread? They may eat it, but they do not do it willingly. This particular boy hates it; he will not eat it unless compelled to. If there is any possible way of getting out of it he is sure to try it, and although he is but four years old, many are his devices. When other strategems fail he sits at the table an hour or two, hoping his mother will get tired of seeing him sit there and let him go without eating his bread, but this is much too old a trick to work longer. Whenever the bread disappears more quickly than usual his mother has but to look in his pockets or around the edges of his plate to find it. One day he had a terrible toothache at supper. He leaned his head on his hand with a woe-begone expression, the tears stood in his eyes. and altogether he appeared to be in great pain. Presently he got down from the table and went and lay on the sofa for about ten minutes; then he informed his

mother than his tooth was better and ran off to play. The next day he had another toothache and then his mother began to suspect, but when it happened the third time, she remarked that he seemed to have the toothache whenever it came time to eat bread.

On another day his bread went more quickly than usual; no trace of it could be found either in his pockets or about the edges of his plate, so his mother decided that he had eaten it. How happy she was, for she thought now that he had begun to eat his bread she would have no more trouble, but this blessed state of affairs was not to be. The next day the little boy again ate his bread up quickly and his mother rejoiced greatly. She cleared away the table; no trace of it appeared. She pushed it back against the wall. What was that on the floor? Surely it was not the boy's bread? Yes, that's just what it was. She looked to the boy for an explanation and he innocently said:

"Why where did the cat go? I put my bread down there for him. Don! you 'spose he wanted some dinner, too?" HARRIET JONES, '02.

MY VIEW OF THE TEAMSTERS' STRIKE.

The other day as I rode into Boston, I happened to plance at the large headlines

Visi*... COLUMBIAN CAFE,

Quick Lunch or Good Dinner CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

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A. C. LaBREQUE,

Railroad Crossing.

MALLITT,

Practical hair Dresser,

451 Mass. Avenue, Arlington. which appeared in a paper opposite me: "Strikers Become Riotous."

A sudden thought flashed into my mind. I took my note-book from my pocket and wrote, "Teamsters' Strike: good subject for a daily theme." As it was early in the afternoon I quickly decided to go around to Atlantic Avenue and the wharves, the scenes where so much trouble had occurred of late. The latter part of the journey in was taken up with thoughts of a surging mob, bricks and iron pins flying through the air, wild shouts, and policemen here and there, taking some by the throat and knocking others over the head with their wellaimed billies. My reverie was interrupted by the conductor's call, Change for Atlantic Avenue! Out this way, please! In a short time I left the elevated at State Street. As I went down the steps, I was startled by no heartrending cries from below; on the contrary everything was just as quiet as usual. I reached the foot, and looked up and down, vainly trying to see the mob I had expected. There was nothing but a blue haze everywhere, starred with hundreds of brass buttons.

ARTHUR T. TROWBRIDGE.

Coffee

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Furnaces, Ranges and General Jobbing
462 Massachusetts Avenue.

denly appeared on the island, one day, to take her back to Portland on a night boat on which they were the only passengers; and that on this occasion he murdered her and threw her body overboard.

About six years ago, there was a most terrific thunder-storm about those parts which did considerable damage to property on many of the nearby islands and struck this house near the chimney. The lightning followed down the chimney, which is situated in about the central part of the house, to the first floor, where it divided, one part going in one direction, the other in a directly opposite one. One of the shafts of lightning, when it reached the front door, knocked out the pane of glass in it and passed out without doing any further damage. To this day the natives vow that the lightning formed an exact likeness of the girl's face on the glass in the door when it reached

Through long disuse the house has fallen into a rather dilapitated condition and when it has been partially renovated and repaired for a prospective tenant, the rubbish has been thrown down cellar, so that it is now a perfect babel of confusion and it would not be hard for a weak-minded person to make out strange and fantastic figures in it when passing by at night.

LILLIAN G. WILKINS, '03.

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1436 Mass. Ave., Cambridge.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

Let us first go back over the past century and see what enormous strides invention has taken; then we shall be better able to understand what we may expect in the future. Many discoveries and inventions, which centuries ago seemed impossible, have been achieved. Among the first important inventions were the incandescent and arc lights which are now so numerous in most of our cities and large towns. Our modern arc lights are quite unlike the ark lights which Noah used. In 1834, the telegraph instrument was invented; eleven years later (1845) the sewing machine, and twentytwo years later (1867) the string telephone. The string telephone could only be used between short distances, so this set men to experimenting, and three years later a telephone worked by electricity was invented. Seven years later came the talking machine, or phonograph.

All of these are wonderful inventions, but we need not go back a century to find them. Let us note the most important inventions of the past year that are likely to bring about great changes in the future. Perhaps the most important announcement in the way of science, is that of Professor Pupin's system of induction coils, which may make cable telephony practical. A trolley car was produced, which, on its first test, made nearly one hundred miles an hour. Santos Dumont

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Post Office Building, ARLINGTON.

J. A. CHAVES,

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made a successful aerial voyage over Paris in his wonderful flying machine. Electro printing without ink was invented in August, and in November a submarine torpedo boat was invented. We all know that there are many boats built to sail the ocean that have by some accident gone to its depths. These may now be called submarine boats, but the submarine torpedo boat Fulton was no joke. It remained at the bottom of the sea fifteen hours, after which it was brought to the surface. It is said that the last month of the year brought about the greatest achievement in flashing across the ocean a wireless telegraph message from Cornwall, England, to Newfoundland, a distance of more than two thousand miles.

Of course improvements are not going to stop here. There will be a great many modes of traveling in the future. The flying machine will be common. Atlantic liners will cross the ocean in less than four days, after the fast passenger steamers have been fitted with turbine engines according to the Parson and Greyden pattern. After the storage battery is perfected it will take the place of the trolley pole and overhead main. The railroad trains will be run by electricity instead of the dirty, clumsy steam engines. But steam and electricity are both slow for transporta-

tion when we stop to think of the pneumatic tube that is now used only for small purposes, such as sending the cash to the cashier in stores and sending the mail from one station to another in New York City. In the near future the pneumatic tube will be made much larger in order that people instead of mail may be shot to their destination. By this system it will take but fifteen seconds to go from here to Boston. Then, too, the automobile will take the place of horses, and horses will be such a curiosity that a few will be placed in the most noted zoological gardens with some such inscription as this over the stall:—

THE HORSE.

An animal which was at one time used as a beast of burden.

In a few years many men and women will carry a wireless telephony apparatus in their hats to be in style, for the fashion will demand such an apparatus. This will enable people to talk to any one at any time or place. Then in connection with this apparatus we shall have another smaller one which will show the very moments and expressions of the face of the person with whom one is talking. Such an instrument has been invented and has been used between Chicago and New York. Many more wonderful changes will take place in the future of which we have not the least idea.

MORGAN BOCKENSTIEN, '03.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO.,

..Dry Goods and Small Mares..

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JOHN C. WAAGE,

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Class of 1902.

What a bother slang is! Lately two or three beautiful descriptions containing the adjective "sheeny" have come to grief on account of the ludicrous suggestion of a certain noun.

A young man, "of considerable weight," in the Physics class, is positive that he sees himself inverted when he looks in the mirror. Isn't he a little twisted?

Why do we lose interest when "mother comes in"? Ask the English class.

Those who have read "Elizabeth in a German Garden," may not have reflected that, in our school, we have a "Man of Wrath."

Through the kindness of Miss Weeks the Senior Class was delightfully entertained on Valentine's Eve. Invitations were forwarded to all the teachers in the building, and a few were sent to those students who have lately been among us. An Observation Match opened the evening, Mr. Smith carrying off the prize of a pair of spectacles to reward him for his observing powers. After this came a "Lone Exhibition," which was exceedingly bright and interesting. During the evening the class orchestra rendered a number of popular selections. The most interesting feature of the evening was the reading of the valentines, in which remarkable poetic talent was displayed. Each valentine contained something suggestive of the person's character for whom it was intended, and all were easily guessed. The following are some of the valentines written: -

Soon by thy tender wisdom well prepared,
They climb the stairs, fresh laurels e'er to win.
I'm speaking now of silver cups,—and some
Will editorials write, some chose the Pin.

Some e'en will gain the gift of prophecy, Some Greek construe with language rich and rare, Some mix wierd compounds yet unknown to Fame.

And some will waltzes write, so much some dare!

I watched a master once with fingers deft, Mould from the shapeless ciay a wondrous face.

I watch thy moulding now, how for such heights
Thy changes thou prepar'st with skill and
grace.

And so, late comer to our dear High school, I kneel before thee. Smile, oh, Lady mine! Then will I rise and fill the air with song And praises of thee,—sweet, my Valentine.

"Divinely tali and most divinely fair,"
Studies all his lessons with the greatest care,
School-teacher both his pére and mére,
He may yet grace the pedagogue's chair.
In French pronounciation most careful is he
To get every syllable as it should be.
The "awfulness" of Burke is not to him apalling,
And no small detail beyond his quick recalling
On the golf links green he was often seen
Wielding his stick with much grace, I ween;
But in spite of a bright and watchful eye
He recently tumbled into Spy;
But he must have got out
For he's now about,
And waiting for some one to find him out.

Maiden with the soft brown eye And the figure so petite, In whose hair the shadows lie, Be my valentine so sweet.

To a Fair Ladye.

Thou standest at the parting of the ways,
With eyes serene and presence strong and
sweet.

h! dear my Lady, let St. Valentine Win me thy favor kneeling at thy feet.

Unto thy side at earliest break of day

The eager throngs do press from near and far.
No jealousy is mine—on all alike

Thou shinest. So doth shine your glorious

star.

When sunbeams fall in May on branches bare, What woudrous changes thrill us each glad spring!

So. dear, thy influence reaches. Of the change From trembling Ninth to Freshman bold I sing.

Thou lead'st them to forget ways infantile,
To gum forswear—to walk in seemly files—
To know the mammoths—x's value find.
Great Solomon's shade! How high their knowledge piles!

Class of 1903.

French—"Par la fenêtre ouverte, je voyais M. Hamel qui passait et repassait," etc.

Pupil, repeating from memory—"Je voyais M. Hamel qui passait et repassait par la jenêtre ouverte." An acrobat?

Some one in the German class thinks that the noun Charles is neuter.

French—"Toute la classe avaitquelque chose d'extraordinaire et de solennel."

Translation—"The whole class had on their best clothes."

A member of the English class wishes to know if plum-porridge was the symbol of the Church of England.

A Latin pupil's translation, "All eyes and ears were turned toward him." A most wonderful gymnastic feat.

We are sorry to learn that we have a cannibal in our English class.

The French scholar who translated this passage, "M. Hamel était monté dans sa chaire,"—"Mr. Hamel was climbing up into his seat," must have had Tom Thumb in her mind.

Class of 1904.

It seems to us that the desks in room three look pretty well, considering that they were polished by simple "Freshies."

We have heard that Seniors were superior beings, but not long ago we noticed this on the board in their room: "Seniors, please pay your dues." Poor Ninth-graders, they must have been hungry.

The English class is getting quite expert in the manipulation of the coughs and sneezes which go to make up those Russian names.

"Much ado about nothing,"—It seems to me that this applies as much to the old Greek philosophers as to Sophomores.

Class of 1905.

We have heard recently, from good authority, that the Romans held possession of England for one hundred centuries.

So Murdock chased himself. How remarkable!

Overheard in the Greek class,—"Helen's head was full of herself." She must have had a good-sized head.

Teacher—"What is a lasso?"
Pupil—"Something you kill whales with."

The Persians, we are told, had from ten to ten thousand ships. Well, that is near enough.

If the Persian body-guard of Xerxes was called the "Immortals," they were certainly so when the Greeks were done with them.

The North-Men went to Greenleaf.

Our Mediæval prodigies inform us that the French Army was led by Joan of Ark. We expect them to declare that Abraham Lincoln was a martyr in the French Revolution, in the Reign of Charlemagne.

Teacher—If I should leave a book, what case would book be in?

Pupil—Bookcase.

CLASS SONG. A. H. S., '05.

We're the class of 1905, Our President is Spear; We're Freshies bright, Our name is right, We'll get through, never fear.

We're full of fun and spirit,
Our President leads us on;
We're Freshies bright,
Our name is right,
Too soon will the years be gone.

Three cheers for our President, Rip, Rah, Rum; We're Freshies bright, Our name is right, And we're brimming full of fun. Three cheers for our class, Rah, Rah, Rah; We're Freshies bright, Our name is right, Let our class be free from scar.

Three cheers for the A. H. S. With its classes large and small; We're Freshies bright, Our name is right, We're the very best class of all.

Too soon we shall be Seniors, A stately, learned class; We're Freshies now, Small brained I vow, Let's enjoy it while we can.



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Arlington High School has again captured the championship trophy of the Interpreparatory Ice Hockey Association. The team has made a splendid record, winning all three league games by the following scores:

January 11, Mechanic Arts High School, 3-1.

January 31, Waltham High School, 2-0.

February 7, Roxbury High School, 7-0.

In addition to the league games, two practice games were played with Cambridge Latin School which resulted in victories—3-1 and 2-0, and one with Melrose High, in which Arlington was beaten 5-4, her only defeat of the season. Many more scrub games were played which are not included in this summary. The team was greatly disappointed at not being able to meet the Rindge Manual Training School team of Cambridge, the Interscholastic champions.

Capt. Moore picked the team early in the season and devoted his whole attention to developing good team work, and in this was particularly successful. The line-up in the games was: Moore, Buhlert, MacLean, Grav. Johnson, forwards; Mills, coverpoint; Grey, point; Hilliard, goal. The forwards were all fast skaters and hard workers and this, combined with their accurate shooting for goals, made them a hard combination to beat. But the team's greatest strength was in its defence. This showed itself clearly in the opposing team's scores, as only one goal was scored against it in all three league games. No captain has as yet been elected for next year, but the team will be called together, shortly, for this purpose.

The candidates for the base-ball team

took their first practice, Monday, February 24, in the basement, under the direction of efficent well versed coach Capt. Hilliard. The battery candidates have been at work daily since the first of December and are showing up well in daily practice. Manager Mills is hard at work arranging the schedule, which promises to be a good one. He has already arranged a series of games with Wakefield High and many other fast teams. Many of last year's team left school, so that we lost Cook and Freeman, the battery; Berthrong, the crack shortstop, and also Duffy and Hoyt, two valuable men. Capt. Hilliard will cover first base this year; Moore, the captain of the champion hockey team, will play second base, and Manager Mills will play his old position in the outfield. The candidates for the other infield positions are as follows: Allen, Spear, Bodenstein, Buhlert, Ewart, H. Viets, Grey and Dunbar; for outfield: Mills, MacLean, Johnson, Michelson, Hendrick, Murphy and MacGrath; for pitcher: Cott, Holt and Lowe: for catcher: Viets and Kelly. Although only a few are able to play on the team, all can come down to the fiel-1 and support the nine and are urged to attend all the games possible and remain with the team through victories and defeats.



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EXCHANGES



Our exchange list is rapidly increasing, and we are always ready to welcome a new paper.

The exchanges are, as a whole, very good; the stories are interesting, the notes well written, and the covers neat and attractive.

Son:—"What is the board of education?" Father: -- "When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

Teacher: "What is a polygon!" Tommy: -- (after some hesitation) "a dead parrot."

We always welcome The Racquet. stories are always good.

A tragedy in four acts:

Act I. Quiet Street.

Act II. Banana Peel.

Act III. Big Fat Man.

Act IV. Virginia Reel.

The poem, the "Tale of a Freshman," in The Usonian, is very cleverly written. So also is the one entitled "Posthumous Fragments III."

"A Test of Friendship," in the Lynn Gazette, is well written.

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Resident:-"If you will kindly give me the name of the other leg, perhaps I can tell you."

From the "Query Column."

My Dear Mr. Tellem:-

My hair is bright red. Can you tell me how to get some other variety? Yours in supense,

FRANKIE FIRE.

DEAR FRANKIE FIRE:

If you should visit some lonely graveyard in the midnight, you might secure a lighter shade quite easily. The more spirits or ghosts you see, or think you see, the lighter the nature of your locks will become. Again, you might use Diamond Dyes, but I personally recommend the first method as the surest.

SIR KNOWALL TELLEM.

The Christmas number of The Somerville Radiator is a well devised paper. The frontispiece, the stories, and the notes are good.

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Where are the exchange notes in the Latin and High Review?

Boston Car Conductor:- "How old are

you, little girl?"

Little Girl:—"If the corporation has no objections, I'd rather pay full fare, and keep my own statistics."

Boys! Read and profit by this: "Do cigarettes hurt a boy's brain?"

Doctor:—"Oh! no! Boys with brains don't smoke them."

"The Star in the East," in the Jabberwock, is a good story.

She (tearfully) "Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return to you everything you have ever given me."

He (cheerfully) "Thanks, Marion! you

may begin at once with the kisses."

They are married now.

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EDITOR:

ANNIE B. TUFTS, '03

CLASS EDITORS:

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> EXCHANGE EDITOR: EMMA TURNER, '03

BUSINESS MANAGER:

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JAMES ALLEN, '04

TREASURER:

HORACE S. HOLT, '03

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EDITORIAL

NTERSCHOLASTIC courtesy ought to be as rigidly observed as international rights. Yet it often happens on a ball field that this courtesy is disregarded. friendliest of relations should exist between schools, and it is not just nor honorable for uncivil comments to be passed on either side about the opposing team. Neither is it wise to underrate our rivals, for if we defeated only teams unworthy to compete with us we would win no glory to ourselves. True, these remarks occur among the spectators rather than among the players, but it brings discredit upon a team if any such remarks are passed by its fellow students, because it brings discredit upon its school. It is true, also, that all unkind words of this sort slip out without any intentional dis-

courtesy to the opposing team, and are in all probability the result of intense interest and excess of school loyalty, but wise men say that all faults arise from virtues carried to excess. We do not like to hear "Arlington's no good," "They'll be beaten," "What a blunderer!" nor does any other school find it pleasant to hear such remarks about its nine. So let us refrain from all comments uncomplimentary to our rivals, and view manly conduct on the part of victors and defeated with the same applause. Does not the honor of our A. H. S. demand all this?

"Give a cheer now for our High School, For whose honor never fear, While we lift on high our banner, And for A. H. S. still cheer."

RUSY is the A. H. S. nowadays!

XAMINATIONS seem to be conducive to work.

SIX weeks have left the beauty of the Junior Gift apparently undimmed!

THE Senior Social, as usual, was a most entertaining affair. The various attractions for the evening were well carried out from beginning to end, and the Class is to be congratulated upon its success.

HAT a shame it was that April nineteenth came on Saturday! The calendar, like us, needs to be reproved occasionally.

T seems to be a good scheme to have a Senior Dance. The Class of 1902 has evidently introduced into the school, a new way of raising funds.

OUNDS which come from the Hall, in the early morning, seem to indicate that the Chorus is progressing "slowly but surely." Let us hope that it will perform well, and bring glory to our school and to itself.

OW well the ball games have been attended! Even the Freshmen and Ninth Grade turn out and they can wave their flags and cheer as lustily as the Seniors themselves. The team should feel encouraged by this interest, for what could be more encouraging with the one exception, perhaps, of victory?

ACII week brings us nearer to the close of school with Graduation Night. Of course the evening will be a delightful one! Our Seniors will doubtless acquit themselves with honor, and prove to be most royal entertainers. What a joy it is to be a Senior and to be a Senior of the A. H. S.!

SPRING is fast drifting into summertide and the trees grow greener as the days grow longer. Before many weeks summer weather will be upon us in full force, and then, for shady nooks and breezy corners! It has been predicted that the coming summer will be hotter than last summer was, but perhaps the weather will change its mind.

(1) the school year is drawing towards its close! Of course we all are glad! Who would not be? Yet there is something that sometimes makes us feel sad, too, and the saddest thing is that we must bid farewell to our Senior Class, to the class that has tried to be "all that a Senior Class ought to be;" that they have succeeded, we all well know. The Seniors have stood for the best and wisest in our little student world and we of the under classes have looked up to them and deemed them worthy of imitation. Still, in return for what they have done for us, all we can do for them is to give them our best wishes for success in their future work.

VERY recess, a few diligent souls may be seen about the rooms and corriders, studying. This is an evil practice and should be condemned by all the school. An intermission of fifteen minutes for fresh air and mental relaxation is necessary for students who spend five of their morning hours indoors; else you may be sure we would not have it. Therefore, it is best not to study during recess, but if you must study, do it outdoors.

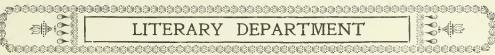
OTHING could be greener than our High School lawn, thanks to our janitor's good care. The sidewalks, too, are as neat and serviceable as it is possible for sidewalks to be. The men who worked on them in winter weather, handling iron bars with ungloved hands, must feel proud of their work, even if they are "out of a job."

T does seem as if the girls must become familiar with the intricacies of a ball game before very long! Isn't there some way of helping them to understand the problem?

h, for the A. H. S. with its daily recitations! That's what some of us will want to say about the last of June. Why must we take exams?

All for the G. A. R. and the thirtieth! How is your garden?

UCCESS to the Class of 1902!



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

It is interesting to consider how much of our lives we spend in listening to bells, sometimes unconsciously because of their familiarity, sometimes with pleasure, and again with pain, for the sound of bells brings now one message, now another. In my mud-pie days, when I was in the midst of that delightful occupation whose purpose is to plaster the vouthful baker with as much of mother earth as possible, suddenly to my dismaved ears would come the sound of a bell, and that bell, it had been firmly impressed on my mind. meant "come home at once." I trust I always obeyed the summons; I know if I did it was with most rebellious thoughts in my heart. We may leave this bell behind us with the mud pies, but there is one which we can never escape, and whose sound is not less distressing. A winter morning, cold and dark,—a bed, with a sleepy occupant who wonders what has wakened him in the middle of the night—a clanging, discordant sound, constantly increasing in volume—a groan from the bed, as the occupant realizes, with returning consciousness, that the unearthly sound which has roused him from peaceful slumber, is the rising bell. This bell says "get up," in other words, "snatch vourself from your couch," and as this is the hardest thing to do, the music of the rising bell is not generally appreciated, and most people think, with I. G. Holland, that "bells should have no more to do with sleep than they have with prayers and sermons."

One of the most delightful sounds in the world, the sound which indirectly touches men's hearts is

"That all softening, overpowering knell, The tocsin of the soul,—the dinner bell."

It message is always the same, but

we never tire of it and obey it with the utmost haste. The telephone bell is capable of expressing every degree of vexation, and with its obstreperous little ring is not to be trifled with. It is a relentless tyrant, and because its angry sound is not pleasing to listen to, for your own sake, it is far better to answer it meekly, even if it has been making demands on your time all day.

It is astonishing how associations will make a really ugly sound pleasing and harmonions. A cow bell in a pasture, has been made the theme of poems. It is in keeping with its surroundings and its tones, if not musical, chime in with nature's voices, but a cow bell apart from the cow, rung patriotically by a small boy at two o'clock on the morning of the glorious Fourth, is deprived of all poetry, and is simply a hideous noise to make night miserable. So too, although many sleigh bells are not musical, their merry chimes ringing out in the frosty air, bring only pleasant sounds and happy messages to our ears.

Mark Twain has ridiculed the idea of having the church bells ring on Sunday to tell people to go to church in these enlightened times, when, as he says, everybody has a clock and knows what time it is, and also knows when it is Sunday, but, however that may be, this is a custom, that will probably outlive Mr. Clemens, for bells have been closely connected with the Christian religion for centuries, and for this reason the Mohammedans will not have bells on their mosques. It is the custom, wherever there are church bells, to ring them, at times of public joy, or sorrow, or when any important event has happened, and the tones of the bell seem capable of expressing emotion much as does the human voice. We may go on day after day hearing the familiar bells without paying much attention to them, but if a bell is rung at an unusual time or a strange bell is heard, how quickly everyone stops to listen and inquire what it means. Bells are rung on holidays, sometimes to commemorate a victory; then how triumphantly they chime, and awaken the love of country in the heart of every patriot. Again there are the joy-bells of Christmas time, bringing the message of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Once not long ago a whole nation woke from its sleep and heard bells solemuly tolling and knew that the country's chief had passed away. It was early morning, when the world is most still; at first we could hear only the bells near by, but as we listened, we heard them in other towns, sounding faint and fainter in the distance, and we knew that far away beyond our teach, other bells were tolling the same sad message, that other men heard and sorrowed, and that a whole country joined in the grief of which the tolling bells were but the outward expression.

The familiar story of Dick Whittington, illustrates another peculiarity of bells, that they sometimes speak to men of the thoughts uppermost in their minds, and though we may not all hear, as did the lonely little boy in the great city, "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," we do sometimes hear the bells speaking our thoughts.

"For bells have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old,
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech
And the meaning is manifold."

Marion Churchill, '02.

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THE X=RAY AND HOW I BECAME ACOUAINTED WITH IT.

Next to wireless telegraphy, the x-ray is in my opinion, by far the most wonderful of all modern discoveries. The world was astonished when the startling news of it was announced. When scientists endeavored to fix upon a name for this remarkable phenomenon, they were at a loss to find any appropriate term for it in their Latin, Greek or Sanskrit dictionaries; so they determined on these two, the Roentgen ray and the x-ray; the former from the name of the inventor, and the latter from the Algebraic term used to represent an unknown quantity. As in the case of an algebraic problem, the value for this x remains to be supplied by the first person who has successfully worked out all the equations pertaining to it.

The x-ray, as we all know, is the light which enables us to see through objects which are opaque to ordinary sunlight. In a short time the study of this subject will very likely be introduced into the schools. Then pity the poor student who goes to the Laboratory asking himself questions such as these: "Which theory is now generally accepted, the undulatory or corpuscular?" "Do we see objects by the light that is irregularly reflected, transmitted, or both?" "What is the index of refraction from sunlight into x-ray?"

Among the important uses of the x-ray is its application to surgical operations. There is hardly a hospital or even a doctor's office, which does not have an x-ray apparatus.

I was unusually interested in the x-ray from the first, and had an ardent desire to be initiated into its mysteries. I finally had an opportunity to gain a little experience in that line.

My dentist, noticing that one of my canine teeth was not of the right length, suspected that this might be a temporary tooth, and that it was keeping the permanent one from coming into place. Fearing to pull it out without being certain of the case, he decided to have it x-rayed, and took me to the Massachusetts General Hospital for the purpose. We were shown into a small room containing numberless wires, batteries, and all sorts of mysterious apparatus. noticed that the operator put on about five pairs of rubber gloves, a precaution which did not decrease the weirdness of the situation. I also observed that a young fellow present had his hands When he was asked the bandaged. reason he said, "Oh, I only tried one too many experiments with that x-ray machine. The skin came off both my hands. I have had them grafted twice, but the grafts have not taken." This rather diminished my ardor for experimenting. Then I recalled a story I had read of a young man who submitted himself to x-ray experiments until he experienced a most marvelous result. He gradually merged into a world of ghosts and skeletons and everything became transparent to him. He could even distinguish the rocks and boulders beneath the earth's surface. He was at first much astonished and delighted, but as in the case of Midas he soon tired of his exceptional power. After trying every expedient to regain his normal vision, he became insane, and in a remorseful hour put an end to his unhappy existence.

I pondered over this, and wondered what unhappy fate awaited me after my experience.

In this state of mind I was carefully placed in a chair a little distance from a peculiarly shaped globe, which, I supposed, filled an important place in the process. I was waiting with interest to see the wonderful light appear in the globe, when one of the attendants came forth with a large photographic negative and proceeded to bind it to my head with so many bandages that I was unable to witness any of the remarkable phenomena

during the exposure. But my hearing faculty was not impaired, for as soon as the machine started I heard the most fearful noises, much resembling the explosion of a bunch of fire-crackers. These continued throughout the exposure which, however, was not of long duration on account of a slight accident. While in this situation I was started by one of the worst electric shocks I have ever experienced. I jumped about a foot, dislodging the plate, which fell to the floor and broke in pieces. course, the bandages were removed and the wonders of the machine were revealed to me. I instinctively looked for the cause of the noise which had disturbed me so much. I found that in one or two places the current of electricity actually passed through the air for a space of an inch or more. But my attention was immediately turned to the beautiful light emanating from the globe beside me. It was of a lavender shade and seemed to consist of a rapid succession of innumerable beautiful scintillations darting to and fro. This light was really more wonderful than it seemed. Supposing that it would penetrate flesh, I held my hand up expecting to see the bones well defined. But I saw nothing out of the ordinary. Then I put it to another test. I shut my eves hoping to see the light through the lids. But to my surprise everything was as dark as usual. One of the attendants perceiving my disappointment handed me a kind of box, one end of which was closed and the other open, evidently for me to look through. Looking at my hand through this I saw the bones very distinctly while the flesh appeared faintly.

Another plate was procured and I was again bandaged with the command to sit still whatever happened. It seemed as if I sat there motionless for half an hour and I was greatly surprised when told that the ten minutes were up.

From the time the machine was set in motion, I noticed a peculiar odor. I

thought nothing of it until I again recognized it in the chemical laboratory, where it came under the head of that allotropic form of oxygen known as Ozone.

This plate proved a failure, and the next time a celluloid film was used. As it was about two by three inches in size, and I had to hold it in my mouth back of the tooth in question for ten long minutes, it was far from comfortable. Nevertheless this method proved more effectual than the preceding. After the film was developed and printed, the new tooth could be plainly seen in the proof, evidently trying to push the old one out. The doctor was no longer in doubt and the temporary tooth was extracted.

Since then the x-ray has been used very successfully, and to great advantage in dentistry.

A short time ago a certain gentleman in the junior class read an essay about the wonderful inventions and improvements to come in the future. I think he made a grave mistake when he failed to mention the probabilities of the x-ray.

I have no doubt that the x-ray will be greatly improved, and who knows but that before Peary discovers the pole, people in Boston can see it with the aid of a telescope on this side of the globe and the x-ray on the other.

ARTHUR T. TROWBRIDGE, '02.

ENGLISH LIFE IN ADDISON'S TIME.

(Ideas derived from reading the Spectator Papers.)

As one of the purposes of the Spectator was to create a better feeling of friendship and spirit of sympathy between the country and city, we therefore find, in reading the "papers," that they deal with both city and country life, and thus we are able to learn many things in regard to life during the reign of Queen Anne.

In the city a typical man of the world, such as Will Honeycomb, rose late, was dressed by a valet, ate a leisurely breakfast and went to a club, or coffee-house. At both the club and the coffee-house he spent his time in talking scandal, or in discoursing on politics. After a late dinner or lunch, he went either to the theatre or the public gardens, as fancy led him; coming home, he retired after a late supper.

Now these coffee-houses, clubs and public gardens were very numerous and largely patronized. One political party patronized one set, while the opposite patronized the other. These divisions were carried still farther, one being the resort for wits and poets, another for lawyers, and a third for tradesmen. Thus as centres of intellectual and political life, in which men gathered to hear and discuss the latest news, they served the purpose of the modern newspaper. The clubs were about the same as the

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coffce-house, only more private; each had a set of laws and a constitution as a modern club or organization of kindred character.

The theatres were almost the only and certainly were the principal source of amusement. Everybody went to see the latest play, which was an important topic of conversation. The play began about six or seven o'clock. In the candle lighted pit sat the cultivated members of society. In the top gallery sat the lowest class. The boxes were occupied by the fine ladies and gentlemen, who, desirous of attracting attention, sought this means of gratifying their wish. There was as a general thing as great a lack of interest in the play as at a modern vaudeville show.

While the theatre was the chief amusement there were several others, such as driving in the afternoon dressed in gayly colored and extravagant costumes, card playing, and the public gardens. These public gardens were very popular. They were far enough from the city to seem suburban and near enough to be easily reached. Here were found all classes; the wealthy and the poor, the honest and those who were otherwise, the respectable and the dissolute, wandered around in motley crowds, gazing at the sights. To reach all these places one had to pass through dark, dirty, narrow, disease breeding streets, which were made dangerous after dark by bands of dissolute young ruffians and numerous professional criminals.

In all the places mentioned religious and party feeling ran high. And this was true in the country, although to a less degree, for the tenants, for the most part, followed the belief of the "squire," who was as a general thing, a sound tory. In the country, life was much different from that of the city. For amusements they went hunting, and on Sunday to church, although the latter can hardly be called an amusement. They went but seldom

to London, and when they did, were so dazzled and confused that they often met with ludicrous and even dangerous mishaps, which made them resolve never to go again. And as few city men were rich enough to own both a city and a country house, the thoughts and feelings of the two sections were widely different. But while the foregoing were serious barriers to communication, the greatest was the difficulty of traveling. A journey of fifty miles took a day or two, just as good luck directed, and was made toilsome by ruts, bogs and other obstructions, and dangerous by robbers. In both town and country the mode of dress was nearly the same, except that in the city they as nowadays, went to the extreme.

The common people dressed in a jacket of wool and short trousers of the same material, while rough shoes covered their stout woolen stockings. The rich dressed in plush with silk stockings and trim shoes, with silver buckles at knee and insten, while their hair reënforced by monstrous wigs, was profusely powdered with white powder. They made up for the superfluity of hair on the head by taking it off the face, for very few had beards, and so young looking did this

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make them, that one looking at a crowd of people at this time would have thought the noble Briton a mere boy.

HORACE S. HOLT, '03.

HOW A TEETOTALER SAW 'EM.

(Written in forty minutes.)

It was in a little country grave-yard in a town with a population of about two hundred people that I once saw, or thought I saw a ghost. I had been to the post office for the evening mail, and owing to some accident to the mail train, and then another to the messenger who brought the mail to the office, I had been detained until about nine o'clock. When I had secured our portion, which consisted of nothing more than one postal card, I started homeward. On my way I had to pass the gravevard before mentioned. Now but a short way inside, stood the tallest shaft in the cemetery and suspended by a rope from this monument, I saw what strongly resembled a man's body. About a month before this time a man really had hung himself from this very stone which had been erected in memory of his dead wife, as the inscription on one side testified. Of course the body had been buried three weeks or more, and so this horrible spectacle which met my gaze could not be of the flesh, but, if not, what else was there for it to be but a ghost? I must say in my own defense that I am neither superstitious nor very easily frightened; however, this pretty well unnerved me until I had fairly reasoned with myself in the following manner:

"Did you ever have reason to fear man?"

meeting this man when alive?"

" No."

"Is there any harm to fear from a dead "No."

"Then why fear his shadow?"

I was convinced, and pausing only to pick up a stone over which I had strinbled, and with which I meant to inflict punishment should occasion arise, I advanced-slowly to be sure-a few steps, but was suddenly brought to a standstill by a sigh which certainly originated from that phantom. It was as if someone had been doing something laborious and sighed as he stopped to rest. It would only seem natural that the choking should cut off further sighing, but ghosts are marvelous fellows and can accomplish many unnatural things. The arms and legs waved about in a most appalling manner whenever there was a puff of wind. Suddenly the head took up the game and to my dismay, dropped off; vet I heard no sound as if it hit the earth. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that a noise in another direction called my attention away for a moment only; I dared not turn my back on that phantom longer. This latter sound

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was caused by a team driving up to the door of the house adjoining the cemetery. When I again looked at the stone, my phantom was gone! I stared, and at last mustering up my courage, I spoke.

"Hey there,"—no answer.

I repeated my demand to "hey there," and as it was not answered and as the ghost did not return, I approached the lot and found upon examination that my ghost was caused by the shadow of a small elm tree cast upon the stone by the kerosene gate light, in front of the above mentioned house. The wind had waved the branches of the tree and hence the condition of the man's limbs; the bead was the shadow of an oriole's nest on the tree, and the rope—was a simple wreath around the shaft, through which the wind whistled, crusing the sigh which I had heard. These things, together with my recollection of the actual events and my vivid imagination, had formed the ghost. I turned homeward again, a more enlightened youth. Needless to say, I don't believe in ghosts now. JAMES ALLEN, '04.

ARE THERE ANY SUCH THING AS GHOSTS?

(Written in forty minutes.)

I once saw, or thought 1 saw, a ghost. The incident occurred when I was boarding at a little hotel in the country. I had been told within a few days that an old woman had several years before committed saicide in the room 1 was then occupying, but 1 had not thought particularly about the story. I had been reading while lying on a sofa, but, tiring of the book, had fallen asleep. When I awoke, turned over, but, just as 1 was going to

my back was toward the room and I lazily rise, I saw, much to my amazement, an old woman in a chair in the opposite corner of the room. She seemed to be about seventy years old, with thin white hair on which was a black cap; she had blue spectacles on, and wore a brownish dress with a black silk shawl thrown over her shoulders. Thinking that she had blundered into the wrong room, I spoke to her, but there was no reply. I then rose and walked toward her; but, instead of slowly fading away, as most ghosts are said to do, she simply disappeared as soon as I reached the centre of the room. I immediately went down stairs and told the old landlady about it and, on describing the vision. I found that the clothes of the ghost as I saw them were the cloth's in which the old woman was found dead. She had never appeared to anyone before and probably she never will again; at any rate she has not been seen since. What caused the vision I don't know. My eyes were possibly obscured somewhat by my sleep, and my brain might have been working, while I was asleep, on the story told me a few days before; but, as the old woman's dress was not described, why should I have seen her, dressed as she was found when dead? I can understand seeing her, but I cannot understand my seeing her dress as I did. I am emphatically not a believer in ghosts but—there are the facts.

George M. Dwelley, '04.

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THE STORY OF A SUNFLOWER.

I was in the garden one day when I fancied I could hear someone talking. At last I concluded it must be a little sunflower which had just put on its first leaves. "Yes," it was saying, "I was rather a small seed, but then I had such pretty stripes and I wasn't all of one size and all wrinkled up like some folks." As it said this it turned its leaves disdamfully toward a modest little pea.

"I was smooth and was round at one end and pointed at the other, where my hilum was, and I have been told that I sprout a great deal faster than some other plants." It may have been the wind which swayed its leaves, but I imagined that it looked scornfully at a tiny beet which lay near it. "I had two seed coats,

a hard and soft one, but after my root hairs had appeared and I had turned a little green, they fell off. I was very sorry, but my cotyledons made lovely leaves and you could see my plumule between them."

Here the bean whose cotyledons couldn't be recognised as leaves said, "Well, if your cotyledons did make such lovely leaves I wouldn't be quite so slow in getting some more. And then when you did get your first pair of real leaves, see how you put them on, east and west, while your cotyledons point north and south." The sunflower was about to answer, but as the pea turned pale, I remembered that I hadn't watered it and in hastening to repair my neglect I didn't hear the answer.

CLARA M. CANN, '05.

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Class of 1902.

The members of the Senior Class are feeling very much gratified at the success of their social and dance.

A pupil in the German class is of the opinion that some compound tenses, compared with others, are simple.

On one occasion while the geometry class was reciting, the Freshmen seemed very much interested, for they thought they heard something said about "pies.'

Greek translation: He stood aloud and shouted.

Poor Dido! We have it on good authority that she finished herself.

It is with regret that the Seniors part with some of their books, but in our parting with Burke we are all agreed that "parting is such sweet sorrow."

Owing to the uneasiness of some of the Seniors, they have been earnestly requested by one of the teachers not to stroll about the room "Whenever the spirit moves."

The Greek class wishes to be enlightened as to whether the spokes of the wheel fit into the axle or the hub.

The pupils in French evidently do not think twice before they leap into the wilds of sight translation. "Venillez prendre connaissance de cette lettre " was rendered, " Please make the acquaintance of this let-

Latin translation: And Aeneas, with his followers, saw Italy, floating on the crest of the waves.

How long since Italy has become a floating island?

The Germans must have very queer customs, for one of our scholars tells us that they carry plates to school with them.

A certain gentleman has reason to feel

elated. We always knew he was a "star" at the piano, but now in Physics he has been likened to a comet.

Some members of the French class are getting a little too graphic in rendering exciting passages. In the description of a hand-to-hand conflict, the expression "le frappant du poing au visage,' was translated, "giving him one in the face."

Class of 1903.

The Senior dance was a rousing success. Those who attended it had a most enjoyable time, and those who didn't missed one of the social events of the season.

Why did the History class laugh when their teacher said, "now we'll go way back —? "[,]

Don't you like our Gift?

Overheard in the Latin class:--" That most noble, illustrious man, his mother."

The Greek and Roman History class seems to have profited greatly from its instruction at the Art Museum.

Latin teacher asked: "What weakened the minds of the Helvetians?"

Pupil answered: "Literature."

And so we are going to be Seniors, soon! We shall miss our grandpas up in the back of the room.

What is the fate of "the curious?" We feel we ought to know.

Class of 1904.

Why is it that the Freshies are so full of It is the talk whenever you meet them. This is an instance,—The present imperative of "to sit"—Iussit. FrostyWhat can be the matter with our girls? One of them actually talked about "my beard."

Some people seem to recite better when they are within four feet of the blackboard than at any other point in the room. Is it a *spur* to their abilities?

Problem for the base ball players: In what ratio is the percentage of base ball hits to the percentage of Greek lessons?

We did not know what ingenuity there was in the school until certain select quotations were found pasted up on the bulletin board.

Class of 1905.

A figure is a diaphragm. Well, a diaphragm cuts quite a figure.

Latin translation: "He led his army on the Bellovaci."

Heard at the ball game:

Ques.,—"What is the shortstop?"

Ans.,—" That fence over there."

Greek history: The secret police of Sparta killed two thousand Helots so they couldn't rise again."

Elegant Latin translation: "The old men went out of the town and stretched—"

Teacher: "Are you sitting or standing?"

Pupil: "Neither."





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ATHLETICS Secret Control of the Con

A few days before the April vacation, the base-ball team took its first out-door practice. The outlook was not very bright, but with hard work the boys improved so rapidly, that by the time of the first game they were in fair condition. The defeats which the team has borne have only developed a spirit of determination among the members and they are now working harder than ever. The make-up of the team is as follows: Kelley, catch; Gott, pitch; Capt. Hilliard, 1st base; Moore, 2nd base; Allen, 3rd base; Viets, s. s.; Kidder, l. f.; Holt, c. f.; and Mills, (manager of the team) right field. Kelly is putting up a good game behind the bat, but his throwing is still a little weak; Viets is gathering in everything at shortstop; Allen is improving wonderfully, but is a little erratic in throwing; Gott is pitching like a veteran and has pulled the team out of some bad holes; Moore at second and Capt. Hilliard at first base are both playing steady games. In the outfield Kidder is pretty sure of himself and also bats well; Holt takes nearly everything that comes his way, but Mills is by far the most reliable of the outfielders.

Spear played the Brookline, Cambridge Latin and Cambridge High games at shortstop, but did not show up very well on account of illness.

The attendance at the games so far has been good and the members of the team wish to thank all for their support.

ARLING RONBURY HIGH I.

Arling on right played its first game April 11 with Recourt High. Arlington started in with a rub, coping four runs in the first 1 ming, has fiter that the Roxbury boys held them for ever 1 innings. Before the game closed tweeter. Arlington had 13 runs to its crebt. The features of the game with public of Gott and the

catching of Kelly, and also the batting of Kidder.

ARLINGTON HIGH	ROXBURY HIGH.							
ab.r.bh.po	ab.r.bh.po.a.e.							
Hilliard, 1b 5 3 1 6	()	() :	Benson 5	0	1	1	0	()
Kidder, lf., 5 4 2 1	0	0	Ewing 5	0	()	5	0	2
Moore, 2b., 5 3 1 1	0	1	Romsfell 3	0	0	6	()	2
Holt, ef 5 2 1 1	0	()	Cramer 4	1	1	1	()	1
Allen, 3b., 3 0 1 6								
Mills, rf 5 0 2 1	1	0.	Breed 2	()	()	1	0	1
Viets, ss 3 0 0 1	()	1	Fallon1	0	()	()	()	1
Gott, p 4 1 2 0	2	()	Graham 2	0	()	0	()	1
Kelly, c 3 0 0 10	3	0	Ritchie 1	0	0	0	0	0
	-	-	_	_		_	_	_
Totals 38 13 10 27	7	3	Totals27	1	2:	20	0	9

Brookline 27; Arlington 2.

April 15 the team went to Brookline and was defeated by the above score. In this game the players were extremely nervous and were not able to do themselves justice. Arlington went to pieces in the first inning and failed to recover its equilibrium which, coupled with inability to hit the Brookline pitcher and wild throws to first, accounted for the score.

ARLINGTON.	BROOKLINE.				
ab.r.bh.po.a.e.	ab.r.bh.po.a.e.				
Hilliard, 1b 5 0 0 7 0 1	Pritchett. 3 3 1 2 4 3				
Spear, s.s. 5 0 1 2 0 2	Walsh 6 1 1 1 0 1				
Kidder, l. f. 4 0 0 0 1 2	Cook 5 3 4 2 0 0				
Moore, 2b . 4 0 0 1 0 2	Quigley 6 4 2 6 2 1				
Holt, e.f. 4 1 0 3 0 1					
Allen, 3b 4 1 1 2 2					
Mills, r. f. 4 0 1 1 0					
Viets, c 4 0 0 7 1	Lincoln 5 2 3 0 0 0				
Gott, p 4 0 1 0 2	Smith 5 1 2 0 3 2				
Totals 38 2 4 23 13	Totals 41 27 16 27 11 11				

CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 10; ARLINGTON, 2.

Cambridge Latin defeated Arlington in a fast game, April 18. at Cambridge Common. There was a decided improvement over the Brookline game, but still at times Arlington went into the air and was unable to settle down to work again in time to prevent runs being made.

ARLINGTON H	IGH.	CAMBRIDGE LATIN.				
· ab.r.bl	.,ро,а.е.	ab.r.bli.po.a.e.				
Hilliard, 1, 4 0 2	11 0 1	Conlin, c 5 1 3 16 0 0				
Spear, ss. 4 1 0	-0.2 - 0	Brennan 4 0 0 7 0 1				
Kidder, lf. 4 0 0	1 1 0	Brainard, 2 4 3 1 0 1 0				
Moore, 2 3 0 0	6 5 0	Noonan 5 1 1 0 0 0				
Holt, ef 4 0 0	0 0 1	Ellis, 3 5 2 4 1 0 1				
Allen, 3 4 1 1	2 2 2	Burns, p 5 1 3 1 4 0				
Mills, rf 4 0 0		Garfield 4 1 0 0 0 0				
Viets, c. 0 0 1	2 2 0	McCregan . 4 0 1 0 0 0				
Gott, p 3 0 1	1 2 1	Taylor, ss., 5 1 2 1 0 0				
Totals. 33 2 5	27.14.6	Totals : 37 10 15 27 5 2				



Arlington High School has again captured the championship trophy of the Interpreparatory Ice Hockey Association. The team has made a splendid record, winning all three league games by the following scores:

January 11, Mechanic Arts High School, 3-1.

January 31, Waltham High School, 2-0.

February 7. Roxbury High School, 7-0.

In addition to the league games, two practice games were played with Cambridge Latin School which resulted in victories—3-1 and 2-0, and one with Mel rose High, in which Arlington was beaten 5-4, her only defeat of the season. Many more scrub games were played which are not included in this summary. The team was greatly disappointed at not being able to meet the Rindge Manual Training School team of Cambridge, the Interscholastic champions.

Capt. Moore picked the team early in the season and devoted his whole attention to developing good team work, and in this was particularly successful. The line-up in the games was: Moore, Buhlert, MacLean, Grav, Johnson, forwards; Mills, coverpoint; Grey, point; Hilliard, goal. The forwards were all fast skaters and hard workers and this, combined with their accurate shooting for goals, made them a hard combination to beat. But the team's greatest strength was in its defence. This showed itself clearly in the opposing team's scores, as only one goal was scored against it in all three league games. No captain has as yet been elected for next year, but the team will be called together, shortly, for this purpose.

The candidates for the base-ball team

took their first practice, Monday, February 24, in the basement, under the direction of efficent well versed coach Capt. Hilliard. The battery candidates have been at work daily since the first of December and are showing up well in daily practice. Manager Mills is hard at work arranging the schedule, which promises to be a good one. He has already arranged a series of games with Wakefield High and many other fast teams. Many of last year's team left school, so that we lost Cook and Freeman, the battery; Berthrong, the crack shortstop, and also Duffy and Hoyt, two valuable men. Capt. Hilliard will cover first base this year: Moore, the captain of the champion hockey team, will play second base, and Manager Mills will play his old position in the outfield. The candidates for the other infield positions are as follows: Allen, Spear, Bodenstein, Buhlert, Ewart, H. Viets, Grey and Dunbar: for outfield: Mills, MacLean, Johnson, Michelson, Hendrick, Murphy and MacGrath; for pitcher: Cott, Holt and Lowe; for catcher: Viets and Kelly. Although only a few are able to play on the team, all can come down to the fiel-1 and support the nine and are urged to attend all the games possible and remain with the team through victories and defeats.



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EXCHANGES



Our exchange list is rapidly increasing, and we are always ready to welcome a new paper.

The exchanges are, as a whole, very good; the stories are interesting, the notes well written, and the covers neat and attractive.

Son :- "What is the board of education?" Father: -- "When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

Teacher: "What is a polygon!" Tommy: -- (after some hesitation) "a dead parrot."

We always welcome The Racquet. Its stories are always good.

A tragedy in four acts:

Act I. Quiet Street.

Act II. Banana Peel.

Act III. Big Fat Man.

Act IV. Virginia Reel.

The poem, the "Tale of a Freshman," in The Usonian, is very cleverly written. So also is the one entitled "Posthumous Fragments 111."

"A Test of Friendship," in the Lynn Gazette, is well written.

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Stranger:-" Do you know a man around here with one wooden leg, named Jones?"

Resident:-"If you will kindly give me the name of the other leg, perhaps I can tell you."

From the "Ouery Column."

My Dear Mr. Tellem:-

My hair is bright red. Can you tell me how to get some other variety? Yours in supense,

FRANKIE FIRE.

DEAR FRANKIE FIRE:-

If you should visit some lonely graveyard in the midnight, you might secure a lighter shade quite easily. The more spirits or ghosts you see, or think you see, the lighter the nature of your locks will become. Again, you might use Diamond Dyes, but I personally recommend the first method as the surest.

SIR KNOWALL TELLEM.

The Christmas number of The Somerville Radiator is a well devised paper. The frontispiece, the stories, and the notes are good.

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One day a small boy walked into the shop and said, "Please, sir, give me a box of Dr. Pratt's pills." The druggist looked at him a moment and then inquired, "Antibilious? "No," replied the youngster, "Uncle's sick."

The following is very wicked:—

"A minister once tacked up a funeral notice which read thus: 'Brother Johnson departed for heaven at 9.30 A. M.' Underneath some sinful soul attached a telegraph blank filled out thus: 'Heaven, TT P. M. Johnson not yet arrived; great anxiety.'"

The cover on the "Item," Dorchester High school, is of a very vivid color; rather too much so.

He: "I am in favor of the English rather than the American mode of spelling."

She: "Yes?"

He: "Yes indeed. Take parlor for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

Teacher: "Johnny, repeat after me, Moses was an austere man, and made atonements for the sins of his people."

Johnny: "Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his people."

City Cousin: "I suppose you have seen 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'"

Country Cousin: "No, but I've been tew th' county seat an' seen th' court house."

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively, now, Break the bones in Mr. William's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket."

John (briskly): "All right, sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

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⇒ ARLINGTON * HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

Publication Office, High School, Academy Street.

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER. CONTENTS C 1=2 Editorial The George Junior Republic 3-4 4-5 The Rockport Hatchet Gang Just Twenty-Five Cents Apiece A Tale With a Moral 6 Riding "Bare-Back" 6-7 The Soliloguy of a School Clock Chased by a Hawk 8 Ping Pong in the Country 9-10 Where Bribery Didn't Work 10 A Curious Cap 10-11 Athletics 12 School Locals 13=14 Exchanges

Officers of the Clarion.

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EDITORIAL



OW do you do?

Let's hope you've grown.

Thanksgiving Day is coming.

We miss our last year's Seniors.

The coats of tan seem to stick pretty well.

The ball field is not quiet on afternoons, they say.

There are almost enough Freshmen to overstoc1 The Hall cannot be es.

HAT a weepy time the sun did have in bidding his northern home goodbye! He must know that coal is scarce.

You'd better make the most of the bright autumn colors while they last.

Don't you want to see the Sophomores' coming pins?

The Class of 1902 had better visit in a body.

Who is going to win the first base ball game?

Just keep an eye on that growing turkey.

OULD it not be a good scheme to illustrate the Clarion? The plan might be carried out at little cost. Of course, any drawings used must of necessity be simple in the extreme, mere outlines for the most part, both bécause elaborate cuts would not be suitable for a little paper like the Clarion, and because, if the project is to succeed, all drawings must needs be made by members of the school. Even so, much interest might be added to the paper by little sketches scattered amongst the printed articles, illustrating them, while as has been stated, the additional expense would be comparatively slight. The chief difficulties would probably come in selecting the points suitable for illustration; in adapting the drawings; in determining who should be the artists, and in getting the cuts prepared; still, with some care and thought, these difficulties could be overcome, and much energy that has hitherto spent itself on vain objects might well be used to advantage, while an additional department of the school work would thus be represented by the school paper, and we feel sure that an investigation of the students' habits in leisure moments, would prove conclusively that there is ample ability in the school to accomplish this work with all success. Therefore, is not the scheme worth considering?

It is pleasant to observe that the tardy marks seem to diminish in number this year. The lower classes have evidently enjoyed sustaining their reputation for promptness, and as for the upper classes, though "with a yawn the Seniors awake" and "reach school any time after eight," even they have apparently changed their rising hours for the better and prefer to meet with the rest of us *at* eight.

The pussies and the doggies don't seem to be as desirous of obtaining a higher

education this year as they have shown themselves in time past. Their owners must have taught them to restrain their ambitions.

Why doesn't some fertile genius in the school compose an air for the school song? Words written by a member of the school most certainly deserve a tune written by one of the school.

The building seems as fresh and free from defacement as it ever did. For this we should be grateful to previous classes whose care has allowed such conditions.

From all accounts, the graduation exerercises of the Class of 1902 were much enjoyed.

How would you like the idea of having a vacation in midwinter to keep warm?

Let's hope the present Seniors will be worthy of their predecessors.

Don't you think the Juniors impressed by the influence of Room A?

Isn't it nice to see that the school is increasing in numbers?

How good it is to have that side-walk straightened out!

The Hall at 8 resounds again with sweet harmonies.

Is your A. H. S. flag all ready for the games?

The ninth grade seems very flourishing.

Have you been watching the chestnuts?

And now we begin to miss the birds.

How the frisky Freshmen grow!

The sun is getting



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

The George Junior Republic is situated near Freeville, Tompkins County, New York. It was founded by Mr. George (one of New York's great philanthropists) a few years ago, his aim being to take children whose inheritance or environment had started them upon a criminal career, those who were without friends or caretakers, to see that they had proper training and education, and instill into them lessons of morality, responsibility and self-control in such a way that they might see and learn by experience the inevitable result of laziness, disorder and disobedience of moral law. He has accomplished this by allowing the children to form a system of society modeled as far as possible upon our great republic, in which they will ultimately become citizens; thus teaching them lessons exactly in line with the experiences which they will meet in after-life.

There are both girls and boys in the republic; they have equal rights and work and are taught according to their individual tastes.

The Republic is governed almost entirely by the "citizens" (as the children are called). They elect their president and other officers from their own number and carry on the government unaided, except on rare occasions, when they ask the advice of Mr. George or one of the superintendents. They have a judicial department and settle all cases arising in the Republic; the jury is chosen by the whole community. The penalty is sometimes a fine and sometimes imprisonment, according to the crime committed.

One may would rink a fine fuld be paid, for it has been seed that his is not a play Republic North is cally paid as there is a tin curred who blished, a dollar

of which is valued at twenty cents of our money. In this currency lies the secret of the success of the Republic, as the motto, "Nothing without Labor," was immediately instituted, thus forming the basis upon which all have equal privileges to earn and increase their possessions.

This money is earned by the various occupations that the carrying on of such an institution would call for, as the entire work is accomplished by the "citizens" and nothing is gratuitous. They have a large farming industry, raising vegetables and fruits for market, and selling large quantities of milk. This part of the work is under the guidance of Mr. Cockburn, a graduate of Cornell, who was formerly a "citizen" of the Republic. There is a class of carpentering and painting for the older boys, and they have built five or six of the buildings now in use, including a chapel, which is their chief pride. Shoemaking and printing are also taught. The girls are instructed in all the branches of domestic service as their part in carrying on the Republic is the keeping of the dormitories and running the restaurants and kitchens. number of them take in washing and ironing, a chance of which the boy "citizens" are very ready to avail themselves. School is obligatory for the younger ones and in order to carry out the idea of selfsupport, wages are paid the scholars in accordance with the grade and excellence of their work. Would it not be a good plan to establish in our schools?

There is a store kept by one of the "citizens" where a large supply of clothing is sold. Some of this is made by the girls, but the greater amount is sent to the store by outsiders. There is also a bank where one may deposit, if fortunate enough to have a surplus, after having fed, clothed and lodged himself.

The length of time a child may stay is unlimited as it varies with the different temperaments of the children. They are kept until it can be safely said that their moral nature has been developed to the point where it may be trusted to face the world. There has never yet been a case where a child once established in the Republic was anxious to get away. When a child is fully prepared to go and wishes to do so, he is allowed twenty cents on every dollar of his tin currency, and thus he has something for a start in the world.

Last year I had the pleasure of hearing one of the little "citizens" lecture on the life in the Republic. It was indeed a great treat, for it made me realize very vividly how the great work was accomplished. He told about their lodgings and hotel system and how the hotel where they paid twenty-five cents per meal was ealled the Waldorf-Astoria because of its high rates. I remember one story he told, which impresses the idea that experience is their chief teacher. One morning it was suggested by one of the "citizens" that they ought to work but eight hours a day; the proposition found great favor and a town meeting was ealled which was well attended by both girls and boys, as it was a matter that concerned all. The boys voted that eight hours only should they labor, while the girls voted for longer hours, but as they were in the minority the measure to have an eighthour day thereafter was carried. Accordingly all work was suspended at four o'clock, and at six when the boys went to the hotels for their evening meal they found the girls calmly engaged in other ways than getting supper; when asked the reason they replied, "Oh! didn't you know, we only work eight hours now? We stopped at four o'clock." A town meeting was immediately called and the bill was repealed by a unanimous vote.

He closed his lecture by giving the yell which the "citizens" have composed as follows:—

Hear ye this! Down with the boss,
Down with the tramp,
Down with the pauper,
Down with the scamp.
Up with the freeman, up with the wise,
Up with the thrifty,
On to the prize!
Who are we? Why, we are
The citizens of the G. J. R.

SEMIRA E. BARKER, '03.

THE ROCKPORT HATCHET GANG.

It is stated, on how good authority I cannot say, that Mrs. Nation first conceived her idea of raiding liquor shops from a small attempt of the kind made by the women of Rockport, Massachusetts, in 1856. Many of the older people of the town still tell of this raid, and I have often heard the story in my summer visits to the place.

Early in July, 1856, a meeting of all the women in Rockport, who cared to come, was held in the Baptist church. Some of the most refined and well-educated women in the town took part in this raid, but there were many also whose lives had been saddened by that greatest curse of mankind—drink. Several of the women made speeches at this meeting, a elub was formed, a president chosen and a promise of secrecy made by all the members. It was agreed that they should all assemble again in a small square near the church, on the eighth of July at nine o'clock, and proceed from there, entering suspected places and searching for and destroying liquor of all kinds, for at this time Rockport, though a no-license town, contained many places where liquor was illegally sold, and it was at these places that the women aimed.

So it happened that early one July morning the news spread through the town that the women were assembling at the centre and almost everyone, leaving his work, hurried after the crowd. About two hundred of the women formed and began their march through the town, with an old sailor, carrying an American flag, at their head. Many of the women carried hatchets, which gave them the name they have gone by ever since—the Hatchet Gang.

About the first suspected place on their line of march belonged to a prominent and wealthy church-member. He stood at the door of his store-house, brandishing an axe-handle and exclaiming "the first one who tries to come in here is a dead woman " But he was surrounded, his store entered from the back and several barrels of liquor found, which were broken open and their contents allowed to flow down the street. This waste of good liquor was very annoying to many of the old seamen, and one who was especially fond of it, is said to have expressed a desire to get down on his knees and drink it then and there.

In a tenement house which was entered a woman was found rocking a baby. The room had been searched and nothing found; when one of the raiders went up to the cradle a large bottle of rum was lying beside the baby. At still another house a hole had been hastily cut in the floor, the bottles put down in and a rug thrown over. But this was easily discovered; indeed, liquor was found in very nearly all the houses entered.

As a rule the search was carried on in a very orderly manner, but some of the younger people became rather excited an I flung all kinds of bottles into the street regardless of what they contained. One old lady bears to this day a scar received from one of these flying bottles.

At about three o'clock the women met at their starting place and after congratulating each other, went quietly back to their homes.

Several of the leaders of the raid were summoned to court, but after two trials were acquitted. One of the witnesses for the ladies stated that ministers, selectmen and policemen were present and made no objection to the proceedings. In fact, there were few citizens who did not express their hearty approbation of the action taken by the women and even now the Hatchet Gang of Rockport is spoken of with pride and approval.

Josephine C. Frost, '04.

JUST TWENTY=FIVE CTS. APIECE.

It is the general opinion wherever one goes that ministers are always most sedate and dignified. Nevertheless, they are often found to be quite the opposite, and able to tell just as good stories as any one else. Some time ago I heard a minister speak at a church sociable, and the stories he told were certainly very amusing.

"It is strange," he said, "how many stories can be told about us poor ministers and deacons," and then he went on to tell several good tales about this unfortunate set. Among them was the following:—

A deacon of the church had been speaking to the Sunday School children about some new books which had just been purchased. When he had finished the minister rose and said that if there were any babies in the parish to be christened, he would like the parents to bring them to the church on the following Sunday. The deacon, who was somewhat hard of hearing, had not understood the minister's remarks, but presuming that he, too, was speaking of the new singing books, jumped to his feet and added, "And they will be on sale for twenty-five cents a piece after the service."

AMY WINN, '04.

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A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Attempts at eating in school often end ludicrously, but one more than ordinarily laughable is told of a High School boy who lives in a city not far from Boston.

Brown, who was the unfortunate victim of the affair, had begun his recess by racing to the bakery for cream cakes, but he had spent so much time in talking on his way back that he was unable to finish his lunch. So he put the cream cakes that were left into his aesk with the laudable intention of leaving them until noon. The next recitation, however, was exceedingly uninteresting, and his mind often wandered to the cream cakes. At last, seeing an unusually favorable moment, as he thought, he put his hand into his desk and started to take one out. Just then an imperative, "You may recite, Brown," came to his ears. In his confusion, the idea of dropping the cream cake never occurred to him. Instead he closed his hand on it, and holding that hand behind him, recited while the cream dropped through his fingers and on to the floor. The moral certainly does not need to be pointed out nor does the fact that Brown does not intend to bring cream cakes to recitation again.

JOSEPHINE C. FROST, '04.



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RIDING "BARE-BACK"

While in the country a few summers ago, four girls, including me, were taken with a strong desire to ride horse-back, and thinking to improve the opportunity we started for the pasture one afternoon to search for a horse. The particular one that we wanted was not in sight: consequently we hunted the woods until the object of our search was seen quietly feeding in a small clearing.

We congratulated ourselves, for the situation seemed to be ideal. There were one or two rocks on the smooth, grassy square, which were very convenient when we tried to mount; the small clearing was nearly surrounded by trees and distant from the house, so that we were safe from any interference.

Leading the horse to a rock one of my friends prepared to mount. After several trials and much assistance she succeeded and we saw her mounted on a small but fiery steed which might have rivalled Ichabod's "Gunpowder." The animal, however, refused to move, and we beheld our queen enthroned but without her sceptre. As there were no birch switches near, she gave up in despair and advised me to try it.

To give the horse justice I must say that the animal was about twenty years old, but had never had a saddle on her back. Having been used as a driving horse by ladies, her disposition was rather wayward. She

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was enjoying her old age in comfort, being petted and coaxed with sugar, gingerbread and apples.

As we had no sugar for her, our prospects were not promising. Ready to take my turn, however, I stood on the rock. Aided by my companions I scrambled up on to the poor creature's back. Almost before I was seated (I had hardly time to grasp her mane) she started! The motion was not quite the kind I had expected.

If I hadn't remained in the place near the rock, I might have imagined myself on a merry-go-round, for the horse was rearing back and forth, up and down, first on her hind feet, then on her front feet. The sensation was anything but pleasant. At one moment I was pitched forward almost over her head; the next it seemed as if I would certainly be thrown backwards.

This she kept up for what to me seemed hours and then stopped as suddenly as she began. The stopping was almost as bad as the motion, but I quickly took advantage of it and jumped to the ground. The horse then started off and soon disappeared over the brow of a hill. We rode horseback no more.

I think that the old horse was trying to teach us a lesson. If so, I think I may say that we received the full benefit of it.

LOTTIE W. TUFTS, '06.

SOLILOQUY OF A SCHOOL CLOCK.

School! What a delightful place it is! How pleasant it is to hang here and watch the movements of the pupils.

Bless me! What is that boy doing? I do declare! He is putting burrs in that girl's hair. Ah! the teacher sees him. What's that she is saying?

"Go to the principal's office."

Wonder where that is. The boy leaves the room with lagging steps. It must be a dreadful place, judging by the expression on his face.

O! What a noise! What was it? A careless boy dropping his books. "Five minutes after school," says the teacher, calmly.

I suppose it serves him right. He'll know better than to scare me again like that.

I wonder why all the pupils keep looking so anxiously at my face. To be sure, it is nearly one o'clock, but what has that to do with it?

There, it is one o'clock, and they all jump up and leave the room with such a relieved expression on their faces.

Relieved? O, I must be mistaken! It must be a look of resignation, and they must think, as I do, that all good things must come to an end.

RUTH WHITTEN, '06.

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CHASED BY A HAWK.

The easterly shore of Nova Scotia has many creeks and swamps, and in them numerous flocks of wild ducks spend the summer. The people living near the water shoot the ducks during their season, but those who live farther inland are not as fortunate and oftentimes purchase them at a high price.

Flocks of these wild birds pass over the inland country in their migrations during certain seasons, but although they can be seen they are far beyond gun-reach. Then, too, they feed at certain times in the swamps and open ponds, but the county game laws prohibit their being shot.

Our farmhouse was situated in an open field, and below this there was a large swamp. One day while several boys and I were standing idly near the farmhouse, a flock of ducks alighted near the centre of this swamp. Soon our attention was called to three dark objects, which looked like small birds far above us, circling and darting through the air. We watched closely, and after a while they approached nearer the earth. We then discovered that they

were two ducks and a hawk. The hawk was trying to capture the ducks, and the ducks were exerting themselves to escape their pursuer. Far away in the distance we could discern the main flock, from which these two had been separated, flying steadily toward the forest.

Breathlessly we watched the hawk pounce first upon one, and then upon the other. Dropping the latter, he would return to his first captive, like the dog in the fable greedy to secure both. These manœuvres were kept up for some time, when the hawk, suddenly darting forward, struck one of the birds, and then swooping down upon the other, struck that, too. The first fell near our feet. All excited, we had scarcely time to pick it up, when the other fell, with the hawk still following. We picked up the second one, and the hawk, observing our presence, flew screaming away. On examination we found that the hawk had struck the ducks on the head, nearly severing the heads from the body. The birds were large ones and we had them for our dinner.

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PING-PONG IN THE COUNTRY.

Although the game of ping-pong is now an old story to most of you, at the little town in the northern part of New Hampshire, where I spent part of my summer, it had never been played. After I had been there about a week, however, a summer boarder by the name of Graham came around with a ping-pong set, a rule book, and plenty of enthusiasm. He immedately proceeded to interest people in the game, and as his old host's birthday came soon after, he proposed a ping-pong tournament in celebration of the event.

The idea was carried out and the night of the birthday a large number of the older residents of the village assembled, prepared for the fun. As I was boarding at the house, I was of course a participant in the festivities. Graham explained the game and then took one end of the table, challenging anybody and everybody to a match, but as the villagers all hung back and semed too timid to try, our host, to encourage them, took the other end of the table. He picked up the racket, confidently saving, "Now, you see, this is how it's done," and made a lunge at the ball which Graham served, but,—the ball wasn't there'. It was snugly ensconsed in his jacket pocket. Graham served another ball and our host made one wild plunge at it, succeeding in sending it over the onlookers and into the open grate fire at the faither end of the room. He gave up at this, and a deacon, the chief pillar of the church, took his place. He managed in some way to hit the first two balls and was, in consequence looked on as a marvel, but on reaching forward to hit the third ball, he missed, receiving the ball between his eyes and fell in one frantic swoop on to the table. As this put a stop to his career, the postmaster succeeded him. Made wary by the mistace of his pressors, he merely put if ricket in his of the first

few balls and then made a drive at a swift one, which resulted in sending it backward against himself. This unaccountable accident left him gasping with astonishment and willing to give the racket to any one able to annihilate "that pesky little thing."

The fun now became fast and furious and the deacon's wife mustered the necessary courage to try the game. She made a timid little peck at the ball and, to her astonishment, the ball went where she wanted it to go. The next few balls went the same way, and emboldened by her success, she made a vicious jab at the following one, but missed it and had her spectacles knocked off in consequence by the affronted ball. Expressions in her face of astonishment, anger and disgust, rapidly followed one another as she turned on her heel and remarked in her sharpest voice, "Well, if I'd thought that young man would take such advantage of a lady, I'd never, never, have touched the game."

The last one to try his fate before supper was announced, was a man famed in the village for his skill in sports, and he marched proudly up to the table, made a strong swing for the first ball and hit it, but unfortunately he hit so hard that his racket slipped from his grasp, flew over the heads of all present, through the window and out into the darkness beyond. The arrival of supper hid his confusion and amid the gen-

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eral scrambling ensuing, I went up to him and assured him that I had done as badly my first time trying.

GEORGE DWELLEY, '04.

WHERE BRIBERY DIDN'T WORK.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of hearing one of Boston's eminent lawyers give an after dinner talk in the cabin of the steamer New Brunswick, when we were coming back to Boston from Salem Willows. In illustrating the intelligence (?) of some of the men on our modern juries, he told the following story:

In a murder trial in Philadelphia lately, in which the guilt of the accused was plainly evident, the lawyer for the defendant bribed an Irishman, whom he succeeded in placing in the jury, to try for a verdict of manslaughter, instead of one for murder in the first degree. After the case had been tried the jury retired and stayed out the rest of the day till the court was adjourned. The next day they stayed out the whole

morning, but late in the afternoon came in with a verdict of manslaughter, and the judge sentenced the prisoner, accordingly, to life imprisonment. The next day the lawyer met the Irishman and asked him how he succeeded in getting the jury to do as he wished. The Irishman replied, "'Twas a hard job, sor, a hard job. The rest of the jury were for letting the prisoner go free, entirely, but I stuck out for your verdict of manslaughter till I tired 'em out, and, begorrah, they had to give in."

GEORGE DWELLEY, '04.

A CURIOUS CAP.

There are few things, it seems to me, more interesting than to hear a person who has been touring relate his experiences, and mayhap his adventures. Here is a little incident as told by one of a party who visited Nova Scotia this last summer.

"We were going across Minas Basin to Amethyst Cove and from there to Blomidon. The wind was strong and kicked up quite a sea. Mr. Goddard was in the foremost part of the bow with his overcoat collar turned

Coffee____

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"Again we were crossing the Basin, this time on our return trip. Suddenly came the cry, "There's Mr. Goddard's hat." "Why so it is," came an answering voice, "we must get it."

"So, after some trouble, the pilot steered from his course to where the dark cap bobbed up and down in the still darker water. As we approached it we could not help congratulating Mr. Goddard on his good fortune. A deck hand now hastened up with a long pole. The engines were reversed. The tug-boat ceased its panting. The anxious spectators crowded close to the rail. The deck hand leaned far out over the edge, caught, drew carefully up, and landed on the deck —— a piece of wood about three feet long. Well, you ought to have heard the shout that went up. We just collapsed. The cap? was presented to Mr. Goddard, who immediately donned it, remarking that now he hoped he had something that was heavy enough to stay on.

"It is quite needless to add that on reaching land he had to get a new cap, although we all told him how becoming was the one the tide brought him."

EVELYN M. WARREN, '04.



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At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association held early in September, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Fred H. Viets, Jr.; Vice-President, James Allen; Secretary, Frank A. Ewart; Treasurer, Hollis M. Gott; Athletic Committee, Hilliard, Gott and Neely.

Owing to the lack of promising material, the school will not be represented by a football team this year. Instead Captain Hilliard has the candidates for the base-ball team out for practice three times a week. This is something new here, and will undoubtedly prove very beneficial to the team. Of last year's team, besides Captain Hilliard, Allen, Viets, Holt, Gott, Kelly and Hendricks are still in the school. For the vacant positions, Neely, Banks, Bodenstein, Peterson, Livingstone, Dwelley, Hicks, Mowll, Taylor, and Tappan are working hard.

Albert W. Hilliard '04 has been chosen

captain of the hockey team. He has played two years on the team and thoroughly understands the game. He intends to turn out a championship team, and will call out the boys for preliminary work in a few weeks.

James Allen '04 has been chosen manager of the hockey team. No one has been chosen as yet to manage the base-ball team, but will be in a few days.

A committee has been appointed by the Association to consider an entertainment in the interests of athletics, but no report has been made up to this time.

The base-ball team of last year had a very successful season, winning a majority of the games played. Considering the amount of new material on the team, the boys played together very well, and steadily improved during the season. The team appreciated the interest shown by the school in the large attendance at the games.

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LOCALS



'03.

"Il mourut" was translated, "He ran for office." Was it a reflection on the future life?

We hear in the English class that women ride on postilions (pillions.)

The Seniors are looking forward to entertaining the school.

Isn't it a pity the Seniors in the French Class haven't larger mouths?

He murmured his son's name at his last supper (soupir). Was it good?

We are still paying ten cents a month for class dues.

We hear that a member of the German Class has been charged with theft. Why doesn't the Sophomore Civil Government Class try him?

We have enough money now in our treasury to buy three yeast-cakes.

The Class of '03 is doing its best to fill the vacancy made by the Class of '02, whose members we sadly miss seeing in the back seats.

'04.

The "request" which appeared on the board in Room 1 is very laudable. It might well be observed in other rooms.

"Cyrus gave him a gold-mounted horse." Peculiar, certainly, but it must be right, for the captain of the base ball team told us so.

One might think a "bushy" crowd heavily bearded, rather than especially industrious.

It was probably a boy who wrote, "Solomon was very wise, but he had seven hundred wives."

The Class of '04 has begun the new school year with a large membership, very to having dropped out from last ye

treasury, too, is flourishing, there being about \$45.00 in it at present. With the additional five cent. tax we hope to add quite a little more to this.

During the last month several apples were reported lost at one time and another. Of course, the larceny of an apple is not such a serious offence as it might be; yet, from the untiring efforts of the loser to discover the lost article, one would think it were a lump of anthracite coal or some other valuable article.

We are told in good faith by one of the Ancient History Class whose name is withheld for private reasons, that "Rehoboam took the thrown after Solomon's death."

From what we have read, it is our opinion that the "Vicar of Wakefield" was a sort of "wise fool."

'05.

The following class officers have been elected for the coming year:

President, Arthur J. Hendricks. Vice-President, Howard S. Russell. Secretary, Alexander R. Livingstone. Treasurer, Frederick S. Mead.

"The gentle tides of Revere Beach rise to a height of more than thirty feet." Evidently there is a slight mistake somewhere.

At our last class meeting it was voted by a large majority to have the class dues remain the same as last year.

We learn on good authority that the Gulf Stream flows through the Isthmus of Panama to California. Remarkable!

What perplexing problems are introduced by Relative Motion and Relative Rest! For instance: Problem: What is the condition of a man on a boat, moving away from the shore, with regard to the boat?

Answer—Seasick. With regard to the wharf? Answer—He wishes he were there. We are told on good authority that Sardinia is the feminine of "sardine." We expect next to be told that Acadia is the feminine of "a caddy."

'06.

According to one of our teachers, "Mr. Holt" has suddenly become a member of the Freshman Class.

Teacher—Who was Harold?
Student (with confident smile)— Harold was the wife of Edward, the Confessor's mother's brother.

It is thought, by one of our mates, that one of the things particularly offensive to the gods was the "ill-treatment of a supplement." Teacher—Name the sub-divisions of the Celtic language, and state the locality in which each was spoken.

Pupil—Cornish, spoken in Cornwall, Armorican, spoken in Brittany, and Welsh, in "Whales."

At a recent meeting of the Class, the following officers were elected:

President, Lottie Tufts. Vice President, William G. Bott. Secretary, Harold Rogers. Treasurer, Gilman A. Churchill.

One of our classmates thinks that a mugwump is a *blotter* as used by the Democratic party.

"I have *Gott* a finger-nail file," said one of our Freshmen in reply to the question, "What have you dropped?"



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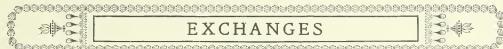
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EXCHANGES



So far, this term, we have received very few of our exchanges. Yet, we hope to get more soon, and will gladly welcome both old and new.

The May number of the Imp, has, as usual, some very well written stories in it.

"Stop joking," said Venus.

"I'm Sirius," replied the dog star.

Do the exchange papers know that in speaking of the Clarion there may be a misunderstanding as to which Clarion is meant? Both the West Roxbury High School and the Arlington High School have a paper by that name.

In one of the London cemeteries, over the grave of a dentist, there is the following epitaph:

"View this gravestone with all gravity, J is filling his last cavity."

Considering it was her business to hear voices, Joan of Arc was probably a telephone girl.

The cover of the Review (Lowell) is quite unique. The paper also has a larger number of exchange notes than any other of our exchanges.

We are glad to see that the *Item* is still improving. We know it is by no means easy to re-establish a paper, and we admire the courage and perseverance which the

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A bunch of ugliness in the Lynn Classical Gazette is a sympathetic little story, illustrating that peculiar devotion a dog often shows to its mistress.

Junior—"I find it hard to express my thoughts."

Senior-"The express companies don't carry such small parcels."

The April number of the *Mercury* is very well devised. The cover is neat and natty, the stories good and the exchanges and locals are light and witty.

Monsieur de France—"You wind up de clock to make him go."

English Tutor—" Exactly."

Monsieur de France—"Zen, what for you wind up zee business to make him stop?"

"Brederen and Sisteren," concluded the Rev. Washington Johnson, "This demonstrated abtrusely dat de Lord hates a thief; dat he is not to be propigated by no offering; therefo' I beg de pusson or pussons who stole yo' pastor's hog to make no contribution at de circulation of de offertory platter."

Note: The collection beat all previous records.

The May number of the Saugus High School Advocate contains a fairly good story entitled, "Beth's Little Trick."

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Louise--" I tell you we must have boys in our dramatic club."

Clara—"Oh, no, girls are just as clever as boys any time."

Louise—"I know, but what shall we do for a clown?"

The May edition of the *Argus* contains some very attractive pictures of Holderness, present and past.

"Yacob, where did I lay my spegdacles?"

"Right under your nose, vater."

"Don't be so indefinite, mine son, you shouldn't driffle mit the old man."

It seems to us that some of our exchanges are rather hard in the criticism of their contemporaries.

"Will some one please chase the cow down this way," asked the funny boarder who wanted some milk for his oatmeal.

"Here, Jane," said the landlady, in a tone that was meant to be crushing, "take the cow down where the calf is bawling." An American was being shown an old English church in which hundreds of people were buried.

"Many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the in-

scription-covered floor.

"So?" said the American, "same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

"Keep up your courage, Pat," said a visitor to the sick man, "you can only die once."

"That's what bothers me entirely," replied Pat. "If I could die a few times more, this once wouldn't throuble me."

Edith—Mama, didn't the missionary say the savages don't wear any clothes?

Mother—Yes, dearie.

Edith—Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?

≈ ARLINGTON ≈ HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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RUTH HORNBLOWER, '04



EDITORIAL



ERRY CHRISTMAS!!

It would seem that Jack Frost had his hands full.

The Juniors have looked serious of late. They are thinking about that "Gift" they mean to make.

A subscription dance is to be held by the Senior Class in Associates Hall, Friday evening, December 26, and every arrangement has been made for a delightful evening. All are welcome.

Another innovation has been introduced into our school. We are the proud possessors of a Glee Club. The members of the Club have been practising diligently, and though as yet the infant novelty has only been "seen and not heard," it is expected that in the near future, the Club will become one of the most interesting institutions in the school.

Last month, the CLARION was invited to send representatives to a meeting of the Massachusetts Interscholastic Press Association held in the Cambridge Latin School, November 22. The CLARION Board voted that representatives should attend this meeting, and the Board has since determined that the CLARION shall accept the offer extended to it and become a member of the Association. Meetings are held frequently in different schools. There is a small fee of two dollars a year. The Association has been formed for the betterment of "school journalism" and includes most of the live papers about Boston.

One of the movements now in hand by the Association is the establishment of a paper library in the Boston Public Library. If present plans are carried out, the library will contain a complete and permanent file of all the papers issued by members of the Association. In this way, a full collection of the school papers will gradually be gathered, as much for future reference as for general interest.

The speaker of the last meeting, who is an experienced editor in practical life, in talking of the weaknesses of school papers, mentioned the lack of interest in the directions of music, poetry, and drawing. He considered it a mistake that school papers are not more fully developed along these lines and saw no good excuse for it in these days when the schools pay much attention to work along these lines.

The idea seems to have developed, especially among the girls, that it is undignified to indulge in physical exercise during the outdoor recess, and that therefore a Freshman may play tag, but a Senior must walk in sedate and measured steps. Now this is radically wrong. The recess is given for relaxation and not for the exhibition of dignity. Therefore, the recess should be used for relaxation. If one person obtains more relaxation by sitting than jumping he should sit, but if another person obtains more relaxation by running than by sitting or walking, he should run. Last, it is to be remembered that dignity need not necessarily be lost, even while romping.

It is always interesting to follow the careers of graduates of our school, and it sometimes happens that unusual credit is reflected on the school by the success of these graduates. Such a thing has recently occurred. Miss Marion Churchill, President of the Class of '02, A. H. S., has been chosen President of the Class of '06, Rad-

cliffe College. We all realize that the honor conferred upon her now is a far greater one than a similar election in a later year, since it is plainly evident that the choice has been due to sterling worth at once discerned by her classmates and not to number of personal following, and therefore we ourselves feel honored through the honor that has come to her.

The storm whistle is as welcome as ever to our ears and its harsh tones never seem to us to sound discordant or to lack melody. Therefore, as we have had but few free days, will it not be well to ask the winter storms to be generous to the A. H. S., and to tell them that it is most provoking to hear the whistle blow at 8.15 when it should blow at 7.15?

The entertainment given by the Athletic Association has been pronounced a decided success from all points of view. The audience was large and the evening proved to be profitable as well as entertaining.

We all appreciate the length of the Christmas vacation and feel most kindly towards those who extended it. May they enjoy it as much as we.

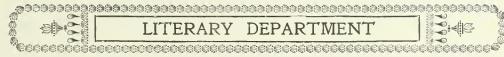
For the benefit of those who wish to pay for their CLARION subscriptions, we would say that the CLARION'S advertisement with the manager's address is on the back cover.

Another pin has been chosen, and the Sophomores have accomplished their first important class business.

If you want to get yourself a Christmas present, buy a ticket to the Senior Class Dance.

Win just once more, and the cup is ours.

How old Santa must be hustling!



DEPARTMENT LITERARY



PHOTOGRAPHING CRIMINALS.

There was a time when the photographing of criminals was of great importance to the police as an aid in the detection and identification of evil doers. Several years ago it was the only means at the command of the authorities that enabled them to obtain definite information concerning suspicious characters and persons accused of crime, who were unknown in the locality in which they had been apprehended. At that time a regular exchange system was established between the larger cities of this country, which enabled each municipality to establish a rogues' gallery of its own. I recently had the opportunity of inspecting the gallery at the Charles Street Jail and I was struck with the vulgarity displayed by the countenances of the criminals, especially the female members of the under world. Of course there were exceptions; some of the wrong doers looked innocent, but here and there was one of those forbidding countenances commonly ascribed to miscreants. I do not think that I saw a single refined face in the whole collection, although a more careful inspection of these records might disclose it.

Since the advent of the Bertillon system, photography has taken a back seat among the means of identification of evil doers. Some even claim that it might be dispensed with entirely, and yet the system of the great Frenchman would be complete. This system depends mostly upon measurements, as, for instance, those of the length of the nose and size of the ears and other physical characteristics that cannot be easily effaced. Yet the time may never come when our guardians of the peace can altogether dispense with the use of the camera. At present every unknown prisoner who may look as if he had seen the

inside of a jail before, is promptly "mugged." as they call it, after his arrest and then his "likeness" is forwarded to the central office at Washington, together with the Bertillon measurements. This bureau preserves records of criminals and possesses a collection of data which is continually increasing in extent. An exchange system has been established with the foreign governments and this has proved invaluable in the seizure and identification of transatlantic fugitives from justice.

The advantages of our central bureau are easily seen. It is no longer necessary to send all over the country in order to identify a criminal. If he is not a novice his record is known in the Washington office. No matter if a man is arrested in Maine or California, a recourse to the central bureau will produce his record, provided that he has at some time or other come into conflict with the police anywhere in the United States. All that the authorities in want of information have to do is to "mug" the suspect and send his photo and Bertillon measurements to Washington, whereupon the description of the criminal is promptly sent, by mail or by telegraph if necessary, which includes his real name, aliases, age, occupation, alleged home, number of arrests and many other details and perhaps the statement that the culprit is wanted in some other state for a crime committed, perhaps, years ago.

I was very much interested in the stories the warden of the jail told about the attitude of the criminals themselves toward the camera. Usually they know that it is all over when they are arrested and that they will be identified, no matter whether they resist or not. As a rule they submit calmly to the "mugging process" and often even assist the photographer in his work

by carrying out his suggestions. But once in a while a stubborn prisoner will be found who will not submit to the process except by force. They know they cannot be compelled to keep their eves open and so they try to thwart justice by closing them tightly. "Little Dick," a notorious safe cracker, is one of these. He has long boasted that no police department possesses a good portrait of him. The best series of photographs of him is in the possession of a Detroit man. When a side view was taken of "Little Dick" it required the gentle persuasion of two police officers to get him into a proper position and to keep him there until the exposure had been made. The people that give the most trouble to the man behind the camera at police headquarters are the men and women just entering upon a career of crime. Many of them are still semi-respectable and dread to have their portraits added to the rogues' gallery. But even they yield to persuasion when it is made plain to them that it is useless to resist.

I left the jail satisfied, but hoping and knowing that I would never have to be among its inmates' number.

THEODORE HORN, '04.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

It was late and the moon was up. The night breezes cooled the wet flanks of my horse, and she lifted her head and sniffed the pine and the clover. The curb-chain tinkled, the saddle creaked, and occasionally my horse struck a spark. The quiet and darkness of the night was broken now and then by the barking of a farmer's dog or by a light shining through an open window. Scudding clouds slid quietly past the moon, and a black bank of dense clouds was mounting from the west. On one side of the road a forest of pines stood dark and grim, murmuring at such a late passer-

by. On the other, a field of wheat stretched far out under the moon, rustling and whispering faintly. The bullfrogs croaked in a road-side pool, and crickets chirped under the walls. The night brooded sad and melancholy.

I gathered the reins for a trot, but my horse broke and ran, and I pulled her down to a walk again. At last the arc lights of the town came to view, and I soon rode through, the horse's shoes striking sharply on the rails. The darkness was intense, but for the scattered lights; the quiet, unbroken, and the solitary figure of a policeman standing on the shadowed side of a large tree, was the only sign of life to be seen. I pressed my horse to a canter, as the night wind was chill through my summer clothing, and a drop of rain struck my hand as I swung out of the saddle at the stable door.

HOLLIS M. GOTT, '04.

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FOOT-BALL AS A FORM OF EXER-CISE.

In the first place, is foot-ball a beneficial form of exercise? To answer this question it is first necessary to state that some form of exercise is requisite for the good health of the student. I say "student," for it is the students who take the prominent part in foot-ball.

Now the student's object in studying is to strengthen his intellectual faculties, or in other words, his brain, and, in order to have the brain reach its greatest perfection, he must have a healthy, strong body, for as the Romans said, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

Since it is necessary for the well-being of the student that he should have a sound body, it is also necessary that he should have the means of making his body sound. Now the way of getting a good physique is by exercise. Again a question rises, "How shall he get this exercise?"

In European countries there is military training in all the schools and this furnishes the means of exercise. However, in America there is no military drill to any great extent, and so we have to take recourse to some other way of getting exercise. The only other practical way is found in the so-called sports or athletics. Again, what is the form of athletics that has the best effect?

The answer to this is, in my opinion, foot-ball, for firstly, this game is acceptable to a great majority of students, and also it is played by a great many, for a single team often employs from thirty to sixty or seventy men, including the army of "subs." Secondly, foot-ball promotes the bodily health of the student, for the course of

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training he has to undergo teaches him the importance of good ventilation and wholesome food, two important factors of good health. It also promotes good moral qualities, such as temperance, self-control and "sand," for who can deny that it requires sand to take part in a stiff game of football? The good effects of this training last throughout the year, for the players are expected to keep in good condition all the time. Thirdly, the game is beneficial to the colleges themselves, for it brings them into closer relations with one another, and also arouses college patriotism.

While some people admit the advantages of the game, they contend that its defects outweigh its advantages. They say it takes the student away from his studies too much. But the season lasts only ten weeks. They also say that the players receive too many injuries. This on the face looks true, but when we remember the number playing the

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games, we can see that the proportion of severely injured is no greater than in almost any trade, such as carpentry, painting and the like.

And now I think I have given the principal reasons why foot-ball is an excellent form of exercise, for I have shown that it promotes the bodily health; that it has a good moral influence; that it is beneficial to the colleges; that its influence affects many, and that though it has some disadvantages, these are far over-balanced by the advantages.

HORACE S. HOLT, '03.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

The mackerel fleet had been running two hours before the heavy northeaster. All were under shortened sail and doing well. Among the first of the fleet was Antonio King, a fearless fisherman but daring even to foolhardiness, who seldom realized the full danger of a situation. Even now a grim smile played upon his lips in defiance of the storm. His boat, the swiftest in the fleet, perhaps rendered him too confident.

The breakers off the Harbor Bars were sighted an hour before sunset. Once inside they could ride out of the storm. The bars lay smothered in the seas which ran high through their full sweep of the broad Atlantic. A narrow channel lay between the two outermost and was a perfect mill-race with the strong flood tide. They fast approached the breakers.

The mate watched anxiously the piling seas, which ran higher and still higher in the rapidly shoaling water, one after another, as they curled clear and green and broke into a foaming mass.

Antonio was lighting his pipe when the moment came. Engaged in this, he failed to see a great green breaker coming curl-

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W. E. MARSHALL. A. GRANT. ing onward, directly astern. A warning cry from the mate came too late. The wave struck on the quarter and swept the boat like drift-wood from her course.

The boat went down. The mate never came up. By some chance Antonio gained the narrow bar. The first incoming wave forced him to his knees, but he rose again and struggled on with sickening pauses. Three times he gained his feet after the wave had passed, but the next came and passed on; he had disappeared.

The fleet saw it all, utterly powerless to save. They passed safely through, the unwilling bearers of the sad news to the widows and the fatherless.

H. V. Spurr, '04.

WHY LAMBS HAVE NO TAILS.

Perhaps you have noticed that lambs have little or no tails, and have wondered, as I have, how they came to lose them. You have read, of course, Br'er Rabbit's account of how the goat lost his tail, and possibly know how the frog comes to have no tail whatever.

Once upon a time, each sheep had a long

and very beautiful tail, which swept the ground and was the pride of his life.

Noah received the message about the flood, and the ark was begun and the gathering of the animals. The ark was nearly completed and all the animals had been caught and placed in a pen, ready for removal to the vessel. All but a few of the creatures had been taken in, when it was discovered that one of the sheep, the greatgreat-great-innumerably-great grandfather of all the sheep was missing.

Then there was a great to-do. They must not go without the sheep, and so there was no alternative save that of hunting up another.

Accordingly, Noah and Shem went off to search for the missing animal. The clouds had been gathering thick and threatening ever since the ark had been nearing completion, and just at this time it began to rain in torrents.

They must hurry if the sheep was to be found. So, after wrapping their garments close about them, father and son departed from the ark.

- "It never rains, but it pours," said Shem.
- "It is very important that we find that

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Cor. Mass. and Park Avenues, Arlington Heights. sheep," replied his father. "It is likely that it will be with the rest of the flock, and we had better hasten and find the herd."

So after much peering about and vain hunting, they came upon all the sheep. By this time the puddles were knee deep. Shem made a dash at the sheep, having fixed his eyes on a good fat one, which he thought would not be able to run very fast, and at the same time would be a good specimen. The sheep all ran away, and Shem had something to do to keep up with them. He chased them for a long time, and then, being tired, sat down on a rock to watch Noah.

Noah got up slowly and walked in a dignified manner close up to the sheep, and then noting the one that Shem had chased, he made a spurt, meaning to fall on top of him and hold him down until Shem could come; but the perverse animal slipped away and Noah found himself sprawled on the ground, rubbing his nose, which promised to swell to a very great size. Getting up with new determination in his eye, he ran at the miscreant, shouting to Shem to help him.

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At last they succeeded in getting near enough to catch him; so Noah, the nearer of the two, made a dash for the animal. He really caught him and straightened himself triumphantly, with the runaway in his arms.

Then they started for the ark, which they could see in the distance, with Mrs. Noah standing in the doorway. She was calling shrilly, "Oh, Noah! Noah!! Noah!! hurry up or you'll be drowned!" They waded through water which was waist deep in some places, until they reached the ark with their precious burden. Ham, Japheth and Mrs. Noah lent willing hands and soon they were safe on board.

Next, the wanderer must go into the pen; so Shem led him to the little enclosure. Being in a hurry to get out on deck to watch Mrs. Noah do up her husband's nose in vinegar and brown paper (a somewhat difficult task, considering) as soon as the sheep got almost inside, he shut the door hard, when lo! before his astonished gaze, the tail went spinning up into the air and landed in the pen of two lions who ate it greedily. Grandmother sheep leaped into the air in astonishment, and promptly fell

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into a tub of pitch, which gave her a beautiful coat of coal black. That is how there are black sheep. When Shem had dragged her out of the tub, he looked at grandfather and saw only two inches of the sheep's pride left.

Thus the sheep lost their tails. Their sorrow was great at the time, but when they found that all the little lambies that came afterward had no tails, their grief was sore, indeed!

ESTHER WYMAN, '06.

AN EPISODE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Fitting closely in between two mountains of the Adirondack Range lies a picturesque mountain lake. The region around claims for itself the site of many Indian legends and stories of early warfare 'twixt white and savage. Many a time the canoe of an Indian scout had cleaved the waters of this lake; and there had been times when the neighboring mountains had echoed with the yells of contesting parties. Countless signal fires had flashed their warnings by night and sent up their smoke by day from their summits.

But on a certain summer morning in the early history of the country, a peaceful stillness reigned over both mountain and lake. The blue water was scarcely ruffled by the light south wind and all discordant noises were hushed. The sky was cloudless and

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as the day advanced the heat increased and birds skimming over the surface frequently indulged in a cool dip.

Suddenly from behind a large rock at the farther end of the lake, a canoe shot forth and even at that distance it could be plainly seen that the occupant was in more than ordinary haste. Close behind it another one appeared and it was evident that the first was being pursued. They headed straight up the lake but were as yet so far away that it was impossible to distinguish whether or not one were gaining on the other. Soon the occupant of the foremost canoe ceased paddling for a moment and reaching his hand down dashed some water on his face. His act closed the space between them somewhat but it seemed to revive him and he worked on desperately. They had now reached the middle of the lake and in the first canoe could be seen a pioneer hunter dressed in the typical garb of those times, while in the latter was a huge Indian. They were very much fatigued and their speed had diminished. Moreover there were signs of a recent fight between them probably before they took to canoes, for the hunter's left cheek was covered with blood and the Indian frequently drew his bare brown arm across his forehead to clear away the tiny streams of bright red that trickled down from beneath his wiry black hair.

Perceiving that his enemy was gaining and would surely overhaul him before the end of the lake was reached, the hunter darted around and headed for the nearest shore. His adversary quickly followed him, however, and showed such a burst of speed that he resumed his former direction. Very soon after he made a dash for the other shore but was foiled again. He then realized that something would have to be done if he would save his life. His rifle was empty and to stop to load now would mean sure capture. Despair prompted him to

make a desperate move. Paddling a little more slowly he waited till his pursuer was quite close, then suddenly seizing his rifle by the barrel he leaped up and brought it down on the bow of the oncoming craft. A large hole was made in the frail bark and in a twinkling it filled and the Indian was forced to take to the water. Had the hunter kept his balance after delivering the blow he would have had his adversary completely at his mercy; but in his despair he had put all his strength into the effort with the result that his frail canoe capsized and he too was thrown into the lake. Both realized that, exhausted as they were, the only safety lay in reaching the hunter's overturned canoe which was undamaged, and which was drifting slowly away impelled by the breeze which had freshened.

Toward this they struck out and although the Indian was behind at the start he gained so perceptibly in the race, that it was clear he would arrive at the coveted goal first unless something intervened. The hunter fully realized this and as a last effort resorted to stratagem. Throwing up his arms, and at the same time taking his bearings and a huge breath, he sank apparently from exhaustion. The plan worked better even than he expected, for the Indian seeing it immediately abandoned his racing gait and took things more leisurely. He shifted from one side to the other and then to his back, and so failed to notice the head that silently appeared between him and the canoe and which noiselessly advanced in the same direction as he did. Every little while the hunter would glance back to ascertain if he were discovered and each time would resume his progress assured that he was not. In fact he reached the canoe and was turning it over when a fierce vell told him that he was seen. He suc-

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ceded in pouring about half the water out while turning it over and being fortunate enough to find the paddle which had not been able to drift from under it, he proceeded to scoop out as much of the remainder as possible with all haste. This done, he paid no further attention to his savage foe, who had abandoned the chase and was heading for his own craft, one end of which could be seen floating at some distance, but set out for shore, glad enough to escape with his life. When he reached there he staggered up the bank and fell completely exhausted. He lay there several minutes, then went down to the water's edge and bathed his swollen cheek. After this he took one last look at the recent battle ground and disappeared in the forest.

HOWARD T. VIETS, '05.

THE MOON FAIRY.

Evelyn lay in her little white cot watching the moon as it shone through the curtains of the window facing her bed. It was a very unusual thing for her to lie awake, for as a rule, almost as soon as her curly head touched the pillow she was far away in the "Land of Nod." But to-night somehow she did n't feel a bit sleepy. "I don't believe it's made of green cheese," she said thoughtfully, "but then, Jack says so, and he's a school teacher. But it doesn't look very green; and if it was cheese. I should think the old man up there would have eaten enough by this time to make a big hole."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! so that's what you think, is it?"

Evelyn gazed about her in bewilderment. "Why, who's there?" she exclaimed.

"I am,"—and looking at the moonbeam on the coverlet of her bed, Evelyn perceived a tiny, airy figure, in a robe as delicate and golden as the moonbeams themselves. A star shone from her golden hair, and in her hand she carried a wand, on the end of which shone another star.

"I'm the moon fairy," she went on, "and Jack doesn't know quite everything

OFFICE HOURS;

if he is a teacher, for the moon hasn't a speck of green cheese about it. It is really white and is lighted by my moonbeams."

"I shouldn't think you'd have that old man up there in your palace," said Evelyn.

The fairy laughed merrily again. "That is another of Jack's stories, isn't it? I haven't any old man up there."

"What do you and your moonbeams

do?" was the next question.

"Ah," said the fairy, "I thought you'd ask that. We are very busy, all night long, my moonbeams and I, and we do a great many things. Not far from here there is a little sick boy, who cannot go to sleep because of the pain in his back. I sent my very funniest, brightest moonbeam to him; she will dance and make funny shapes on the wall to make him laugh, and forget for a moment his pain. Another of my beams I sent to shine on a dark road where there is a big stone in the way, so that no horse may stumble over it. I do not give all my moonbeams special duties; they find them as they go. But they all find a great deal to do, and when it is time for the sun to send out his beams, we all go home to the moon, and spend the day in amusing ourselves."

Evelyn opened her mouth to ask how they amused themselves, but the fairy said quickly, "There's a baby crying next door. I must go and see what is the matter," and before Evelyn could get time to

say good-bye she was gone.

Louise McConney, '05

HOW HE DID IT.

Very few people were in the car that night and when the conductor came inside I heard a lady ask him a question; it's answer attracted my attention to the conductor by its polite tone. After this first glance I became quite interested in him. First I noticed he had not vet earned his buttons; that is he was just learning his duties and because he had not held the position but a very short time he did not yet wear a blue uniform with brass buttons. I also noticed that he was of very slight build as though thinned and weakened by sickness. As I paid him my fare I looked into his face and saw that he was only a boy. After that I leaned back in the car thinking about him. I wondered what misfortune had befallen

his family that he should be obliged to leave school and go to work, and what would happen if he should lose his position, and if he were a good conductor.

While musing in this strain, the car stopped and a man boarded it. He did not come directly in, nor did the car start immediately, but the voices which issued from the rear platform—they were those of the young conductor and the new passenger—seemed to be disputing. The car door opened and in walked or rather staggered a very large man. He was not very peaceable but seemed to be looking for trouble. Because of his rudeness and general disagreeable appearance, all moved away from him. The conductor looked along the streets for a policeman, but as usual when one is wanted, he could not be found.

By this time the last passenger had overstepped the limit and the conductor knew he must do his duty. I realized how insignificant the conductor was compared with the burly passenger he was now approaching. I think he realized it, too, but his young face was impassive and his sense of duty fairly shown from his eye. He firmly stepped nearer and nearer until he reached the "obnoxious person." All were prepared for a tragedy. The heroic conductor realized the situation and bracing himself everyone held his or her breath—said in an unwavering decisive voice, "Fares, please." The passenger calmly stared at the brave conductor and paid his fare. Everybody in the car breathed a sigh of relief and another a little later when the passenger left the car. The rest of the trip was uneventful and I hope the trying experience did not seriously affect the young conductor's nerves.

ALEXANDER R. LIVINGSTONE, '05.

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On Friday evening, November 14th, the Association gave an entertainment in Cotting Hall to raise money to carry on the athletics of the school. Miss Eda Lulette Nichols, of Somerville, was engaged to present her recital of Jeanne D'Arc. The story is arranged from that of Mark Twain, in three parts, the first depicting Jeanne's preparations, the second her military achievements, and the third her martyrdom. Miss Nichols does not aim for dramatic effect, but as she works up to a climax, she holds her audience intensely interested.

Miss Nichols was ably assisted by Miss Emma Clark, of Somerville, at the piano. Miss Clark played at the beginning of the entertainment and between the acts, also at several points in the recital. Her selections were rendered in a most delightful manner, and she responded to several encores.

Much credit is due the committee in charge of the entertainment: Fred H. Viets, Jr., (chairman.) James Allen and Norman L. Cushman, who, by their untiring efforts, made the entertainment a great success financially, a little more than seventy dollars being realized above all expenses. The Association is also greatly

indebted to Mr. Holt for his interest in the entertainment. The following assisted the committee as ushers: Horace S. Holt, J. C. Gray, George H. Gray, Morgan Bodenstein, Carl Peterson, and Philip Mowll.

About the middle of November, Captain Hilliard called out the candidates for the hockey team for the usual preliminary practise, with Cushman, J. C. Gray, Fred Viets, Howard Viets, Dwelley, Hicks, Bodenstein, Spurr and Livingstone trying for forwards, and George Gray, Dunbar, Kelly, Neely and Taylor, as well as Captain Hilliard, for the defence. Of last year's team, only Captain Hilliard and J. C. Gray are still in school, but nevertheless, the prospects are bright for a fast and winning team. All realize the importance of winning the cup this year. Arlington has held it for five years, while Waltham High has won it for three years. By winning this year we hold permanently the trophy of the New England Interpreparatory Ice Polo Association. The captain and manager greatly desire that the students attend the games, especially the Waltham game, and so encourage the team by showing their interest in what, we hope, will be the final contest of the series.

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on being asked if he were guilty, replied: 'I guess I am, Judge, but I would like to be tried just the same.' We know that we are guilty of giving more value for the money than others care to, but we should like to be tried just the same."

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LOCALS



'03.

A German Club has been formed in the class of '03, consisting of the German Class and its teacher. The club met first at Miss Weeks' and drew up a constitution Miss Weeks was and elected its officers. chosen president, and Mr. George Gray, secretary. The first regular meeting was held November 3. The club promises to be a great success.

Be sure to buy a ticket for the Senior Dance. You'll be sorry if you don't.

It is well to know the geography even of a house. Had the person who tried to translate "le plafond craquat sur nos tetes" been acquainted with the intricacies of that abiding place, he could not have said, "the ceiling was cracking beneath our feet." It appears that though Seniors, we yet have something to learn.

We wish our treasury were not so lean.

Why is Virgil so fond of snakes? Can it be that he mentions them on all possible occasions just for the sake of giving the girls nightmares? Cruel Virgil!

Loose sentences are all right, we must conclude, but they might at least have a more stylish name.

The proverb, "Life is what we make it," may be very true; nevertheless it does seem as if the hard paths would be much easier to travel if, in Physics, things were always "what they seem."

And we, too, must read Carlyle!

We think we need to practise tongue manipulation this vacation, so that we may be all ready next term for Botany with its jaw-breakers.

Extracts from the Constitution of "Mehr Licht Verein ":-

(1). To become an active member of the club, one must have studied German at least one year.

- (2). Former students may become honorary members if they have studied German the required time.
- (3). The third member of the executive committee is elected at each meeting by the president and secretary.

The third member is the one who will entertain the club at the next meeting.

As yet, no permanent injuries from Thanksgiving day have been reported.

" Madame la baronne de Vaubert,' 'we think, was decidedly an unusual person, but somewhat wearisome.

One phrase in "Silas Marner" we have wholly mastered! "After you, mum."

'04.

"Pheidias put Pericles' and his own heads on some friezes." It is said that Pericles had a large head, but only one. We must necessarily infer that Pheidias was a hydra.

The one who wrote on his history paper, "The Appella did not vote by declamation, as usual, but by ballot," must have been sleepy.

"It" makes quite a hit in the English

I wonder why we laughed when a member of the algebra clsss said, "Is that one dollar and thirty cents, or thirty cents?"

Rendering poetry: "The little brick heard it and built a roof." A wonderful brick, indeed!

Have you noticed the Sophomores' happy faces? They shine as brightly as their new pins.

According to Xenophon, Cyrus made his friends' lives one perpetual Christmas.

A certain member of the Greek class undoubtedly would write, "None but the

brave deserve the fare." Not because he is thinking of Thanksgiving, either.

Scucess to the Senior Dance!

'05.

We have passed a critical stage in our class history. We have chosen a class pin. All have the pleasure of viewing our selection, which we hope they like.

The Roman dictator, Lucius Papirius Cursor, is said to have employed Fabius Maximus as his horse. According to this statement, the means of conveyance in ancient Rome and in Japan are not unlike.

Only to think that a *Junior* could make such a mistake as to translate (when helping a Sophomore.) "omnis Gallia ad septentriones vergit," — "All Gaul slopped to the north." But still, "hiemes sunt matura in his locis," so, perhaps, sloppy weather is not to be wondered at.

"They live on fishes and eggs of birds which they catch from the sea." Was there any special kind of a fish-hook used? Perhaps if the sportsman of to-day knew, he might perform as remarkable a feat.

Teacher: "What is natural liberty?"
Pupil: "Natural liberty is the liberty
which a person dreams about."

The Social Condition of Early Rome: "The wealthy were very poor." The pupil who said this is evidently a philosopher.

Some of us apparently need to be told that the "pillars of the church" are of two sorts: the kind which includes the deacons is a distinct variety from the kind which holds up the roof.

A problem in physics —

How many pounds of force does it take to send a hundred-pound boy to the point of knowledge?

A member of the geology class informs us that some of the Alpine glaciers are five thousand miles wide, fifteen or twenty feet long, and one hundred feet thick. His must be a new system of mensuration.

Teacher: "Name something which possesses elasticity."

Bright Pupil: "Most kinds of yarns."

Latin Translation: "Cæsar's men were Freshmen." If this is true, perhaps Cæsar was a Sophomore.

The Rhine River has wings! So we learn from a member of the Latin class who, in translation, informed us that "the Rhine River flew into the ocean."

The class pins of 1905 undoubtedly mark a new epoch in the artistic taste of the school.

Quid Putas?

'06.

Fashions in hair-ribbons should be changed from gay to grave, or strictly black, as the boys are inclined "to have and to hold" the more attractive colors.

Several of the class have contributed to the daily musical selections given in the hall.

A pupil reciting in Greek History tells us that "in one day the Athenians won two victories, and they fell on the Bæotians and *rooted* them!"

Latin pupil: (translating into Latin the sentence, "Who is at the head of the army?") "Quis in capite exercitus est?"

After studying Etymology for two weeks, one of the class gives as a definition, "Etymology is the science which treats of the study of plants."

A brilliant scholar states that Charles Edward, who tried to regain the throne of his grandfather, James II, was a *Steward*.

We were sorry that a maid of the class was interrupted in her toilet the other day. The effect produced would probably have been more fascinating than the conjugation of an irregular verb.

Our desk lids squeak, They seem to speak, They've done so for a month; Please give us oil, 'Twill save turmoil, And ease our minds at onth.



We have received many interesting papers from our exchanges since our last edition, but we are not satisfied yet; we still wish our exchange list to be increased.

We welcome gladly *The Hall Boy* from Nazareth Hall, Pa., and *The Oracle* from the Malden High School, Malden; also, the *Sigma* from the Brunswick High, and *The Fram* from the Sandusky High School, Sandusky, Ohio.

"And after I get off the cars," said the young man who had received permission to call, "which way do I turn to get to your house?"

"Why," said she, "right in front of you, on the corner, you'll see a candy store — a very nice candy store — and — er — when you come out, you just walk two blocks east."

After the publication of our paper, the exchanges may be found in Room A. If there is any paper which our students desire to see, and which we have not, we will endeavor to secure it for them.

First Miss: (confidentially.) "Just think, he said I was a poem."

Second Miss: (sarcastically.) "Did he scan your feet?"

In many of our exchanges we have noticed that the stories have been illustrated, or that there have been artistic frontispieces. These pictures and sketches certainly improve a paper, and add much to its attractiveness.

ON EQUAL FOOTING.

"Yes," boasted an Englishman in the West, "I have Tudor blood in my veins from my mother's side, and Plantagenet blood from my father's side."

"Is that so?" said a citizen. "My

blood is rather mixed too. My grandmother was a Digger Indian Squaw, an' my grandfather a Jersey Tender-foot. We are both half-breeds; stranger, let's shake."

"The Silent Man's Story" in the *The Dummer News* is a story that does not allow the reader's interest to lag.

Of course we are glad to receive The Usonian!

The teacher of the History Class was trying to impress on her pupils the vast population of China. "Why, children," she said, "there are so many people there that some person dies every time you breathe." Tommy, who sat in the back of the room, at once began to puff vigorously. "Tommy, what are you doing?" "Oh," answered Tommy, "I'm killing Chinamen."

The November number of the *Mercury* is certainly a thoroughly good paper. It contains a number of interesting stories, and its editorials are very good.

We are happy again to receive *The Racquet*. This paper is one of our best exchanges, and one which we always look forward to receiving.

A little girl just returned from market:— Mother: Well, Mary Ann, didn't the butcher have pig's feet?

Mary Ann: Oh, mother, I went, and looked dreadfully hard, but I couldn't see whether he had pig's feet or not, for he had his boots on.

"I'm not pleased with your school report, Jimmy," said his father, with a solemn look.

Jimmy: "I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but she was too stubborn to change it."

Perhaps some of us feel the same way Jimmy did.

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The October number of the Jabbrwock has a number of well-written stories in it.

"They say its 'lectricity,' said Pat, as he stopped before an incandescent street light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how they make that hair pin burn in the bottle."

"Champion poet of the town, is he?" inquired the summer boarder. "Yes, sir," replied the post-master, "his record is three-and-a-half hours better'n the next fellow." "What do you mean by that?" "Why, he wrote a poem, sent it to New York, and got it back again, all in twenty-seven hours."

Enclosed with the *Sigma* from the Brunswick High School, we found a small pamphlet on Amateur Journalism printed by the National Amateur Press Association. This little paper furnishes quite interesting reading concerning the Association.

"Never," said a person of good advice to the delicately nurtured New York youth, "never say 'I can't.'" "Indeed, sir," responded the intellectual lad, "I trust that my diction is not so open to criticism. If you will but be attentive to my conversation, you will observe that I say, 'cawn't.'"

"That," said the guide, "is the negro cemetery." "Ah, I see," said the distinguished visitor, "a kind of a blackberry patch."

A man sent a note to the family physician, which read thus: "Dear Doctor, — My wife's mother is at death's door; please come as quickly as possible and draw her through."

BEFORE.
There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is meter alone.

AFTER.
There are letters of account
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is letter alone.

A green little Senior in a green little way Some chemicals mixed, just for fun one day; And the green little grasses now tenderly wave O'er the green little Senior's green little grave.

The November number of *The Radiator*, Somerville, is very neat and attractive. This paper, as usual, contains a number of interesting stories.

Sincere Wishes Jones: "I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now. I've taken a house by the river."

Miss Golightly: "Oh! I do hope you'll drop in some day."

A western academy bears the following sign: "Freeman and Huggs. Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."

Jean D'Arc was reviewing the case. "Strange," she murmered, "they talk about the beef trust, and yet it seems pretty easy to get the stake." Remarking that this was rather Swift, she then proceeded to polish up her Armour.

Sophomores N. B.

Cæsar conquered Nations,
Conquerer of the world was he,
And at the examinations
Cæsar conquered me.

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EDITORIAL



GAIN the CLARION extends a cordial greeting to its readers. For six years, it has gone into other schools to act as a representative for us, and has, in its athletic and class notes and in other departments, reflected the life of the school. This year, the seventh in its existence, we will try to make it again a fit representative of our school.

HE Glee Club has become a thing not only seen but also heard and the hearing has proved very enjoyable to the whole school. It is always pleasant to have clubs of this sort formed, since they not only unite the interests and pleasures of the students, but also promote loyalty toward the "Red and grey, so dear." Undoubtedly, the work of the members, assisted by Miss Weeks, will make the Glee Club a source of pride to the school.

E are proud of our pleasant building, proud of our high standard of scholarship, proud of the successes of our graduates, but our proudest words and feelings are reserved for our magnificent trophy, "The Hockey Cup," won through the struggles of our winter warriors of the last eight years. When Manager Allen of this year's hockey team had formally presented the cup to the school and we felt ourselves the possessors of that splendid emblem of success, the "Arlington

High School Spirit" inspired us all with the desire to win victories for the school in one way or another.

N connection with the Hockey team we might very well inquire about the girl's basket-ball team. It is a pity, certainly, when our boys are so successful both on the diamond and on the ice, that our girls do not adopt athletics of some sort. A few years ago, girls' athletics were ridiculed and discouraged, but now, almost the reverse is true. Of course the hearty encouragement which the boys receive is not always given to their sisters, still the girls must remember that patience is the virtue peculiar to their sex and that with patience and perserverance much can be accomplished. It is not too late now to start a basket ball team. A beginning must be made and, though neither '03 or '04, nor perhaps the two lower classes, can expect to see the A. H. S. girls winning great victories in basket ball games, nevertheless, succeeding classes may carry on the work to this end.

URING the last few months an invention of world-wide importance has come into use. Signor Marconi's wonderful idea, the wireless telegraph, will mean as much to the world as did Morse's great discovery, the telegraph. The greeting sent by President Roosevelt to King Edward should have as famous a place in history as Morse's "What hath God wrought!" which is familiar to all American school-children.

NOTHER event in the scientific world, which is of particular interest to Americans, is the Pacific cable. On the fourteenth of December, 1902, the first end of the cable was laid at

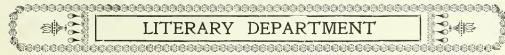
San Francisco, and now it has reached Honolulu. By July 1, it is expected that Manila and San Francisco will have a direct line of communication. This cannot fail to be of great importance to the United States, because of the new relations with the Orient which the progress of events in the last few years have created for us.

ple as the Swedes should be in the midst of a terrible famine seems surprising to us, but this year both the crops and fisheries have failed them and Sweden is in great need of help. Her sons in this country are doing their best for their mother land. From Chicago alone they have sent twenty thousand dollars and they are still sending aid at the rate of two thousand every week.

AVE patience! The spring vacation is coming if it is rather slow about it. After that there will be only a few short weeks before June and those ever delightful examinations. Think of your blessings, Sophomores and Freshmen!

HERE are two interesting events in the near future to be looked for ward to—the Senior Social and the Junior Gift. Although the former will, without doubt, prove the more enjoyable to the school, the latter, we may safely say, will confer the more lasting benefit upon it. Another addition to the statuary in our school is always acceptable and this year's, we hope, will prove no exception to the rule. The Juniors have taken so much time about their gift that something unusually fine may be expected.

We are glad to have in this issue, an article by Dr. Mather.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



A FEW ENGLISH PROVERBS AND RHYMES IN LATIN.

Many English proverbs are translations or adaptations of Greek or Latin. are often reminded, most proverbs are only half true; indeed, many of them are twothirds nonsense. Who, for instance, that has attained to the fullness of years and experience of a senior in the high school does not consider it arrant nonsense to assert that the "good die young"? this is a heresy that has long been current. Almost two hundred years before Christ, Plautus wrote: Quem di diligunt adulescens moritur — "Whom the gods love die young," and he was only translating from the Greek poet Menander, who lived a century earlier.

The ladies often flout the jokes which are made over the length of time they require to "put their things on." But they must admit that there is probably some ground for the jests, for as long ago as 163 B. C., Terence, who was translating from older Greek, represented a young man as consoling a friend, who was impatiently waiting for his sweetheart, with the words,

Nosti mores mulierum : Dum moliuntur, dum conantur, annus est.

You know the ways of the ladies; while they are getting started, merely making an effort, a year goes by.

And Cicero in his speech for Milo, describing his client's journey to Lanuvium, says, "He was delayed a little, while his wife (as usual) was getting ready," Paulisper, dum se uxor (ut fit) comparat, commoratus est.

Our proverb, "Fortune favors the brave," is a literal translation of Terence's Fortes fortuna adiuvat. Ovid gives the idea in different form, Audentes forsque deusque

iuvat — Both fortune and heaven help them that dare.

Terence also gives us, Dictum sapienti sat est - "A word to the wise is sufficient," and Abi cito ac suspende te, — Go right away and hang yourself.

Appius Claudius Caecus, censor in 312 B. C., who not only built the Appian aqueduct and began the Appian Way, but also was the father of artistic Latin prose and verse, is said to have written, perhaps for the encouragement of Roman youth of his day, Est unus quisque faber ipse suae fortunae — " Every man is the architect of his own fortune."

"Twixt the cup and the lip there's many a slip," is a translation of a Greek proverb given by the Latin scrap book writer Aulus Gellius, who quotes the Latin form from a speech of old Cato, the censor of 184, B.C., Inter os atque offam multa intervenire possunt. 'Twixt the mouth and the morsel many things can intervene.

"Eat, drink, and be merry," of St. Luke's gospel (12:19), appeared in Plautus, more than two centuries before that gospel was written, in the form, Es, bibe, animo obsequere.

Plautus was a writer of comedies, in which he used the familiar language of everyday life. Even slang was not excluded, although much that sounds like slang to us may not have seemed so to a Roman. The following line has a modern flavor, Lassitudinem hercle verba tua mihi addunt, Gracious, your talk makes me tired. Indeed, we may well agree with Terence when he says, Nullum est iam dictum quod non sit dictum prius, There's no longer anything said which hasn't been said before, or "There's nothing new under the sun."

Doubtless Dr. John Fell, an Oxford prel-

ate of the time of Charles the Second, is less known to-day for his "Paraphrase and Annotations upon the Epistles of St. Paul" than for Tom Brown's famous epigram,—

> "I do not like you, Dr. Fell, The reason why, I cannot tell; But this I know, and know full well, I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

Even this clever skit is only a paraphrase from the Latin poet Martial, who wrote about 100 A. D.,

Non amo te, Sabidi. nec possum dicere quare, Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

To come down to our own times, amusing modern renderings have been made in Latin of familiar English rhymes. Who has not learned in childhood days,

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are; Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky."

This has been turned into Latin as follows:—

Mica, mica, parva stella, Miror quaenam sis tam bella, Splendens eminus in iilo, Alba velut gemma, caelo. *

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;

When the devil got well, a devil a saint was he,"

was cleverly translated a few years ago by a writer in a Catholic paper printed in Latin,

Aegrotans Satanas sanctos comitare cupivit; At validus, "Sancti, vos valeatis," ait,

which may be given literally as follows: Satan being sick desired to go with the saints; but when he got strong, "Saints, fare ye well," said he.

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son," will be readily recognized in

Johannes, Johannes, tibicine natus, Fugit permeiter porcum furatus; Sed porcus voratus. Johannes delatus. Et plorans per vias est fur flagellatus A rendering of the classic Mother Goose rhyme,

"Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle,"

which I made in an idle hour some two years ago, shall bring this olio to a close:—

Tara lara, tara la, Felis atque cithara. Vacca super lunam ibat; Ut haec vidit, adridebat Canis parvus; rapiebat Cocleare patera.

MAURICE W. MATHER.

OUT OF THE GATE OF IVORY.

The ocean liner was still three days from land when an important change was noticed. The sailors ceased their imprecations and the voyagers were less arrogant about the fare. A general air of peace and gentility settled over the ship. When we reached port it was only to discover that the millenium had commenced. There was no time to be lost in satisfying my curiosity and seeing and enjoying those idealisms which had been brought out. I visited first an ideal school.

It was with unmitigated delight that I approached the house of instruction. As I drew near there were no scraps of paper or apple residues, cakes, doughnuts or other species of stomach destroyers covering the ground. The lawn lay green, refreshed after a vernal shower, without a single winding footpath to mar its beauty. As I entered the school-room not an eye was raised to stare and gaze at me. Each pupil was studiously concentrated on his books. Not a girl giggled or a boy winked at this break in the monotony. Nor was there a perceptible decline in decorum towards the rear of the room.

The teacher arose and said, not vindictively, that there would be a short test.

^{*} This translation and that of the two Mother Goose rhymes at the end of this article, are to be read like English poetry, with the rhythm depending on accent and not, as in classical Latin, on the quantity of the syllable.

The remark was greeted by a look of approbation on every beaming countenance. There was not a doubtful face or dissenting murmur nor an inimical glance shot at the teacher. They all worked faithfully and independently, so that the papers were quickly handed in and the recitation was begun. No apologies for lack of time or forgetfulnenss! No incomplete or incorrect replies! Nor were there any egotistical demonstrations of pretended omniscience. No marking book was necessary, for each one knew his lesson entirely without correction, criticism or addition. The teacher did not cavil once, but praised one and all warmly for their energy and diligence. The work was soon finished and they began slowly and sorrowfully to depart for home.

Suddenly there steals over my tranquil spirit an indefinable sense of drowsiness mingled with an intuition of returning consciousness. Noises reverberate and the thunder mutters its distant warning. With unusual fortitude I arouse myself to hear a vigorous thumping at the door, accompanied by a brief vocal summons to the breakfast table.

ARTHUR C. FROST, '05.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO.,

..Dry Goods and Small Mares..

POST OFFICE BLOCK, ARLINGTON, MASS.

Our Customers—

bring their prescriptions to us, because they know we do prescription work exactly right.

H. F. DERBY DRUG COMPANY,

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

HAVE YOUR BICYCLE REPAIRED AT

-Wetherbee Bros.

480 Mass. Avenue, Arlington. Telephone Connection.

HOW THE GLASS FLOWERS CAME TO HARVARD.

One of the most interesting collections in this part of the world is the glass flowers in the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge.

Some years ago the wife and daughter of the late Dr. Charles E. Ware wished to make a gift to Harvard University in memory of Dr. Ware, who was much interested in the botanical department. They consulted Dr. Goodale, who was at the head of this department, as to what gift would be acceptable. Dr. Goodale had heard of two men in Germany who made glass models of marine animals which were sold to zo-ological museums. He thought that if models of flowers of the same material could be made, it would be an interesting collection. Soon after, when he visited Germany, he went to the home of the Blaschkas. Leopold Blaschka and his son Rudolph lived in the village of Hosterwitz. Dr. Goodale tried to make a contract with these men to make flowers for Harvard College, but they refused to do so, as they had made several contracts before which had not proved satisfactory to them. As Dr. Goodale was leaving, he saw an orchid on the table. He was attracted by its beauty and inquired where they had found it. They said that they made When Dr. Goodale heard this he said, "If you made that, you must make some for Harvard College." He refused to leave until they would try the experiment of making a contract.

The first box of flowers that came to America were unpacked at the Custom House to be examined. They were very fragile and not being properly repacked, were bits of broken glass when they came to the college. Since that time the Government allows them to pass without being opened. The flowers are packed in pasteboard boxes filled with crushed tissue paper around the specimens. These boxes are placed in a strong pine box which, cov-

ered by a thick mass of elastic straw, is enveloped in cloth.

The founder of this art was Leopold Blaschka, who was born in Germany, 1822. When his son Rudolph was through with his scientific studies, he was admitted into the business with his father.

The plants, with the exception of certain of the axial parts, which are made of wire, are made of some kind of glass. The collection is based on the study of living plants. The flowers are intended to illustrate the typical forms of vegetation in America. An American garden around the Blaschka house supplies them with North American plants, while from the royal garden of Pilnits they get specimens of the vegetation of Central and South America.

In 1890 a contract was made on their own terms to supply Harvard with flowers for ten years, sending two cases a year. Leopold Blaschka died in 1895. His son

gives all his time and skill to the production of selected specimens for the Un versity. He does not employ any assistants. as the work cannot be taught to any one. All of his work is done by him alone, and he only has the knowledge and the skill required to make these specimens. When he dies, their manufacture will cease. Dr. Goodale is the only one who has been allowed to see the work going on Owing to the fact that Rudolph Blasch's does this himself without aissistance, since his father's death, the number of specimens received each year is less than half what it was before. The number of specimens received up to date is six hundred and eighty-five. The number of magnified sections, parts, etc., three thousand.

In 1862 a small collection of orchids which had been made by the Blaschkas came into the possession of the Natural History rooms at Liege, Belgium. Many years ago, however, these were unfortunately destroyed by fire, so that the collection at Cambridge is the only one of its kind in the world.

RACHEL NORTON, 06.

The LITCHFIELD STUDIO

The Litchfield Studio idea is to make photographs that are not only Portraits but Pictures.

FROM

\$3.00 PER DOZEN

то

\$50.00 FOR ONE.

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER

1900, 1901, 1902

W. E. MARSHALL. A. GRANT.

MALLITT,

Practical hair Dresser,

444 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

Compound Quinine Hair Tonic

A PERFECT TONIC AND DRESSING
Prepared by

O. W. WHITTEMORE,

Massachusetts Avenue, ARLINGTON.

ARLINGTON SEA FOOD MARKET,

M. F. EMERY, Prop.

Telephone, 56-5.

Hay and Grain

Coal and Wood

CLARK BROS.

Lime and Cement

Hair and Laths

TRIALS OF THE UNSOPHISTICATED.

Country people are said to do strange things on coming to the city. A certain farmer and his wife went to a large city and remained there overnight in a hotel. Now neither were accustomed to "modern conveniences." Accordingly they were much perplexed when they read among the rules and regulations, "Don't blow out the gas," and just below it, "Extra charge made for gas used after twelve o'clock." The wife was especially indignant. She declared that if she was'nt so tired she would get right out of a place where they were not allowed to blow out the gas and yet had to pay for burning it after twelve.

Another thing puzzled the two. It was stated plainly in the rules to press the button three times and the water would come. This they did, holding a pitcher beneath the button to catch the water. No drop was forthcoming. Instead there was a knock at the door, and the bell-boy appeared with the desired water. The couple do not understand yet why one thing is printed and another meant.

EVELYN M. WARREN, '04.

ADVERTISING IN MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

How many readers of the magazines and newspapers stop even to glance at the advertisements, much less to read any of them? Yet many are very interesting, some instructive, and without them the papers could not exist.

The increase has been very great in recent years, for business men, desirous of making known their goods to the public, have found this to be a most effective way. Along with the increase has come a development which is more marked in the large advertisements than in the small ads. of real estate, wants, amusements, and so on.

It is this development of the large advertisements of which I am going to speak.

Formerly it was considered enough simply to announce the goods and describe their good qualities. But the number of advertisements has so increased that among all, each individual one is unnoticed by most readers, therefore enterprising advertisers endeavor now to attract attention by presenting unique advertisements. This competition has led to development in advertising as it does in everything else.

The advertising now might be divided into three classes: The first, those of plain description; the second, those which attract attention in other simple ways than by plain description; the third, those which present interesting anecdotes and apply them to the advertised article.

The first class are dry reading and attract the attention only of those directly interested, as the announcements of bargains at fire sales, clearance sales and markdown sales are read only by those wishing to know where to find the greatest bargains.

To the second class belong the advertisements giving a few details, with an appropriate illustration or something else which will draw attention,—the recommendations of noted people, those written in the same form as news, and inverted ones. These forms are not so effective as might be desired, although some are much more so than others. The recommendations are so boastful that they deserve to be slighted. The progressive American cannot stop to turn a paper upside down just to read an advertisement, but the illustrated ones are often very good, as when an interesting picture is given with an appropriate motto.

These illustrated advertisements and those of the third class, require a trained person to devise them so that they will be pleasing and expressive, but not overbearing. Schools, teaching through the mails usually, have been established for training

people in writing the most effective advertisements. These schools have done much toward the development of advertising, as is shown in the third class of advertisements. Incidents or characters in history and literature are spoken of or an appropriate illustration given, sometimes both, and applied to the advertised articles, or reading matter which is interesting and which only mentions the advertised goods are the forms in which this developed class are presented. They are so attractive that they catch the eye and so interesting or instructive that one is almost compelled to read them.

The following examples show the difference between the old and the new forms of giving advertisements. One firm tells how good their teas and coffees are, how much they are used, how many medals they have been awarded and other such dry facts, perhaps with an illustration. Another company tells about the incident of Wendall Phillips speaking to a large audience which suddenly became so tumultuous that his voice could not be heard except by those around him. Instead of stopping, the great orator calmly pointed to the reporters and said, "While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million people." As that message reached the people through the newspapers, so does the good news of such a brand of teas spread over the country. There can be no doubt as to which one of these is more likely to be read. Another ingenious kind of advertisement is a short rhyme telling about the good qualities of the advertised article. One company is inserting a series of verses describing the life of "Jim Dumps," who became "Sunny Jim" on using their product. Here is one of them:—

"Jim Dumps ne'er mingled with the throng Who turned their tables to ping pong.
Full oft he watched with gloomy eye
As they the supper hour passed by.
For "Force" was the one game for him;
"T was that which made him 'Sunny Jim.'"

Such an advertisement as this kindles a desire to taste the magic food which "Jim Dumps" would rather eat than play ping pong.

An important part in advertising is played by illustrations, which, in the cases of the simple forms are usually of the article in question, but, in the developed, are artistic, plain or comical, according to the nature of the advertisement. The illustrations require even more talent than the reading matter to make them attractive.

If this development continues, advertisements will present, instead of simple facts, interesting anecdotes which will be amusing as well as instructive. The writers, after exhausting all known incidents, will perhaps begin to investigate the lives of great people with the primary motive of obtaining advertising material, but, what will be

WOOD BROS.

ARLINGTON and BOSTON ... Express

Parcel Delivery, Baggage Transfer, General Expressing and Teaming.

Furniture and Pianos Packed, Moved and Stored.

Telephone 1417 Main. 520 Oxford. 423-6 Arlington.

Main Office, 6 Mill Street, ARLINGTON.

Ring us up, to carry your Baggage to and from the depot. THREE TRIPS TO BOSTON DAILY.

Coffee

We are agents for Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees and Teas.
Call and get a sample if you are not quite satisfied with the goods you are using.

WM. WHYTAL & SON, ARLINGTON. Mass

C. a. Grossmith,

Mass. Avenue, cor. Mystic St., Arlington.

TRY OUR COUGH MIXTURES 1 NO 2 For Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis.

Hot and Cold Soda, Ice Cream Soda with Crushed Fruit in the season. Prescriptions a specialty. Registered man always in attendance.

of greater importance to the world, will bring to light many things about their lives hitherto unknown.

The method of obtaining advertisements for papers of national reputation has also changed. Formerly each paper had its own advertising men as newspapers have now. The greater part of the contracts now are obtained by firms called "Advertising Agencies" which place the advertisements in papers they think will give best results, receiving a commission from the paper instead of from the advertiser. Each magazine still has a few men who solicit for advertisements which appear in other papers but not their own.

Most of the receipts of a paper come from its advertising and hence the advertising manager receives a larger salary than the editor. The receipts from advertising in one of the popular monthlies will amount to over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the present year, or between sixty and seventy thousand per issue. Some single contracts for a year are between ten and twenty thousand dollars.

As a result of the large income from their advertising, the magazine editors can well afford to buy first-class writings and so raise the standard of their magazines, and newspaper editors are enabled to have a larger staff of reporters and so obtain all the more news.

CLIFFORD GREY '03.

MOTHER GOOSE.

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the moon The little dog laughed to see such sport, And the dish ran away with the spoon."

How many, many little lips have repeated these lines and many others quite as familiar and dear! We call them "Mother

Goose's Melodies"—but why? Because she wrote them? Oh no, she did not write them, although had it not been for her the boys and girls of to-day would probably never have heard of "Old Mother Hubbard," and "Little Jack Horner," and "Jack Spratt and his wife," and the rest.

Very little is known of Mother Goose's life. She was born in Boston, we know, and her grave is in the Old Granary Burying Grounds. Her name was Elizabeth Foster, and when Boston was a little village only thirty years old, she married Isaac Vertigoose, a wealthy Boston man. The Vertigoose or Vergoose family owned a great deal of property in Boston and lived in the vicinity of Copp's Hill and Hanover street, and boasted to have come from aristocratic stock in Bristol, England. But the home of Mother Goose was on the corner of Washington street and Temple place, where her husband owned a house and lot.

But it is after the death of her grandson, the son of her daughter Elizabeth and Thomas Fleet, that Mother Goose comes into prominence. She was devotedly attached to the child; so much so that she would never allow him out of her sight, and could barely tolerate his mother's presence in the nursery. Hour after hour she would spend singing to the little boy the nonsense rhymes which we know so well and which she had probably learned in her childhood.

This would have been very pleasing had she possessed a sweet voice, but alas, her notes were harsh and discordant, and she became the nuisance of the neighborhood.

Especially did her singing disturb her son-in-law, whose printing house was just down the street and who could plainly hear every word. He tried every device possible to make her stop, he ridiculed her in public and in private and even told her that she was the laughing stock of the neighborhood, but to no purpose, for she only sang and laughed the louder.

At last he thought of something which he thought might shame her and also make a little money for himself, so he began to listen more carefully to her ditties, until finally he had collected them all, and in 1719 a book was published, called "Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, in his printing house, Pudding Lane (now Devonshire street), 1719. Price 2 coppers." On the title page was a picture of a goose, with a long neck and wide open mouth.

This rude jest angered Mother Goose at first, as was quite natural, but she soon recovered her habitual good humor and sang on as happily as ever.

As he had expected, Fleet made a good many coppers out of this scheme, but he little thought that this unkind deed by which he intended to shame his good mother-in-law, would make her far more famous than he himself would ever become, for thousands and thousands of people, who never heard of Thomas Fleet, printer, have known and loved from their infancy,—dear Old Mother Goose.

Louise McConney, '05.



J. HENRY HARTWELL & SON, Undertakers.

Medford Street, Arlington.

Telephone Connection

The Best Place to buy

..CÓNFECTIÓNERY..

is at the

THE THREE CLASS-PINS.

The Seniors consider their pins are quite right, With triangle shape, made of gold which is bright,

And red letters also that they think are fine; I'm willing to wager the thing's worth a dime.

The pins of the Juniors are best of the lot, With dull yellow gold; in the midst a blue spot; The most artistic class-pin that you'd care to see; They cost us, I've no doubt, the most of the three.

Now the Sophmore class think they've outdone the rest;

Of all the class-pins their's surely is best. The color is green, characteristic you know,— In fact, the whole thing's more or less of a show.

The Freshmen, poor darlings, have not got their's yet,

But just hear them cry, "When we do you can bet

The rest of you will not be in it at all,— Just wait and see ours," is their signal call.

EVELYN M. WARREN '04.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An unexpected invitation from the Young Men's League of the Heights to play a basket ball game with them has hurried the forming of a basket-ball team from among the A. H. S. boys. The first game was to be played March 14, but at the time the CLARION went to the printer, we did not know the result. Undoubtedly, however, our boys will do credit to our school, as all our teams do. The Association voted to allow the team to take the name of the school, but to give it no financial support. The team consists now of Gott, captain; Livingstone, right forward; Dunbar and Boulcott, left back; Hill, right back; Kelley and Cushman, left forward.

P. S.—The game was won by our team, twelve to ten.

It is said that one of the pleasant features of the Senior Social will be the singing of the Glee Club.



After much persuasion, the managers of the Interpreparatory Hockey League decided to put up a new cup this year, and to give the permanent possession of the other cup to Arlington High, which has won it for five of the eight years since it was first offered. In a very clear and concise speech about the history of the cup, Manager James Allen, of the hockey team, presented it to the school.

At a recent meeting of the Association, it was voted to present the members and manager of the base-ball and hockey teams with caps bearing the emblem of the team. Also it was voted to allow the managers of the different teams the privilege of wearing an "A."

Owing to his many duties, Albert W. Hilliard, '04, resigned the captaincy of the hockey team and Fred H. Viets, Jr., '03, was elected to fill the vacancy. Under the efficient coaching of Hilliard and Viets, the team progressed rapidly and won all the practice games with one exception. In the league series, however, the game with Mechanic Arts High school was lost by a score of one to nothing. This is the first league game Arlington High has lost since

the game of hockey was substituted for that of polo, and this defeat cost us the cup for this year. The game with Watertown High was won by A. H. S., 10 to 1; Ballou and Hobigand forfeited their game; and the game with Roxbury High was not played. In awarding the caps, the captain and manager took into consideration the willingness of each candidate to follow out the advice given him, as well as his playing ability. The following received the caps and the privilege of wearing an "A": James Allen, manager; forwards, Fred H. Viets, Jr., (captain), J. Clifford Gray, Norman L. Cushman and Alexander Livingstone; cover point, Albert W. Hilliard; point, Patrick Kelley; goal, Phillip Taylor.

Frank A. Ewart, '03, has been appointed manager of the base-ball team and has already arranged some fifteen games, including such teams as Rindge Manual Training School, Boston Latin, Volkman School, Hyde Park High and Thayer Academy.

The first of March the candidates for the base-ball team were called out and about fifteen are practicing daily in the basement, under the direction of Mr. Holt and Captain Hilliard.

Our Short Cut to Success is a Price Cut.

Central Dry Goods Co., 477 Mass. Avenue.

Med Windows

Would be pleased to see his friends and patrons at his new office, 12 P. O. Building, Mass. Avenue, Arlington. Formerly 458 Mass. Ave.

Hours—Tuesdays and Thursdays 9 to 6. Other days 9 to 8. Special Appoinments. Telephone.





THLETICS



On Friday evening, February 27th, the Athletic Association gave an entertainment in Town Hall to raise funds to carry on the athletics for the remainder of the season. The Elmwood Male Quartette, of Boston, assisted by Miss Roselth Adams Knapp, Reader and Impersonator, and Miss A. Gertrude MacDonald, Pianist, presented the following programme, delighting the large audience by their exceptional ability, and being obliged to respond to many encores.

PROGRAMME.

- Quartet—Come O'er the Sea Bullard
- Baritone Solo-The Wandering Knight, Mr. Daniels. Eldridge
- Reading—Trying the Rose Act, Josiah Allen's Wife MISS KNAPP.
- . Macy Ouartet-Loch Lomond 1
- Reading-Selected MRS. KNAPP.

- 6 Quartet -- Old Folks at Home, Foster--Macy
 - Whistling Solo-Selected Mr. Shirreff
- Quartet Jenk's Vegetable Compound, Macy
- Reading—An Irish Mother, Monologue by Elene Foster MISS KNAPP.
- 10 Quartet-Love's Old Sweet Song, Arr. by Shattuck

After the entertainment many participated in dancing to the familiar strains of Custer's Orchestra. At present the amount of the proceeds is uncertain, but it is expected that about \$80 will be realized as our share in the proceeds. The committee in charge of the entertainment consisted of Fred H. Vista, Jr., (chairman), James Allen, Frank A. Ewart, Albert W. Hilliard and J. Clifford Gray.

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SCHOOL LOCALS



Class of 1903.

We trust those who attended our dance have not forgotten the good time it afforded them. It was pronounced by all present a great succees socially and, our treasurer adds, financially also.

A pupil under instruction in physics, when struck by the instructor with a question concerning the effect on light when it struck a mirror, was struck dumb. destruction is not uncommon.

Heard in geometry: "Please state those compli (e) ments again. I didn't understand them."

"An antiquary is-eh-one who-eh-knows eh-about any old thing." Did he hesitate about using slang?

This is a wonderful age. Some of us are living backwards, at least in the realm of translation.

We are informed that "Falkland Island" is two hundred and fifty miles from somewhere. Figures never lie, but the geography of the earth!

Good bye, Burkie, we must leave you, Though it breaks our hearts to go; Something tells us you'll be needed In the next class to bring woe.

Don't be frightened if you see some members of our class with rather distorted mouths. It's nothing serious. They are just being initiated into one of nature's secret societies, the Bo Tani Cala.

The solid geometry class would like to find some means to make it plain to them. Solid geometry cannot very well be plane.

Although we find it rather difficult to recall the events of past history, we have the satisfaction that we will not have to study the complicated affairs of to-day.

French translation: -

"Il repassait tout son repertoire dans sa te te."

"He stuck his repertoire through his

head" He must have been trying to use it for a hat-pin.

Why is it that one member of the Greek class is impressed with the phrase, " Woman is very fickle?"

> A Junior's Valentine To the Girl I've never met.

Why have I never met thee, Girl with the auburn hair, With the strawberry blond complexion, And the lips which I'd like to share?

Your cheeks are red as cherries, Your eyes with true love beam; But, alas, when th' alarm clock wakes me I find you're only a dream.

Sight translation: —

"Il s'attendait a vour ses convives fort deconcertes.

"He expected to see his wives very disconcerted.

The man must have been a Mormon.

Soure of us seem to be under the impression that Sir Roger de Coverley was a king.

Members of the Greek class are requested not to get excited when giving Greek syntax, and express their own feelinstead of the last forms.

Evidently our Latin oral prose book was composed some time ago, for one sentence reads: "If you use force, you will not succeed."

One member of the English class startles us with the announcement that the CLARION was first published in 1711.

Class of 1905.

We are told by good authority that Venus lost her arms while trying to button her shirtwaist at the back.

Some of us have had remarkable adventures with ghosts, according to our themes.

History Teacher—"What can you say about Philip the Fifth?"

(referring to 168 B. C.) Pupil — "He's dead now, I think."

One Sophomore helping another on translation: "Suis civibus daturos pœnas." "Poems were inflicted on their fellow citi-

Geometry Teacher — "Suppose we got it so small that you could not see it."

Pupil, quickly — "Oh, yes, I see that."

The Romans, we are told, made pastures out of the peasant's houses.

They must have been wooded pastures.

We learn that five-fourths of a cow's milk is water. The statement seems extravagant, but we conclude that the cow is a well cow and must have been born in the spring, and also that the "Beef Trust" deals in "watered stock."

Is it any wonder that some of us looked puzzled when the teacher told us not to talk above a whisper.

We read that a Roman land-owner might have 125 acres of land for each one of his sons, if they did not exceed 1000 in all. After careful consideration we must conclude that the 1000 refers to the acres, still we may be mistaken.

Class Notes — 1906.

A new definition of apostrophe is: The direct address to the absent as if they were present, and to the living as if they were dead!

Latin Pupil (translating). The next day Ariovistus sent part of his "supplies" to storm Cæsar's camp, and at the setting of the sun led back his "supplies" into camp.

When asked what word was derived from the Latin "odi," a brilliant pupil replied, " O Dear."

After the decease of Walter Scott, said one of the class, his "Executors" came to search for his will.

A scholar reciting in Mythology, said that Diana threw a tumbler of water at Actaon, proving that tumblers, though perhaps not finger-bowls, were in use at that early period.

It is thought by a member of the class a black-jack is a peasant's jacket.

Scott says that as near as he can remember, he was born August 15, 1771. He must have had a wonderful memory.

Teacher — "Scott speaks of a very hard experience he had when he was taken to his father's house at the age of eight years. What was it?"

Scholar — " He was married."

The class officers elected for the ensuing year are:

Lottie Tufts, President. William Bott, Vice President. Harold Rogers, Secretary. Helen Hornblower, Treasurer,

Juno wished to torment Io, so she sent a gadfly which swam through the ocean.

We culled the following doggerel from the waste basket:-

I know her to speak to, but not by sight; Don't interrupt me, I think I am right; I've talked with her many, many a time When I knew her body was miles from mine. By the curl of the lip and the glance of your eye, You are thinking good sense has passed me by; And yet, lest your brain becomes all of a whirl, Remember, I speak of the telephone girl.

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EXCHANGES



We have noticed in several of our exchanges, a growing habit of using a few letters of the name and a dash in making local hits on different pupils. What is the use of bringing in names? Some of the allusions are far from complimentary, and are likely to generate hard feelings. If the "hit" has any point and is at all clear. there is no need of the name. If, on the contrary, it is so dull and void of point that it needs the name, is it worth putting in the school paper?

Teacher — "How dare you swear before me!"

Pupil - How did I know that you wanted to swear first?"

The February number of the Item is a very good one, and the paper itself is well put together.

> Little drops of water. Little drops of paint, Make a lady's freckles Look as if they aint.

The new exchanges for this year will be found in Room A, after the publication of this number of the Clarion. Many of our exchanges, lately, have been objecting to the publication of jokes from other papers in the exchange column. They hold

that the exchange column should be used solely as a means of friendly criticism and advice to other papers. Although an exchange column of jokes alone is undoubtedly a bad thing, the judicious mixture of a few good jokes with the comments on other papers, to our mind, makes the reading more interesting to all parties concerned, and adds spice to an otherwise dry subject.

"Here's where I lose a little ground," said the tramp, as he stepped into the bath tub.

A Salem street sign: "Bernstein & Cohen, Imported Skins."

The Fram, on the whole, presents an attractive appearance, but would be improved by the addition of a few more short stories.

Could not the Sigma be printed on more substantial paper? Thanks for the compliment, Sigma!

He — "Sad about Mrs. De Swell. died this morning while trying on a new dress."

She — "You don't say! What was it trimmed with?"

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The *Mercury* for February has a number of very attractive illustrated headings for its different departments. It would be well if more school papers followed the *Mercury's* example.

Teacher — "Do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

Pupil — "Sure, pull its tail."

"Are those colors fast?" she asked the new clerk. "Yes indeed madam. Vou ought to see them when they start to run."

"Schoolboy Philosophy" in the E. II. S. Record contains a number of bright and telling truths.

"For mercy's sake, don't you ever think? What's your head for?"

"Oh, just to keep my collar from slipping off."

It's the little things that tell — especially the little brothers and sisters.

Teacher — "Correct this sentence: The horse he kicked at me."

Senior — "The equine animal thrust out his pedal extremity boisterously at me."

"The 'Little' Beltraffi," in the Latin and High School Review is an extremely interesting story. This paper's idea of offering prizes for the best story passed in for publication, is a very effective one.

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Two Wall-street brokers named Uriah Cachem and Irving Skinem, put out the following sign: —

"Cachem and Skinem."

This was awkward, so they added their first initials, and the sign then read:—

"U. Cachem and I. Skinem."

Query — Did they improve matters?

The Jabberwork for February has some interesting articles in it, especially one entitled "Little Brothers."

Dog-gone Funny — A certain young man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage, went to the butcher's shop to find out what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher is reported to have been so affected that he could only give him a part of the tale.

"I suppose I ought not to take up people's time," said the pickpocket, as he hooked another watch.

The arrangement of the February Mercurr on the whole is excellent, though the proper place for its editorials is at the beginning of the paper.

There is a man who owns a dog,
One of those "high-toned" towsers.
That is so well bred and nice, 'tis said
He never pants, but trowsers.

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Vol. VII.

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EDITORIAL



HE school year is drawing near to its close. The time has come for some of us to leave the Arlington High School behind us and to enter into the bigger scool where stern mistress Experience is teacher. Some of us are going to another institution of learning to college, perhaps, or to Normal School. Yet more of us will come back here again in the fall, refreshed by the long summer vacation, ready to enter into the pleasant, busy schoollife and ready, too, to do our best for ourselves, our class, and our school.

HE gift of the class of 1904 is well worth a corner of the school. It is generally admitted to be one of the finest works of art in our building. Myon's Discobolus, for the manly strength and

intellectual power shown in the finely developed muscles and well-shaped head and features, occupies a place of its own among the famous statues of the world, The Juniors are fortunate in having a president whose concise and well-worded speech made the presentation a pleasure to the school.

INCE the last edition of the CLARION the class of 1903 has performed the pleasant duty which has been handed down from each succeeding Senior class. Every social we attend seems more entertaining than the previous one, yet, perhaps it is only the glamour of present pleasure. From Miss Yerrinton's delightful piano solo to the last encore of the Glee Club Quartet. the affair was thoroughly enjoyable. We congratulate the Seniors and assure them that their social was very successful and will long be remembered.

been brought out and again the girls are saying to each other, "Going to the game this afternoon?" They have attended the games very regularly this year, in spite of the team's misfortunes which have lowered, somewhat, the record made in previous years. However, the season is not yet over and perhaps the cruel fates have been appeased and will allow the other games to be played without collisions either with the ball or another player.

E understand that the Glee Club succeeded in holding up the good name of the school at Billerica, though disabled by the absence of two of the three first tenors. The dance afterward is reported to have been very pleasant.

AST November the CLARION Board voted to become a member of the Interscholastic Press Association. The purpose of the organization was to better amateur journalism in the schools. It is certainly a laudable idea, but much lack of interest is shown, though many of the best school papers in this vicinity joined. Two or more of the delegates from the CLARION have gone to the majority of these meetings. Since the last election of the CLARION Board, however, the meetings have been of very little importance and we do not consider that the CLARION was much improved by its connection with the Association. We hope that next year more interest will be aroused.

HE oratorio "The Creation," presented by the Somerville English High School, reflected great credit both on the music teacher and the chorus, which included about six hundred pupils.

We hope that the school realized a large sum from the concert, as the money is to be used in purchasing pictures and statues, we understand.

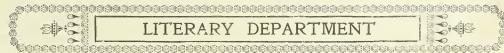
URING last year much was said in favor of illustrating the CLARION. It is an excellent idea and we are very glad to begin the work in this issue. Mr. Michelson's artistic work will be a great addition to the paper, we feel sure.

HE importance of the Glee Club doings is so great that we have decided to devote one page entirely to it. Probably it will not be the least interesting part of the paper.

RADUATION is the talk of the day and soon we shall be saying, "Good-by, Seniors" and "Welcome, Freshmen." It is hard to see the classes go, to see new faces where there have been familiar ones, but in three years the class of 1907 will be feeling the same way as it moves to the back of Room A and tries to be "all that a Senior class should be." The world is moving and we must move with it.

HEN we returned from the Easter vacation we learned with regret that Miss Roberts would not be with us because of illness. We feel that we have been fortunate in having as a substitute Mrs. Hardy, who taught English here a few years ago.

T Reading, where our first out-of-town game was played, we received far better treatment than is usually accorded a visiting team and its supporters. It is to be hoped that everyone will see that the Reading people have a pleasant reception if they come here. The pitcher's work did much to gain the victory for us and he was well supported. May our next game on an out-of-town field be as pleasantly remembered!



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

South America has always been in my mind as one large jungle of tropical trees so matted and entwined with vines, and inhabited with such tremendous boa-constrictors, coiled about and hanging down from the trees, with crocodiles and alligators basking in the swampy places, that it was almost an impossibility and certainly with the risk of one's life to travel there. To this day I can see the picture in Warren's old geography entitled, "A South American Jungle," and much to my misfortune it made far more impression than the printed pages. Although I have read and heard much concerning Peru and Chili, I never associated them with being in South America, and when once in a while, I have seen the name "Argentine Republic" I never paused to locate it.

A short time ago I had the good fortune of hearing a gentleman who had recently returned from the Argentine Republic, telling some friends a few facts concerning the Republic. Immediately I was all attention, expecting to hear many terrible adventures that would help me in tracing out the misty places in my South American picture. And now, for fear, there might be an occasional one or two who, likewise, have a "jungle impression" of South America, I will "give peace to my conscience if not to my country" by relating a few of the facts.

Therefore, to begin in the proper manner I will give the boundaries. Although they have been constantly changing in the past, at present all disputes are guieted. It is situated in the extreme southern part of South America and is bounded on the west by Chili, on the south by Strait of Magellan, on the east by Atlantic Ocean, Brazil and Paraguay, on the north by Bolivia.

Excepting, always the United States, the Argentine Republic is the most progressive and advanced of American nations. It is equaled by no other nation in the Old World and none other in the New for enterprise and activity, and the magnitude of its commerce in proportion to its population is beyond comparison.

The climate is very delightful. Buenas Ayres which is on the central part of the eastern coast, is said to have the finest climate in the world. The mean temperature for summer is 72 degrees and for winter 52 degrees. In the southern part on the extensive plains or pampas the days are very warm, but the nights are so cool that they temper the heat of the days. There are really two seasons—the warm, from May to September—the cool—from October to May, and during the change from one to the other comes the prolonged rains.

The population is about four millions, a large per cent of which is made up of foreigners who have gone there to carry on extensive sheep and cattle raising and are making money to a degree that would satisfy even a Yankee.

The raising of sheep and cattle are the most extensive occupations. The vast plains covered with the tall pampas grass provide excellent pasturage for the herd. The manufacture of the well known "Leibeg's Beef Extract" is carried on here, and its warehouses, near Buenos Ayres, are the largest in the world. The raising and exporting of grain is also a very great industry.

The government closely resembles our own. The president is elected for six years by representatives from the fourteen provinces that make up the Republic. Their national bank law is modeled from ours.

The people for the last five years have been well educated, since the public school system was instituted, and already there are over three thousand elementary schools with a few universities and colleges.

There is a great deal of wealth throughout the Argentine Republic. Indeed, even the poorest laborer receives from two to four dollars per day. All hotel rates are from six to twelve dollars per day, and the gentleman remarked that they were far from being "Waldorf Astorias." The people in the cities live with great show and luxury.

Our intercourse with the Argentine Republic is not nearly as frequent or extensive as its intercourse with Europe. We have two lines running irregularly from New York and Baltimore. Our commerce with it is also small at present. Before the Civil War it was quite large but through neglect during the War we lost it.

Buenos Ayres the capital and chief city of the Republic (also called the Paris of America) is situated near the mouth of the large La Plata river. Its extreme shallowness was a great disadvantage for many years, as it necessitated loading and unloading all the ships by means of "lighters" that ran from the ships to the shore. This has just been remedied by the building of many enormous wharves. Buenos Ayres is considered the most modern city in America, more so than Chicago or Minneapolis. It is laid out in numerous large squares which give it a look of grandeur, although the streets are narrow allowing room for only one car-track. They are, indeed, ahead of us in one particular for they have many women conductors. There are many magnificent buildings, the Government House, President's residence and Cathedral are the most striking. The people in the city dress very richly and, girls, just think, the fashions arrive there from Paris three months before we get them.

So, instead of making my jungle picture more vivid I must change it for one of a great metropolis ever growing, changing and improving with the times.

SEMIRA E. BARKER, '03.

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In the city of Hamilton our company had a large gas plant with which we supplied Hamilton with gas well up to the standard required by the law. Our neighbor however, the city of Ames, had no gas plant, and as we had been doing a very profitable business in Hamilton, we concluded to seek a franchise from our neighbor, but we were greatly taken back when we found that an influential man of Ames was also seeking a franchise for the same purpose. As we wanted to increase our business in this direction, however, we determined to play our trumps accordingly.

I was selected to carry the affair through and at once decided upon a plan of action. I determined to win over the majority of the members of the Common Council to my side and then keep them away from my opponent as long as I could.

First I hired an office in Ames and then I secured a hearing for about two weeks later. Next I sent a private note to three members of the council and requested them to meet me at ten o'clock the next morning at my office. Promptly at eleven they arrived and I welcomed them cordially. We had a pleasant chat for half an hour and I told them finally, when I thought that they were in about the right frame of mind, that I had a fine farm about seventy miles up country on which there were plenty of wild ducks and rabbits and also a few deer; also that I had plenty of ammunition and asked them if they would like to spend a couple of weeks there as I was not going to visit it until warmer weather. Then I said, offhand, that there was a small private cellar and I gave one of my friends the key, saying that it was a fine place on a warm day. I told them that on the day of my hearing my private carriage would await them at the railroad station to convey them direct to the This was a precaution to keep them from falling into my opponent's hands. They gladly consented to go and I soon saw them safely off.

So far my plans had worked to perfection and I had only one fear. One of these three men was an old Irishman and I was afraid he would let the secret out when he returned.

The evening of the hearing at last arrived and the large hall was packed to the doors, but my three council men had not appeared and I was beginning to be very uneasy when I heard a commotion at the door and looking around saw my three friends coming in the door. As soon as the Irishman saw me he rushed up none too steadily and said in a loud voice, "Mr. Barnes but your'e a foine man and I've got a brace of the foinest ducks you ever saw, for you, and that wine was "-he said no more, but smacked his lips and unconsciously placed his hand on his hip where I noticed a slight protuberance which I suspected contained some of my best Maderia, but I said nothing, for it was for a good cause.

The hearing began and I had my hands full replying to my opponent's lawyer and I was beginning to feel pretty sure of success, when suddenly my hopes were badly shaken again by hearing the Irishman say, after I had made a reply to my opponent which created quite a commotion, that he would vote for that man whatever happened, and then I saw him slyly take a swallow from that mysterious bottle on his hip. For three hours we had an oral duel and then a vote was taken by the Councilmen which resulted with three votes for myself and two for my opponent. When the result was known the Irishman, who was pretty nearly over the bay by this time, went nearly wild with delight and came rushing up to me, followed by his two colleagues, and began to congratulate me upon my success, but I had other business just then.

Before the hearing I had had a copy of the franchise type-written, all ready for the signature of the Mayor, and I hurried up to him and said, in a pleasant manner, that as the franchise had been granted, and as I was very anxious to begin laying pipes to provide plenty of gas for the following winter, would be please sign it at once. He consented and began looking for a pen, but I had one all ready for the emergency and he signed his name. No words can tell my satisfaction as I saw him write his name on the franchise, and he had hardly finished when my opponent's lawyer came rushing up and, beginning to make objections to the Mayor, asked him not to sign the franchise for a few days. I turned around to him, however, and in a very quieting voice I said, " My friend you are one minute too late. I do not like to disappoint you, but the Mayor has just signed my franchise." He stopped and gazed at it a moment and then without a word he turned and hurried away in a great rage.

The next morning our men began laying the pipes from our gas plant and soon Ames was well supplied with good gas at reasonable rates. It is needless to say that the Irishman and his two colleagues were my firm supporters in any move I made, and although, when I returned to my farm, I found a large share of my best wine gone, I never regretted the loss.

FRED MEAD, '05.

A WARSHIP COMMUNITY.

What few facts I know about this subject, I gleaned from a marine one Friday afternoon a year ago last summer. And this is how it happened.

Reading, one night, in the evening paper that the battleship Massachusetts was anchored in the upper harbor between the North and South Ferries and was open for visitors until five o'clock, I made up my mind to visit her the next afternoon. So I found myself, about two o'clock the next afternoon, climbing up the stairway which leads up the ship's side.

On reaching the deck, the first person I saw was a marine leaning idly over the side, watching a launch that was full of provisions which some sailors were stowing away in the ship's pantry, or whatever they call the room which holds the provisions on a ship. As the marine, whom I mentioned before, was a pleasant looking fellow, I asked whom those provisions were intended for. The marine, whose looks did not belie his disposition, proceeded to explain to me that that "grub," as he called it, was intended for the ward room mess. On my remarking that "Uncle Sam" provided pretty good food for his officers, he laughed a little and said that "Uncle Sam" didn't buy it, for the officers had to buy their own food out of their salary. "The one that does the buying," he continued, "is

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A. C. LaBREQUE,

Railroad Crossing.

called the caterer and is chosen by the officers from among their own number, and it goes rather hard with him if he does not provide a good mess for a dollar a day. Once a month the caterer presents his bill. They also have separate caterers for the wine and cigar mess."

"However," he went on, "although the officers buy their own food, they have it served in style by Japanese ward room boys, who are paid by the Government. These Japs have a great fondness for the names Matsuma and Yamato, but are always called 'William,' just as on shore a small boy is always addressed as 'Johnny' or 'Bub.' During target practice 'William' is putting powder into the ammunition hoists and at fire drill is holding the nozzle of a hose-pipe or bringing hammocks to throw on the flames to smother them."

"These hammocks," he replied, when I questioned him, "are the sailors' beds.

They are made of an oblong piece of strong canvas, fitted with eye-holes at the ends. Through these eye-holes are passed small ropes, the ends of which are tied to a ring. When the sailor wishes to go to bed he unfolds his hammock and hangs it by these rings to hammock hooks screwed in the beams under the decks. During the day all these hammocks are lashed to the side of the ship and covered with tarpaulin and there they stay until night, when they are served out again. In the meantime, if a sailor wants a nap while off duty, he must find a soft spot on a steel battle hatch or on the floor of an oily alley down between decks. But the officers have a soft bed in their state-rooms, where they can go for a nap if they wish.

While the common sailor has only a hammock for a bed, he has his food bought and paid for by "Uncle Sam," who allows thirty cents a day for each sailor. The duty of

A Gift...



OF A PHOTOGRAPH LACKING ARTISTIC MERIT IS AS POOR TASTE AS TO TALK ABOUT ONES SELF.



Photographs that almost speak

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ZEPP'S DANDRUFF CURE

seeing that 'Jack' gets his meals falls on the cook and the pay-master. But the greater of these is the cook, for the pay-master has only to buy the food, while the cook has to make it go far enough. For if the cook cannot make a week's provision last a week, then the crew must go hungry."

I was by this time quite surprised that he should take enough interest to explain all this to me, and the only reason I can give is that he saw that I was very much interested and the rest is explained by the fact that an interested listener almost always makes a willing talker.

However, even if I was a bit surprised, he kept on and said that the meals provided by the cook were served on hanging tables hung from the deck beams. "They are served," he said, "in enameled plates, with iron knives, forks and spoons. Half an hour is allowed for each meal and twenty minutes for cleaning up afterwards. This cleaning up is well done, for 'Jimmy Legs,' as he is called from his ceaseless prowling examines every corner, and woe to him who has slighted his work."

"As for us marines," he said, "we are a separate community, for we eat and sleep apart from the seamen. Our duty is that of policemen, as it is we who stand guard to see that Jack does not misbehave himself. Thus it is only natural that the sailors do not like us and this dislike is expressed by the saying, 'A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a marine.' The one thing we have in common is the ship's barber, or barbers, if it is a large vessel. The barber shop is a seat on the mess-bench; the utensils for shaving, a razor, some soap and

a tin cup of very cold water. The razor is carried by the heavy hand of an enlisted man who never knew how to hold one before he came on board ship. Of course when I said the barber was the only person we had in common, I left the doctor out of account, for while it is not compulsory to go to the barber, we do sometimes have to go to the doctor.

But the fact that both sailors and marines are sick sometimes, does not make them any more friendly. The only thing that has even a remote tendency to do so is the post-office. It is a marine who acts as post-orderly, the functionary who carries the mail to the post-office and brings it back."

He was going on to tell me a lot more interesting information, when he was called by an officer and detailed for some duty or other and thus I was left to my own devices which took the form of strolling through the ship, examining everything I saw until it was five o'clock and time to leave.

HORACE HOLT, '03.

A FOXY ESCAPE.

(A TRUE STORY.)

It was at the end of a long walk one fine afternoon of last spring that we first came across the subject of this story. We were watching some crows from a little knoll when the sharp eye of my companion discovered a moving form in the valley below. With the exclamation, "There's a fox!" he dashed off in pursuit. The fox sat down and calmly inspected what she evidently considered as two lunatics tearing across the field, but soon she started off at a gentle trot, looking around now and then to enjoy the spectacle arranged for her special benefit. She soon remembered, however, that she had business elsewhere, and consequent-

Coffee

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ly there was a brown streak in the atmosphere and, "Good-bye, fox!" Hot and tired we started for home and five minutes later met Mrs. Fox seated among her young at the mouth of her burrow. A startled glance at us and a fleeting vision of five pairs of hind feet was the result. We marked down the hole and the next morning at 1.45 (a. m., not p. m.) we two left home with a young naturalist, well equipped with all the tools necessary to dig out the foxes. We reached the burrow at half-past two in time to be greeted by a bark of defiance from an early-rising little scoundrel of a fox

puppy.

Now we poor deluded mortals imagined it to be a matter of two or three hours at most to unearth the foxes, so we started in with a vim. Our first notion of a fox hole was soon rudely shattered, for instead of being two feet deep it was at least three feet and one half. The sun soon began to push its red disc over the horizon and to dispel the morning haze. If I had been a poet I no doubt would have addressed an extemporaneous ballad of some twenty stanzas to the bright orb of light, but, as it was, the only thing the sun suggested to me was the grossly materialistic thought of the farmers' awakening and the speedy evacuation by us of the premises. We worked desperately, but the more we dug the more we found the thoughful fox had provided for us to dig. About five o'clock the naturalist broke a long silence with, "Phew! This is mighty hard work!" A grunt from each of us in reply. Another long silence and then, "Say, is this hole endless?" No reply this time. About half-past six the poor fellow who was not used to hard work grew suddenly tender hearted and remarked, "It is cruel to disturb these unprotected animals in their peaceful sylvan haunts." This idiotic sentence roused my other companion who said witheringly, "Oh, do shut up! This hole looks as if they were unprotected, doesn't it!" At eight o'clock, when we had dug about sixty feet with no sign of an end, we

agreed that the naturalist and I should stay and work while the third man went home to his breakfast and to bring us ours. He was hardly out of sight when we who remained looked in each other's eyes and reading what was there contained, blocked up the hole with shovels and calmly fell asleep. A boot rudley introduced to my attention awoke me with a start, to see a rough looking farmer standing over me. I turned to my companion for help but he, in an ecstacy of fear, had crouched down farther in his coat, pretending to be still asleep. As the fellow was only a farm laborer he was soon pacified and he left with a warning to "look out for the boss."

Our companion soon came back, and didn't that breakfast taste good! The poor naturalist was a wreck, his hands were covered with blisters, his back, he said, was nearly broken and he had hardly enough ambition left to lift his shovel. At halfpast eleven we were nearing the end. The hole went down to a depth of nearly five feet. There was room for only one man to dig now, and so the naturalist and I left the trench to our companion who, we said, looked as if he needed exercise. We leaned over the worker in expectation, for now bones and dry leaves began to appear in abundance, a sure sign that the final nest was near. The day was bright, and silence reigned everywhere; nothing was to be heard but the dull thud of the pick, when a wild yell broke from the naturalist. We looked up and saw a horse and buggy with two men in it coming for us at full speed. There was a swift plunge for our coats and tools, a wild scramble up a hill at 45°, a tumble over a stone wall that happened to be in the way, in fact a general stampede, and the bright May sun shone serenely down on a quiet field, deserted by all save a horse and buggy with two startled faces turned up the hill, while over all came sharp and clear the triumphant bark of a fox.

George M. Dwelley, '04.

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The Glee Club has an open date June 21.

One of its many recent engagements was at Billerica, April 17, when the Club sang at the High School social held in the Town Hall and gave the following selections:—The Foresters; The Boy and the Apple Tree; The Jolliest Boys alive; Honey, I want you now; and the School Song.

The Club's first appearance in public this spring was at the vaudeville, March 5th and 6th, given by the Lend-a-Hand Clubs in the Town Hall.

On Friday, March 27, the Senior Class gave its social in Cotting Hall. The Club was pressed into service and showed great improvement over its first appearance. A novelty was introduced in the way of a quartet selected from the Club.

The Club wishes to express its deep appreciation of the time and energy which the Misses Weeks have contributed towards its welfare. It also extends a vote of thanks to Miss Perry.

The original Glee Club disbanded by common consent to give way to a more solid and better organized body meeting held a few days ago it was voted to have a commission to bring into the next meeting the form for a constitution and bylaws to be accepted by the Club after due deliberation. The following members were delegated to do the preliminary work: H. Viets, M. Bodenstein, James Allen. Thursday, April 30, a meeting was held, when the good work was started, and from the good done at that meeting it is felt that the constitution and by-laws of the Arlington High School Glee Club will indeed be impregnable.

Friday evening, Apr. 24, the Glee Club with their lady friends were invited to a ladies' night by the Misses Weeks. A dainty program of grey and red, on the

front of which was the opening phrase of the School Song, scheduled the following numbers:—

a Prelude, Bach
b Gigue, Miss Mabel Perry
Reading Enoch Arden
Miss Agnes Robertson
With piano accompaniment by Mr.F. Butterfield

The evening closed with delicate refreshments and a few selections by the Glee Club. Needless to say that with such a fine program and the unbounded hospitality of the hostesses, the evening was most enjoyable.

The first meeting of the new organization was held for the purpose of electing officers. The nominating committee were Ewart, Gott and Bodenstein. James Allen was chosen president, Horace Holt, secretary, Howard Viets, treasurer.

THE CHARGE OF THE QUARTET.

(AND THEIR RETREAT.)

Half a note, half a note, Half a note onward, All in a different key Singing, they blunder'd. Dazed are the whole quartet Trying their pitch to get, All in a different key Singing, they blunder'd.

Forth came another note, Much like a billy goat. Sung by the bass alone, Tenors had sunder'd. All four looked so dismay'd, All four devoutly prayed, All four wished they were dead, Some one had blundered.

Laughter to right of them, Langhter to left of them, Langhter in front of them, Volley'd and thunder'd. Onward the whole quartet, Trio, and then duet, Solos in different keys, Sadly they'd sunder'd.

Slowly their notes did fade,
Notes that could ne'er be played,
O such close harmony!
All the world wonder'd.
Back go this noble four,
Back till they reach the door,
Back to the woods they go,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
EX-PRESIDENT



ATHLETICS



The base ball squad began its out-door practice about the first of April, under the direction of Mr. Holt and Captain Hilliard. The following candidates have been retained on the squad and are being given a thorough try-out: Infield, Hilliard, Allen, F. Viets, Banks, Kelley, H. Viets, Holt and Gott; in the outfield, Hendrick, Gott, Holt, Hicks, Livingstone and Mowll.

Cambridge Latin 15, Arlington High 4.

Friday, April 10th, the first game was played on Lawrence Field and resulted in defeat for us. Numerous errors and inability to hit the ball cost us the game. In the early part of the game third baseman Allen sprained his ankle, but pluckily finished out the game. Hilliard on first took everything that came his way, while Taylor at short easily excelled for the Latin school. The score:-

Innings 123456789 Cambridge Latin . 1 0 3 1 1 1 5 3 0-15 Arlington H. S. . 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 - 4

Hits, Arlington 5, Cambridge Latin 8. Earned runs, Arlington 3, Cambridge Latin 5. Errors, Arlington 12, Cambridge Latin 5.

Tuesday, April 14th, the second game was played with Volkmann School of Boston. A serious accident in the sixth inning

put an end to the game. Kelley and H. Viets came together while running for a foul fly and both were severely injured. By mutual agreement the captains of the two teams decided that the six innings which had been played should not be called a game. At the time of the accident the score was 12 to 6 in our favor.

Because of the accidents of players in the first two games, it was deemed best to cancel the game scheduled for April 17th with Rindge Manual Training School and that of April 21st with Watertown High school.

Winchester High 20, Arlington High 6.

On Thursday, April 23, Winchester High visitied Arlington and for the first time in years A. H. S. lost in base ball to Winchester. As in the first game, poor fielding and weak stick work on the part of Arlington brought defeat.

Arlington High 25, Hyde Park High 22.

Arlington High won its first game Saturday, April 25th, from Hyde Park High by the above score. Two pitchers were knocked out of the box for Hyde Park, and the third was only a slight improvement, 21 hits being made by the A. H. S. boys, with

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a total of 26. For seven innings Holt pitched well, only 6 hits being made by Hyde Park, but because of the length of the game, he let up in the last two innings. The most sensational feature of the game was the catch by Hendrick of a long fly to deep left field in the ninth inning. Hendrick and Hicks did well, both at the bat and in the field, while Bates excelled for the visiting team. The score:—

Innings . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Arlington . . . 2 0 3 7 5 4 2 2 —25
Hyde Park . . . 5 2 3 1 0 1 2 1 7—22 Runs earned, Arlington 13, Hyde Park 3. Hits. Arlington 21, Hyde Park 10. Errors, Arlington 11, Hyde Park 5.

Waltham High 10, Arlington High 3.

On Tuesday, April 28th, we lost to Waltham High through errors at critical points in the game. Waltham won by superior playing in the field and with the stick. F. and H. Viets did well for the home team, while L. Taylor and Griffin put up a good game for the Waltham team. The score:—

. . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Waltham . . . 1 0 3 0 4 2 0 0 0—10
Arlingion . . . 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0— 3
Hits, Arlington 4, Waltham 12. Earned
runs, Arlington 2, Waltham 6. Errors, Arlington 7, Waltham 2.

Cambridge High 17, Arlington High 14.

Friday, May 1st, we again met defeat. In the fifth inning we led 12 to 10, but were unable to keep our opponents from scoring seven runs to our two in the last four innings. The batting of the home team was strong, Kelly making three doubles. Grebenstein did well for the Cambridge The score:-

Innings . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Cambridge . . . 5 1 0 4 0 3 0 2 2—17 Arlington . . . 0 1 3 4 4 0 0 0 2—11 . 0 1 3 4 4 0 0 0 2-14

Runs earned, Arlington 9, Cambridge 8. Hits, Arlington 13, Cambridge 9. Errors, Arlington 10, Cambridge 5

Medford High 9, Arlington High 2.

Medford High defeated Arlington High May 5th, by the above score. The game was close and exciting until the fifth inning, when errors began to pile up, as the ball became slippery and hard to hold. Gott pitched a good game, and Banks did fine work at short stop. For Medford Montgomery played well. The game was called at the end of the sixth inning on account of the rain. The score:—

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 Medford 0 1 0 1 3 4— 9
Arlington 0 2 0 0 0 — 2
Base hits, Medford 10, Arlington 5. Er-

rors, Medford 5. Arlington 7. Earned runs, Arlington 1, Medford 6.

Although our defeats so far have been more numerous than our victories, still we have not lost courage. Victory is, of course, more gratifying than defeat, still, much can be learned from the latter, and we hope and trust that our boys are profiting by their mistakes. The team wishes to thank the pupils for their interest in the games and hopes that it will continue.

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SCHOOL LOCALS



CLASS of 1903.

It seems but a short time ago that we were just beginning our High school career and now we are about to end it. We shall always look back with pleasure on these happy hours, when we, free from the cares of life, enjoyed the benefits of a training so useful in after years. We have tried to do our part in supporting and promoting school life and here bid farewell to the CLARION, wishing it continued prosperity.

We extend our congratulations to the Juniors on their choice of so fine a gift as that which they have just bestowed on our school and also to their president for the becoming and inspiring words with which he presented it.

Queen Elizabeth was a remarkable woman and many radical changes were made during her reign, but, for all that, we doubt if she was the father of Henry VIII.

The popular demand of "something for nothing" is satisfied in the case of a pupil sent from the room for "doing nothing.

> "All that glistens is not gold, Often have you heard that told:"

Is an extract from the teachings of the apostle Shakespeare, whose connection with the Bible has just been affirmed by one of our number.

One of the maidens of our class admits that members of her sex may be spoken of as fair, but they should never be called

Perhaps some are wearing glasses to protect their eyes, for we sometimes hear, "Scratch out your 'i."

It is an encouragement to learn, at a time when we are barred from a glimpse of the sun for almost a week, that he is the primary source of all energy on this little planet. As life continues, we know that he is still in his customary place and diffusing his wonderful power.

The French class—especially the girls are very anxious to know when it is best to omit "pas." "Grammar" has her advice to give, when she is consulted, but often it is optional.

When in doubt, say "metaphor."

A Senior naturally expresses his thoughts in a most learned and dignified manner. One says, "The clouds let fall the water," while another speaks of "aqueous vapor which has been condensed."

Many yarns have been spun about the mythological characters but we never before heard of the Fates spinning yarn, much less the varn of life.

Our social came off to our entire satisfaction and, we hope, to that of our guests also.

Since heat expands, we shall expect our brains to enlarge in the hot summer days coming and then how easy it will be to

You, Juniors, must know that Seniors are aware of imitation,

But, if the German Club you join, beware of initiation.

CLASS of 1904.

"There was an old city named Carthage," sounds more like an extract from Mother Goose, than from Vergil.

Tchetchenges!

Only a few cases of night-mare have resulted from perusing "The Ancient Mari-

Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemiliamus Africanus. Luckily only a few of our old Roman friends have such lengthy names.

Our gift is a great addition to our school and we feel very proud of it.

Avernus vivus in fuga comprehenditur.

The Avernian was seen on the run, alive!

Pendant l'absence de sa coeur, Jean prit les aeillets:-

Another wonderful discovery in the scientific world!

"Zeus the Preserver."

What's that about Jean D'Arc going to see the Dolphin?

Teacher—Don't you know the constellations.

Scholar—No, I'm not up on the constellations.

Farewell, Seniors.

Greek translation:—
He wished to dine the child. On him?

We are proud to say that Mr. Michelson who has so kindly illustrated our paper this month is a former member of our class.

In the good old autumn-time,
In the good old autumn-time,
Sitting in the Seniors' seats,
Oh, won't it be sublime.
We'll hold our books,
And they'll hold us?
And that's a very good sign,
That we will be the Seniors, then,
In the good old autumn-time.

Class of 1905.

Some of us seem to have the power of going to sleep with our eyes open.

French teacher—"What is the word for often?"

Pupil — "Saepe."

A member of the history class informs us that the chief study of the Greeks was English grammar.

May inattentive pupils profit by the notice, "learn to he(a)re," which lately appeared on the board.

The following French translation caused some smiling—"And she struck another match."

Can any one inform a member of the Theme class what part of the school apparatus the switch is?

JOHN C. WAAGE,

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TELEPHONE connection.

Some of us are sadly mixed as to the difference between an eelipse and ellipse.

It is said that a certain king being tired sat down in his lap. He must have been an acrobat.

Our most classical exclamation is "O dear me."

Because the ancients believed that the Torrid Zone was uninhabitable, need we call it the "Horrid Zone?"

Class of 1906.

Mythology tells us that Charon refused ferriage across the Acheron unless the passenger carried an obolus beneath the tongue. A student says, in recitation, that Charon demanded an "obelisk." Obelisks must have been fashioned in miniature during those days.

In the translation of the following passage from Caesar (Vicus in valle postus est) the words "in valle" were "in a ditch," a singular place in which to found a village.

We are told that in the Argonautic expedition Jason consulted the oaks, as an oracle, relative to the success of his trip. The oracle told him to cut off the limbs of the oak as a figure head for his ship. A pupil, in reciting the above, said that Jason was ordered to cut off one of his own limbs. If this version were correct, it seems to us that the whole voyage would have been hin dered, and Jason, if in his right mind, would hardly have visited the oracle a second time or he would ultimately have been without a single limb for any adventure.

The class of 'o6 rarely makes a mistake, So few are the notes we have to take If we keep on thus through Sopomore year, You'll have nothing to read and naught to fear. Through Junior and Senior years we'll grind, And have naught but "H's" for 'o7 to find.

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EXCHANGES



Why are some of the school papers giving up their exchange column? Do they think it too much work to sustain one or do they think it a useless department that takes up valuable space? To our mind the exchange column is helpful to all the school papers and a decided necessity. It shows them their condition and standing in the eyes of a disinterested outsider, points out their faults and praises their good points. Without it the school paper would soon deteriorate, and would be bounded by the limits of its school walls, parrowing its line of vision with every edition and gradually getting into a humdrum rut of commonplace boredom which would eventually cause its downfall. The exchange column forms a bond of fellowship between the schools which nothing else in the paper could form, and in every way helps their amateur journalism. Consequently we say: The exchange column forever!

Science and Craft comes to us from Chicago as a new exchange. We are glad to receive, it as it is very well gotten up.

"Now boys," said the principal, "what shall I talk about?"

"Talk about a minute," said the bad boy of the school.

The Usonian for April is very fortunate in its contributors, for it is full of bright short stories which amuse and interest the reader. This paper's makeup is very good and its shape original as well as convenient.

"Now do you understand?" shouted the professor, as he hurled an ink stand at the exasperating student.

"I think I have an inkling," responded

the bespattered student.

The Winchester High School Recorder is one of our best exchanges and is always welcome. "Lame Patsy," in the March edition, is an interesting sketch.

"I have a few more points to touch upon," said the tramp, as he escaped the dog by climbing the barbwire fence.

"What is your husband's income now?"

inquired her mother.

"Well," replied the long suffering wife, "its usually anywhere between 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning."

Several exchanges have severely censured this paper for its arrangement of its advertisements. Can they not understand that our arrangement of our advertisements is an essentially business-like one? We put the advertisements where they will do some good to the advertiser and will return him something for his money. While crowding all the advertisements in the last two or

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comes from good materials skillfully combined. We use the best of every-thing. Whenever it is possible to im-prove a drink we do it.

H. F. DERBY DRUG CO., ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Cor. Mass, and Park Ave's,

three pages is, perhaps, better for the general ensemble of the paper, is it fair to the advertiser? Emphatically, no!

"Glendale vs. Fairview," in the Fram for April, is an exciting story. The change in size of the paper is a great improvement in the Fram and makes it a much more desirable exchange.

Farmer—"See here boy, what are you doing up that apple tree?"

Kid—" Can't you see nothing? One of yer apples fell off the tree an' I'm tying it on again."

The April Argus is well put together and has a number of interesting short stories well worth reading.

King—?—?—"Did the murderer keep cool when he went to the block?"

Prime Minister—" No. he completely lost his head."

The March edition of the E. H. S. Record is, as usual, bright and interesting. "True Worth; Where it was Found," is cleverly written.

He smoked the deadly cigarette,
This youth of tender years;
And for aught we know, he's smoking yet,
Beyond the vale of tears.

TAKE NOTICE GIRLS.

A man is like a kerosene lamp,
He isn't especially bright;
He's often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

The Mercury for April is an extremely good exchange. Its editorial and literary departments are interesting and its cover is very unique.

Burglar to accomplice—"Screw up your courage Bill; we'll get nailed if we don't bolt."

The whole makeup of the Blue Stocking for April, a new exchange from Columbus, Ohio, is artistic and its literary department is good. "The Path the Calf Made" is an amusing little poem.

He put his arm around her waist And the color left her cheek, But upon the shoulder of his coat It showed up for a week.

If you want to kiss a girl in a quiet place, avoid her mouth.

"I saw a capital thing in your pamphlet the other day," said a cynic. "Indeed," said the delighted author, "what was it?" "A pound of butter," was the cruel reply.

The Jabberwock for April is, as usual, very good. "Tatia," a tale of early Rome, concluded in this number, is an interesting story. It would improve the paper if the size of the sheets was decreased and the number increased.

What killed Julius Cæsar? Too many Roman punches.

The Debater from Wakefield is to be condoled on the temporary loss of its exchange editor. Don't join the ranks of those who have dropped the exchange column, however, Debater. For a new paper you are a very good one.

"Tony's Way," in the Oracle, makes a very bright story in a very bright issue. The exchange editor "hits hard" in some places, perhaps too hard, though we do not know the merits of the case.

He—"Why are you so angry with the doctor?"

She—"When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue."

The latest number of the Radiator is up to its usual standard of excellence. In all its departments it is indeed a model for school papers.

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THE CLARION

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EDITORIAL



THE CLARION again welcomes its readers after the long summer vacation. Everyone is ready now to take up the work of the year. The school building is looking its best and its surroundings are in the same condition, the lawn, green and velvety and the maple-trees to the south brilliant in all the beautiful autumn tints. The weather, too, is making our first two months at school very pleasant, not too warm to study and not too cold to have out-door recesses. We are quite ready for Thanksgiving, now.

Now that it is nearly the last of October we feel that we are in our proper places and that the school year is fairly begun. Two years ago we noticed this remark among the editorials of The Clarion, "'02, is trying to be all that a Senior class should be." In college it is the alternate classes who are on the most friendly terms, the Sophomores looking to the Seniors for advice, the Juniors protecting the Freshmen. So we of 1904, who were Sophomores two years ago, echo the words of that Senior class and say that we, too, will try to be all that a Senior class should be.

The increasing size of the succeeding classes has necessitated a great many changes both in programme and in the seating arrangement of the classes. Room A is no longer dignified by the presence of both Juniors and Seniors, but is shared by a part of the Sophomores and the Seniors. The Juniors are rejoicing in a room where they are all together and all alone. Happy Juniors! The Freshmen are in two divisions, as usual, one meeting in Room 3, the other in Room 1 with the rest of the Sophomores. We are becoming used to the new order, however, and are beginning to feel at home again.

We deeply regret the loss of our former teachers, but welcome the new ones with much pleasure. We hope that they will all be glad that they have come to Arlington.

"If you value the world simply for what you get out of it, be assured that the world will, in turn, estimate your value to it by what it can get out of you. Such a man may have followers in prosperity, but not in adversity." This speech of President Hadley's to Yale's graduating class last year seems applicable to school life as well as to that of the world. It has the same idea as the old saying, "To give is more blessed than to receive." Excellent words to remember, but very hard indeed to live up to.

In last May's "Success" was an illustrated article entitled "Great Magazines and Their Editors." Among the twenty-four pictures given there was but one of a woman, and she was the editor of a fashion magazine. Can anyone tell why the exception has proved the rule in many High School papers?

The Sophomores, we understand, are in the midst of selecting class pins. We hope theirs will prove as satisfactory to them as ours have to us.

The subject brought up by Mr. Host concerning the abuse of the eyes, the first of the term, is one of which too much cannot be made. A little care now and one of the most valuable things in the world may be saved for us—our eyesight. If that is impaired we shall be caused great inconvenience, annoyance and pain during all our lifetime.

Certainly everything is being done to lessen the perils encountered by those

who climb the Alps. Recently, telephones have been placed in the relici stations scattered among the peaks. Travelers lost in the storms often succeed in reaching one of these and find, in addition to food and warmth, a means of communicating with the monastery, from which help is quickly brought.

For several years it has been the custom to hold recitals in the hall on certain mornings in the week. This has proved a very interesting and pleasant practice. Last year, especially, they were very entertaining, much being due to the efforts of Miss Perry and Miss Yerrinton. This year, we hope, the Senior committee in charge of the matter will meet with as great success. The increasing numbers in the school should mean that there are a greater number of pupils able and willing to help. Let no one allow an undue amount of modesty to stand in the way of pleasing the rest of the school.

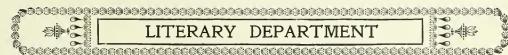
The whole school unites in thanking Mr. Holt for his kindness in saving our ball-field for us. We will all do our best to help the Association in its efforts to pay the debt.

Although the foot-ball teams of the school cannot be cheered as we should like to cheer them, the base-ball and hockey teams will do enough excellent work to make up for all deficiencies.

We must again extend our thanks to Mr. Michelson for another illustration. It is very pleasant to have a former member of the school take such an active interest in school affairs.

It is rather a far cry to next March, but let us begin now to work hard for our concert and to do our best since its success will mean so much not only to the boys, but to the whole school as well.

We ask our readers to mention THE CLARION when replying to our advertisers.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



MY EXPERIENCE AS A REPORTER.

"Wherever is all that howling coming from?" I said to myself, as I wandered through the streets of a quiet little town Being a newspaper reporter I was naturally anxious for any excitement, so I hastened in the direction from which the sound came, and soon found myself on the bank of a swiftly-flowing, sullen-looking stream. Crowds of people clad in curious robes that looked like shrouds more than anything else were emitting the most heart-rending shrieks and groans at a boat-load of people who had just pushed off. The boatman stood in the midst, an ugly, grizzly old man, with matted hair and beard, scarred features, and knotted hands; and I heard him shout in no agree able tone to some inmate of the boat to "sit still" if he did not wish to go to the bottom. I judged from the condition of the vessel that they were likely to go there at any moment, for it looked all of a hundred years old.

This promised to be interesting, and might work up into a good story, so whipping out my note-book, I began to question my neighbors as to the whys and wherefores of their howling. learned that I was on the banks of the river Styx, and that all these people were dead and were waiting to be carried across to Hades. I certainly was not dead, so it was rather queer how I happened to be there, but then, I could think that out afterwards: just now I must get facts.

Presently some of my companions noticed that I was dressed a little differently from the rest, so they ceased their howling after Charon for a few moments, and began to shriek all sorts of questions at me -"Where I came from?" "What I knew?" and "Had I any money to pay

Charon with?" In answer to this last question I pulled out a dime, and when they saw it they all screamed, "That won't do, he won't take that." For a moment I was in despair, but go I must when Charon returned:—then I happened to remember an article on "old coins" I had written the preceding day just to "fill up," and turning out my pockets, I found among old Spanish, English, Roman and Greek coins, the required abol.

By this time Charon had returned, and the howling began anew, as they pushed and scrambled to get aboard. I had very little trouble in getting in, for it required no effort to push them aside,—indeed I could have walked right through them, had I not been afraid of hurting their feelings. Charon glared at me angrily as I stepped in, for the boat tipped away over with my weight, and had I not hastily got in the middle, would have capsized, for my companions weighed no more than so many flies.

At last we were off, leaving behind an ever-increasing shrieking, howling multitude. The boat strained and creaked in every timber, and several times seemed about to break into a thousand pieces, but before very long we reached the other side.

There we were met by another mob, who immediately seized upon me (I suppose I did look rather odd to them), and who, after making various comments on the cut of my beard, my hair-part, and my garments in general and in particular, began to rifle my pockets. One of them —a woman—seized my pocket comb and mirror; a sentimental-looking young man pounced upon a sketch of the pretty stenographer who works in the office; a grave, elderly man grabbed my letters and note-book, and began to read them; and a coquettish young maiden possessed herself of a box of mint jujubes, which I had bought on my way to work. All this was rather trying, for being a confirmed old bachelor, I am rather fussy,—but there was no help for it, so putting the best face possible on the matter, I calmly bore all comments and criticisms.

When they had finished their examination of me and my property, they informed me that I was to be brought before the judges and tried, and before I could in any way protest, they dragged me into a large hall, at one end of which was a platform, where stood the goddess of Justice, with bandaged eyes, having in her hand the balances, in which I was to be weighed, and mayhap "found wanting." Beside her were three stern-looking men, who I guessed to be Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, the judges of Hades.

After dragging me right up in front of the platform, my captors let go of me and scattered to different parts of the room, from whence they stood watching my every movement as if fearful I would escape them. When they had taken their places, one of the judges whom I recognized as Rhadamanthus, began to address me.—but alas! he spoke in Greek, and as I had never been very proficient in that language, it was hopeless for me to try to understand him. In fact, the only Greek I could recall at the moment was: "Dareiou kai Parusatidos gignontai paides duo"; but since it was not exactly appropriate, I decided not to say it. Then I began to meditate somewhat on the advisability "Parlez-vous of inquiring Français?" of him, but anything so light and frivolous as French was not in accordance with the dignity of so reverend and austere a man. At last, seeing that it was vain to endeavor to converse with me in Greek, after a short consultation with the other judges, Rhadamanthus dispatched a messenger, who returned almost immediately, bringing with him one

of my college class-mates, who had been editor of the joke department in a large magazine, and had died from overwork. Giving me a sly wink over his shoulder, he bowed low to Rhadamanthus, who immediately began to address him in Greek, which, by the way, seems to be the language universally spoken and understood by the people of Hades. Wilson replied in the same tongue, and after they had conversed some little time, he informed me that I was accused of being untruthful, to which I responded that that was part of my business, but since there was only one person in the room who understood English, that remark was wasted. But the trial went on, one witness after another was called up, and I recognized them as people who had been murdered, or drowned, or hanged, or had committed suicide, or mysteriously disappeared in the world from which I had come, and whose history and deeds I had written up in the "Daily News." It was evident from their excited gestures that they were accusing me of having over-drawn facts, or perhaps of expressing as facts some of my own ideas (one has to do that sometimes "to fill up," you know), but all I could understand were the questions asked me by Wilson, who acted as my interpreter.

At last all the witnesses—for and against me-had spoken, and Themis held out her scales in readiness. I began to tremble! How would it come out? Would the bad outweigh the good? held my breath! I had not been such a bad fellow, after all—vet—neither had I been such a good fellow. I shut my eves, not daring to look—a cold sweat broke over me, and I awoke with a gasp, to find invself clutching the bed-post with both hands in an agony of terror. had collected my scattered senses I recollected that I was not a reporter visiting Hades but only a member of the Arlington High School.

Louise McConney, '05.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

On visiting a cemetery we generally read the various inscriptions on different gravestones and find on the greater number, epitaphs resembling each other very closely in form, that is, giving first the name of the deceased, his family relations, date of birth, age, date of death, and underneath this a short religious poem. The Egyptian epitaphs which were written on the sarcophagi are the oldest that we have any record of. They give only the name and rank of the deceased and a prayer to one of their gods. The Greek and Roman inscriptions, from which our modern epitaphs are derived, are much more interesting. The Greek are the finest in the world. Leonidas after commemorating Crethon's wealth and power, ended with this reflec-

"This man Envied of all, now holds of all a span."

This theme has been used in the lines of Henry II.'s epitaph:

"To me, who thought the earth's extent too small,

Now eight poor feet, a narrow space, are all."

The theme has also been used in this mock inscription to Sir John Vanburh, who was an architect as well as a playwright:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he Laid many a heavy load on thee."

The ancient epitaph:

"Beneath this stone Acanthian Saon lies in holy sleep; the good man never dies."

also has its many modern variations.

The most famous epitaph in all literature, written by Shakespeare, implores that his bones shall remain undisturbed:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare To digg the dust enclosed heare. Bleste be ye man yt spares these stones, And curst be he yt moves my bones"

Even this is a mild echo of the terrible curses which Roman inscriptions frequently pronounced upon those who violated the sancity of the tomb.

Benjamin Franklin is buried beside his wife in Philadelphia, with nothing to mark

his grave but the inscription:

Benjamin and Deborah 1790 Franklin wrote the following famous epitaph when he was but 23 years of age:

"Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost
For it will [as he believed] appear once more
In a new
And more beautiful edition
corrected and amended

by The Author."

Many curious epitaphs have been found in the various cemeteries, the two following credited to one in Scotland:

"John Carnagie lies here
Descended from Adam and Eve
If any can boast of a pedigree higher
He will willingly give them leave."

and

"Here lies I, Martin Elgmbrodde Hae mercy on my soul, Lord God As I wad do were I Lord God And ye were Martin Elgmbrodde."

There are also curious epitaphs written which have the name changed in one line and corrected in the next in order to make the verse rhyme. The following inscription, which is a good example, can be found in the St. John's Church yard, Worcester:

"Underneath this ancient pew Lie the remains of Jonathan Blue His name was Black but that wouldn't do."

It is quite probable that persons having such short and simple epitaphs as:

"Here lie I and no wonder I'm dead For the wheel of a wagon went over my head."

or "Honest John" s dead and gone."

or "Thorp's corpse."

have read Dr. Johnson's essay on epitaphs in which he says that they should be very brief and simple.

Brevity is very strongly hinted at in this epitaph:

"Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved So very much is said; One-half will never be believed The other never read."

On several occasions prizes have been offered for epitaphs written to order, but those written for Bismark and Gen. Wolfe in this way failed. Sternhold Oakes offered

a prize for the best epitaph for his own grave but none were srtisfactory so he wrote for himself this epitaph for which he claimed the prize:

" Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes Who lived and died like other folks."

Intentional drolleries frequently take forms of puns. Among these should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote, of Norwich:

"Here lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save

For Death hath now one foot within the grave."

And the one on a Mr. Box:

"Here lies one Box within another The one of wood was very good We cannot say so much for t'other."

also the famous one of Sir John Strange:

" Here lies an honest lawyer That is Strange!"

Then there are also many epitaphs that are grossly personal and are unpardonable such as:

"Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard Who filled the half of this church yard " or one found in a church yard near Newmarket:

"Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton Who never did nought to vex one Not like the woman under the nexte stone."

The woman under the next stone was the the first wife of Thomas Sexton, this being his second.

Bulls are not at all infrequent on tombstones. The following are a few examples:

> "Here lie my two children dear One in Ireland and the other here."

which is credited to a grave yard in Oswego, N. Y., and

"Here lies John Hugley whose father and mother

Were drowned in their passage from America Had they both lived they would have been buried here."

and

"Here lies the body of John Mound Lost at sea and never found."

There are epitaphs which are written in a way that may be meant well enough or they may be intentionally satirical as

"Marie Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty yrs old, lived with her husband fifty yrs and died in the confident hope of a better life."

A great many number of these epitaphs are ridiculous, but why should we go outside of Arlington to find curious epitaphs. In one of our cemeteries is a stone bearing this inscription:

"Momento Mortem
In memory of
Mr Anmi Cutter
who died April 19, 1795
in the 62 yr of his age
He left 17 living children and 46 grandchildren."

Underneath this is written the verse:

"Suddenly called, His work was done Example speaks, tho' dead and gone. Think, mortal, then as you pass by As you are now so once was I, Remember that faith and holy love Repose the soul for joys above. As I am now so you may be Prepare for death and follow me."

Morgan Bodenstein, '03.

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A COUNTRY AUCTION.

Anyone who has lived near or in a large city generally finds many amusing as well as interesting things to draw his attention when he visits some real country town. If he goes into the country in winter there is the district school to visit, a recreation which he is apt to thoroughly enjoy, or perhaps he may be fortunate enough to be one of a party on an old-time sleigh-ride. But in the summer-time it seems to me that there is less to interest one, unless there is a chance to attend an auction or something of that sort. In my opinion one is well paid, even if it is necessary to walk two or three miles along a hot, dusty road, by the real enjoyment it affords one.

This summer I happened to be in the country while several auctions occurred and I took advantage of the opportunity to attend one.

The people came in all manner of vehicles from a nicely-upholstered carriage down to a rag-man's wagon; in fact, there were as many as three of the latter, loaded with old iron, rags and bottles drawn up in state before the front door, while their owners were in the back part of the grounds vieing with one another for feather-beds and such articles as they are likely to care for. The majority of the people, however, walked.

The articles to be sold were scattered about over the grounds in front of the house, and what there was not room for there, was put in the back yard. These articles were of a widely assorted character, varying from a sewing machine in fairly good condition, to a box of what a good many of us would call rubbish, including a large gong. There were featherbeds and carpet sweepers side by side, a spinning wheel and a hay-wagon, chairs with broken seats and chairs with broken backs, and so on, through the whole grounds. I hope, however, that no one will imagine that everything to be sold

was of this nature, for I do not mean to give anyone that impression. On the other hand, there were many pieces of old-fashioned furniture well worth the having if—one could only get them. But this was the main difficulty. Many people doubtless came with the purpose obuying some antique piece of furniture, which they desired very much, and that they might get it they would pay an exorbitant price for it, more than a new one would cost, and then repairs must be made.

I was most amused by the general spirit of the bidders, whose chief object seemed to be to bid on everything, whether they wanted it or not. One old man whose clothes looked much the worse for wear. and whose hat looked as if it might have one day been a foot-ball, after getting a quantity of broken crockery, was heard to remark, "I didn't want it, but then it's cheap." Sometimes there would be two old farmers bidding against one another for some farm implement, each determined to have it, and going higher and higher until one would finally get it by paying two or three times what a new one would cost. Then the two would cease bidding for a few minutes, while one brooded over his defeat, and the other quickly carried off his treasure to some hiding-place until he should go home.

When everything had been sold all seemed to regret it and moved away reluctantly, sorry that there was nothing more to bid on. Some gathered in little parties and waited, planning to attend one later in the week. Others went for wagons to convey their purchases home, while the ragmen drove off, two of them in high spirits, the third in the depths of woe—someone had stolen his cherished feather bed. I, too, started slówly homeward, sorry that the auction was over, but glad that I had been present.

MARION E. SHIRLEY, '04.

AN IMPROMPTU BALL GAME.

For several days in a field not far from the house where I spent several weeks of my vacation, we had watched with much interest nine young men making very awkward attempts at left-handed practice in base-ball. It excited some little curiosity, but no information could be gained from them further than that some day in the near future a base-ball game would take place in that field. Whom they were to play against we did not know.

At last we were told one morning that nine young ladies would, on that afternoon, play the nine young men in a game of base-ball. This announcement created much interest, with the result that by two o'clock on that afternoon almost everyone in the vicinity, and some even from the Cove, four miles away, were seated in merry groups around the field ready for an afternoon of fun, nor were they disappointed.

It was as informal a game of base-ball as I ever saw. The umpire had been previously chosen, and when all had arrived he stepped to his place and gave the familiar command of "play ball." When all were in their places he said that he would like to make one announcement, and he proceeded to say that the young ladies had kindly consented to play a game of base-ball, but to give them a fair chance in the game a handicap had been imposed upon the voung men. young man was to play left-handed, not only in batting, but also in pitching and The mystery of left-handed catching. practice was solved.

A lively game followed. Poor fellows! they had hard luck in judging the balls. They would see one coming and all they could do was to stick out their left hand to endeavor to stop it, but it was rarely more than an endeavor. Occasionally one would forget and make free use of his right hand and then came the forfeit to the girls of one base for every such

mistake. There was one young man who went to the bat time after time and made fine hits, getting home run after home run. This finally aroused some suspicion and the umpire called to him and politely inquired if he was left-handed. There was a general laugh from all over the field at his rather cheap reply of "yes," and during the rest of the game he played with his right hand and somehow or other failed to get another home run or even to first base.

Did the umpire cheat? Well, rather. He got many a call-down and was generally laughed at because he favored the girls, but he always stuck to his decisions and only said, "Oh give the girls a chance."

Despite the fact, however, that the pitcher of the girls' team was a splendid player, putting out many a man both on bases and at the bat, the left-handed handicap, and the cheating of the umpire in their favor, unfortunately the girls were beaten by a score of twenty-five to twenty-three. Not so bad though for girls, was it?

MABEL B. COOLIDGE, '05.

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WHY PETS WERE FORBIDDEN.

Tack Whitney was known throughout the school as the "Animal Trainer." Ever since his first day at Hadley he was never known to be without some pet a new breed of puppy or a very queer kind of snake. You could never open the door of his room without being rushed at by some vicious puppy or have his pet parrot call you names. But the last pet was the worst that Jack's friends had ever known. It was a goat—a brown and white goat-he could butt, kick and make queer noises in the night, but the greatest of his accomplishments was eating. He never could bear to leave off with tin cans or books; he ate your clothes and was fond of felt hats and umbrellas.

It was the first morning after the Christmas vacation and we had assembled for our first recitation. It was in Latin and the professor was very near-sighted. He called the roll. Everyone answered until he reached the name of Whitney. The professor looked closely at everyone in the class to make sure that Whitney was not there, for he had seen him on the street and knew he should be present. With a sigh he began the class and in a few moments forgot even the existence of Whitney. Soon steps were heard and that young gentleman strode bravely into class, wearing a smile as much as to say, "I have conquered that goat. He won't follow me again," but he was mistaken. Billy's head was soon stuck into the open door; he came in, crossed the room and sat down dangerously near the professor. Whitney knew that it was of no use to try and take him out, but when the professor stood back to Billy, his heart sank. Billy sniffed his coat-tails and in an instant was tearing down the hall with half of the professor's coat hanging from his mouth. No one but Whitney's chum ever knew what the professor said to lack, but from that time pets were forbidden at Hadley. Whitney raved for a while over the loss of poor Billy, but he always had the excuse that the goat hadn't had a single bit of cloth to eat since he destroyed Bicknell's raincoat, two whole weeks before.

MARION ROBINSON BROOKS, '06.



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WHEN THE GLEE CLUB SINGS.

Some time ago, -it was in March I ween,-A vaudeville at Arlington was seen Of local talent-tickets, thirty-five-The second night they planned to soon deprive You of an extra quarter for a dance; Of course you paid, unless you missed the chance. The show was scheduled to commence at eight: How soon it ended I shall now relate.

'Twas just 8.02 as I began to climb The stairs, with both my quarter and a dime, When suddenly there floated to my ear A sound that I could swear has had no peer. And then I heard the pushing back of chairs, I heard the people rushing for the stairs; I stood amazed, as down they came pell-mell, "Why! what's the matter?" I exclaimed, "Do tell!

They heeded not. They all rushed past like mad, Save one poor soul, and him to stop I bade; And said, "What are those sounds that drove you all

In headlong haste from seats, and from the hall?" Said he, "If you must know, then hold on tight; My friend, the High School Glee Club sings to-night."

EX-PRESIDENT.

This year the Glee Club enters upon its first season as a regularly organized body, with a constitution and a full complement of officers.

As yet, however, no meeting has been held this year. Of course this does not mean that the interest is dying out or that the officers pro-tem, are in any way negligent in regard to the interests of the body. Their reasons for this postponement are that as the weather remains unusually warm for this season, the members might find frequent rehearsals irksome; and that not having been asked to form a part of any programme among this winter's entertainments, they see no reason for beginning indoor work while the weather permits enjoyment out-ofdoors.

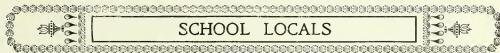
We say that we have received no invitations for the winter, but we have something of our own up our sleeves. Miss Weeks suggested to one of the members at the close of school last year that a series of lectures might be arranged if the club could secure the services of some of Arlington's musical talent. In these lectures the formation and growth of music might be studied. Together with this the club could take up songs which would illustrate the different growths. This would be both interesting and instructive and make the club a source of profit as well as pleasure.

The new heading which Mr. Michelson has drawn for the Athletic column, and which appears in this issue, makes us feel rather envious. However, we hold the honor of having the first illustrated heading ever placed in THE CLARION. Maybe we could sing better if a goddess-like head had been given the care of our destinies. Certainly the athletes ought to do well this year with such a fine introduction to their histories.

Although the club has lost many good voices through the graduation of last year's class, we have received the names of several new applicants for membership and more are expected. Until the election takes place the applicants may place their blanks in the hands of Howard Veits.

The club has open dates for any Friday or Saturday evening between the dates of November 12 and close of school next June. Apply early and avoid the rush.

Wanted: More tenors.



SCHOOL LOCALS



1904.

The class of '03 is greatly missed, but we are doing our best to take the place of our illustrious predecessors.

He threw his sword onto the ground studded with gold nails.

Keep off the sprigs of herb, it'll be green enough without you.

The day of the Freshmen class-meeting in Room A the jam reminded us of the subway.

French translation:-And now she is an angel.

Were dark lanterns in use in Shakespeare's time?

Some of us are lapsing into French and "know how to rire."

Here's success to our concert!

Ouery—What is the loss of weight of a wooden sphere in water?

Some of our Greek friends must have gone sleighing, for we learn they were tipped out.

Do you hear that din and clatter? Broken bones?—oh t'is no matter. T'is a throng that's wildly striving, Round about one object diving. What does cause this wreething, writhing? Culv Sophomores, pins deciding.

1905.

It seems strange to some of us to be "promoted" back into our old Freshman room.

We read that Cyrus sent gifts of halfeaten geese to his friends, requesting that they finish them.

What an economical person he must have been!

We are not surprised to see members of the astronomy class "star-gazing" even in school.

We consider it quite an honor to be given a room entirely to ourselves.

We are pleased to enroll several new members in our class.

Teacher: "Bon jour mademoiselle!" Pupil: "Oui."

Can anyone inform the members of the Greek class of the difference between a half-full and a half-empty jar of wine?

We await with interest the Sophomore's pins, which we are given to understand will eclipse all others.

A Junior query—If nothing can be said, can one say nothing?

Heard in the Latin class: "I took a little liberty with sis."

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1906.

The melancholy days have come, most strenuous of the year.

We gather round our well-thumbed books and shed a silent tear;

We sigh for field and woods, for hill and dale, which filled life's cup e'en to the brim

In lieu of the many twists and turns of the musty Grecian paradigm.

We've forded the stream and caught the trout,

Which lurked in the pool beyond the turn. Far better, I ween, than crossing with Cæsar, the ford,

To slaughter tribes and their villages burn:

But vacations and studies are each good in their place,

To wax strong the muscle, make brainy the race.

So blending the two, each with the other we'll mix

And perchance in the future, garner fame for 'o6.

We are glad to know that Lawrence Field will once more act as playground for our A. H. S. team, in which we are all so much interested.

"Suos interfici viderunt" was translated: "They saw themselves killed." A rather unusual sight.

There is something in the fitness of things—one of our class, not a pupil in Greek, hearing the relative declined, remarked on the appropriateness of "hos" and "ha" being placed side by side.

We learn in Physics that force is excrted in pushes and pulls. Why not have some with us when some one's influential "pull" is necessary.

Those of us who sit in Room A ought to be made to feel the spirit of Senior dignity, therein. Set us good examples, Seniors!

Our class pins are the all important theme with us at present. Watch, for we will have them soon.

1907.

Our class officers are as follows: President, Maude West; Vice-President, Marjoric Sutcliffe; Treasurer, Gardner Bullard; Secretary, John Taylor.

We are just learning to "digest" our Greek History.

Someone in our room thinks that Fitz-James of the Lady of the Lake, in leaving Ellen's Iale, was a goose (or a drake).

"If there wasn't any land there would be no people."

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The Athletic Association started its new year with the annual meeting for the election of officers, which was held on September 15. Clifford Gray was elected President; Fred Mead, Vice-President; Howard Viets, Secretary, and Hilliard, Hendricks and Spurr, Athletic Committee. When things were running smoothly an endeavor was made to form a football team, but after a few days of practice, Captain Mowll decided that suitable material was lacking and the idea was given up.

Some time ago, a rumor spread through the school, that Lawrence Field. the home arena of the base-ball team, was to be ploughed up for farm purposes. Since it would be hard indeed to find another field in the town suitable for ballplaying, this report caused some consternation among the boys. The hearty support that the association has always received from Mr. Holt was manifested by the way in which he now came to its aid. After carefully looking into the matter, it was found that the only way in which to obtain the use of the field was by leasing it. As the treasury of the association was in no way capable of meeting the cost, Mr. Holt took this responsibility upon himself and leased the field for a playground for the High School till December, 1904. The Association has voted to assume this debt and intend to give an entertainment, the proceeds to go towards payment for the use of the field.

The Association has, without doubt, never been so hard pressed since its organization. Such a condition of affairs, therefore, demands the greatest activity. Let everyone buy a ticket if possible and each and all feel it his privilege as well as duty to help along the good work by the sale of as many tickets as possible.

It has been proposed that basket-ball be taken up as another means of raising funds. As we go to press no definite conclusion has been reached, but we feel certain that such a team would meet with success and receive the strong support of the entire school. The fact that we have suitable material on hand was demonstrated last winter by the way in which a team of the High School boys "put it all over" a team from the Young Men's League.

As soon as it was learned that Lawrence Field was "ours," Captain Hilliard issued the call for base-ball candidates. A good number responded and fall practice was immediately begun. Of last year's team, Hilliard (capt.), Allen, Kelly, Hendricks, Banks, Hicks and Livingstone are still with us. We have lost three good men in Hollis Gott, Horace Holt and Fred Viets. By the loss of the first two named, the team is left without a "twirler," a position which is hard to fill. We understand, however, that probable candidates for the place are Banks, Hicks and Woods. Other candidates for the team are as follows: For infield-M.

Taylor, Trani, Woods, Mowll, Clifford, Spurr and E. Viets; for outfield—Lunt. Russell, Connant, Frost, Tappan, Mead, Dalrymple and Sears. With so many of last year's team left, and such an abundance of new material the prospects for a strong team next spring are exceedingly bright. In view of the fact that the field is being rented, and that succeeding teams will want the use of it, it behooves every person either going to or from the games, or taking part in them, to make it a point that no harm be done to the field or adjoining property, and in this way help the Association.

With the approach of winter, Captain Livingstone reminds us that the hockey season is not far off. Together with Manager Mowll he is looking forward to a winning team. When the time comes, let every candidate "dig" to uphold our previous excellent record on the ice. Only two men have gone from 1 st winter's team—Fred Viets and Cushman. Their places should be ably filled by new candidates.

Speaking of the team's previous record, as many of us know, the Arlington High School's ice polo team has always enjoyed a brilliant reputation. Going back a number of years we can trace the records of the different teams that have come from this school to contend with neighboring teams in this sport. find that they have nearly always been at the front; that they have met and defeated some of the strongest teams in the State; that as fast as one team completed its work and left school another was always ready to fill its place. When the game of polo, as it was called, was everywhere supplanted by hockey, Arlington High's team still kept its place in the van, showing the same skill and manl ness in the new game that it had monifested in the old. Last winter, as the result of all this, we became the proud possessors of a magnificent trophy cup. That cup tells as plainly as anything co ld tel, of the superiority of Arlington's hockey teams. There are still prizes to win and a name to be upheld. Can we prove that the Arlington High School's h ckey team is still its old self; that it is still worthy of any team in its class? Let these questions be answered by the spirit shown and the results obtained!

It may be well to mention some facts about golf, right here. Alth ugh the Athletic Association has no recognized golf team, one composed of High School boys made a very creditable sh wing last spring, against strong preparat reschool teams, tying for second place with Brown & Nichols, Newton capturing first honors.

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EXCHANGES



The lot of the exchange editor for this issue is indeed a hard one. Very few exchanges have come in and the exchange column has to be constructed on practically nothing.

The blind pianist generally plays with much feeling.

QUEER.

Pastor: "I never see you at church, sir." Delinquent: "Nor I you."

Tales of the wooly West are usually yarns.

We have noticed in some of the exchanges of the past year a tendency to introduce into their literary departments an element of "yellow journalism." In fact, a few were filled with "murder, rapine and sudden death." The stories were all about murders and burglaries, suicides and deaths. It is not necessary to make a story interesting by putting into it newspaper items. The introduction of such stories into a school paper will in the end prove derogatory to it in more ways than one. It will lower the tone of the paper and will produce an unfavorable impression on other school papers. Why not have bright, interesting narratives, not necessarily of any great literary value, but still amusing and entertaining. Let us abolish portrayals of human wickedness unfit for any one's reading.

I rarely see my preacher's face, I never see his eyes divine; For when he prays he shuts his eyes, And when he preaches he shuts mine.

The paper which heads our exchange list in general excellence is the Somerville Radiator. Its literary department is good, its paper and printing excellent, and its whole make-up one to be desired in every school paper.

How is this for testimony in a murder case? It is said to have actually occurred.

Witness: "He'd a stick, and he'd a stick; and he licked he. and he licked he; and if he'd licked he as hard as he licked he, he'd ha' killed he and not he, he.

She: "Is there a poet's club in New York?"

He: "Plenty of them. Nearly every editor keeps one."

Many a pencil with a point is responsible for a joke without one. Witness this:

> There was once a young lady Dr. Who owned a bad parrot that mr. He would likewise blaspheme, Using language extreme-All of which, so the lady said, shr.

The editorials in some of the exchanges seem to be sadly neglected things. Bright, snappy editorials add so much to a paper that it would truly seem that a little more thought and care would not be wasted.

He who never smiles should not on that account consider himself the centre of gravity.

It is usual to find feet in poetry—it is unusual to find poetry in feet.

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The Jabberwook is a paper which though its literary department is one of high worth, is rather dry. Cheer up a little, girls!

Landlord: "Young man, you should pay as you go."

Guest: "Yes, but I'm not going for three months yet."

Losing your balance—overdrawing your

A decent printer would improve many of the exchanges a great deal. When the paper is bad and the print faint and blurred it takes zest from the story and point from

The Blue Stocking, from Columbus, Ohio, is full of short interesting stories, put together in an artistic style. The only drawback to it is its uncut leaves.

The Inlander from Michigan University is one of our best exchanges. It has one good leading article and a number of short, elever stories.

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THE FALL OF MAN. (NOT BY MILTON.) Man's a vapor, full of woes,

The Mercury is well up on our exchange list. Its general arrangement is good and it has some clever headings for its different departments.

He cuts a caper, and down he goes.

A dainty little dish for dessert may be prepared according to the following recipe: Take three eggs (you may do that any time the grocer is not looking), and beat them; remove the shells before beating. Be very careful that the eggs are well beaten. If you have no egg beater, use a carpet beater. Then add a little milk; if short on milk use vinegar; a half cup of sugar, sweetened to taste, is then to be carefully added. To this put a cup of flour and three cakes of yeast. It would be well to put glue in the pan to prevent the mixture from escaping. Put it into a hot oven and leave for three or four hours; then while the cook is calling up the undertaker, take it out and serve with cod liver oil dressing. Try it on the dog; if he survives, try it again.

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EDITORIAL



With this edition the seventh volume of the CLARION is completed. It will start the year 1904 with a new staff of officers and a new subscription list. That list should be the largest ever given our paper, as the school is steadily growing. It is the duty of every member of the school to help support the paper. Every girl, as well as every boy, is ready and willing to help support any team which represents the Arlington High school. If our hockey and base-ball teams represent us with other schools, does not the CLARION do that in a far wider way? When you are next asked for your subscription, think of that and for the sake of the reputation of your school do not fail to add your name.

Two years ago the class of 1902 planned a subscription dance for the purpose of replenishing the class treasury which is often rather low at the beginning of the Senior year. We heard, at the time, that it was a great success. Last year the class of 1903 tried their luck and were successful; also, the present Senior class has chosen the thirtieth of December as the date for their Senior dance and are very anxious to repeat the successes of the previous years. Custer's Orchestra has been secured and Associates Hall. Everything is being done for a very enjoyable time. Don't forget that it is the Wednesday after Christmas in the Christmas holidays, when you will be ready for a good time.

Thanksgiving has come and gone since our last edition, and with it our long-talked of vacation. But it can hardly be regretted since the next holiday is so near at hand. The step from Saint Turkey to Saint Nicholas is a very short one,—hardly long enough to pay for coming back, some of us think. Probably next March we shall be wishing that Santa Claus made his annual visit in the early days of spring, if only for the sake of a short vacation.

Now we are fairly started on the season of ice and snow. Hockey seems to be the prevailing topic of the day. Do your best, boys. Though the girls would be proud of the hockey team under any circumstances, if only for tradition's sake, still they would enjoy victories and laurels and cups a little better.

The cup question recalls to our mind a day some time ago when Captain Hilliard presented our principal with a loving-cup as a token of the love and esteem of the boys of the Arlington High school.

The excited appearance of the Juniors after their frequent class meetings, reminds us that it is nearly time for the presentation of the Junior Gift. We are waiting impatiently, Juniors, and are expecting something very fine.

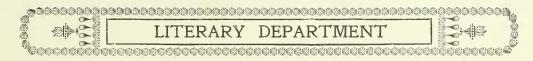
As the time for our concert draws nearer and nearer, we realize the necessity for still harder work. When the time comes we must not disappoint Miss Heard, who is doing so much for us, nor forget the object at which we are aiming.

The Junior class paper is very pretty. We are glad the class can afford it, but hope it won't interfere with their buying a ticket for the Senior dance. The Seniors will return the favor next year.

It will probably be of interest to the school to learn that Prest. Hyde of Bowdoin College, who lectured here last June, has been the subject of severe censure by a minister of Portland, who is also an alumnus of Yale. The trouble arose from a speech of President Hyde's made before Yale College, last October. An erroneous report was printed, on which Mr. Blagden, his accuser, seems to have based his criticism. According to his letter, sent to President Hadley of Yale, President Hyde's speech was directly against all established views of Christianity and particularly against the Orthodox belief. He protests against allowing Yale students to hear any sermons except those of the faith in which Yale was established and has always continued,-that is, Congregationalism. We who remember President's Hyde's address with so much pleasure are glad to learn that President Hadlev has denied the authenticity of the report which Mr. Blagden read.

The hockey games are a pleasure of the near future. They promise to be of more than usual interest since a new league, the Interscholastic, has been entered, the members of which are considered stronger teams than those of the Interpreparatory to which we have belonged. It is said that our team will be stronger than usual this year. Let us all hope for victory, but whether we win or lose, we must always uphold the team and give it our best support.

We are very sorry to hear that Captain Livingstone of the hockey team was obliged to resign his office on account of a rather serious accident which confined him to the house for some time. It is always a misfortune for a team to lose its captain, but it is fortunate that Mr. Grey, of the class of 1903, is secured in his place.



THE MIRACLE=PLAYS AND THE MORALITIES.

There are not now, and doubtiess never were, two people who entirely and indisputably agree in their views with regard to some book which they have read, or some play which they have seen. And so it is not very likely that there are many people in whom the same train of thought is aroused by the witnessing of a good story produced on the stage. This thought came to me as I read "Macbeth," and it clung to me, for it was the same idea which invariably occurs to my mind when I see a stage performance. "What could the very first play ever produced have been like," I think, and so I have been interested to learn a little about the early plays, which may be of interest to others also.

In England and among other Christian people, the drama was of ecclesiastical origin and was for a long time used simply as a means of making people familiar with the doctrines of Christianity. Thus it was meant to be of a religious nature, and had the clergy for its authors and founders. The earliest form of the drama was that of the Miracle-Plays. These plays were founded for the most part on events of scripture, and as they pertained to the supernatural, no regard was paid to the rules of probability. In this way they received the name of Marvels or Miracle-Plays. Miracle-Plays of England at an early date fell into two classes, represented at the feasts of Christmas and Easter, and about 1262 the townguilds took charge of them. At Christmas the birth of Christ was represented, and the events which brought it about, back to the fall of man. At Easter the Passion was represented in detail, up to the Ascension, and sometimes the play began with the

raising of Lazarus. Even the Baptism and the Last Judgment were finally added, and at about the beginning of the fourteenth century the two series became one, which was acted on Corpus Christi day, on a great moveable stage in the open spaces of the towns. The whole series consisted of a number of plays, and any play that pleased people was carried from town to castle, where the King had players and scenery for them.

Another play of this style which shows the simplicity of the drama in those days, tells of the creation, the revolt of Lucifer and his followers and their expulsion from Heaven. The Deity opens it with the beginning of the creation, and shortly afterward descends from the throne and retires. Lucifer then usurps the throne, and asks his adherents how he appears. On this point they disagree, and are finally cast out of Heaven by the Deity. Adam and Eve are then created, and Satan ends the story with a speech, in which he shows his jealousy for their happiness in the Garden of Eden.

As time went on, however, the thirst for novelty and variety demanded something more than a play of pure religious foundation. By degrees allegorical personages came to be introduced as auxiliaries to the Scripture characters and events. Gradually they rose from auxiliaries to principals, and at last quite replaced the original characters. In this manner there developed another class of drama, namely, those made up entirely of abstract ideas personified, and called from their structure and purpose, Moralities.

In Moral-Plays either the Devil or the Vice always played the leading part. No pains were ever spared to make the Devil as hideous as possible. He was all shaggy and hairy, with a "bottle nose," he had horns, hoofs, and a long tail, so that he was at the same time loathsome and ludicrous, but his conversation was generally distinguished for its great strength and quickness of wit, in spite of its fiendish malignity. The humorous element in our modern plays owes its origin to this character in the early plays.

Vice generally acted the part of a broad, coarse jester, full of pranks and always planning mischief. He was dressed in a many-colored garb, which served to add to his comic appearance. His chief duty seems to have been to make fun and crack jokes at the expense of the Devil. And from this character, too, comes our modern fool, in drama.

One has a fair idea of the character of the Moralities from their names. We hear of the Play of the Paternoster, the Play of Laziness, the Castle of Constancy, Humanity, Spirit, Understanding and countless others. Then, too, the play, "Every-Man," which came to Boston last winter would be classed under this head. The introduction of historical characters among these allegorical personages of the Moralities, was an important step toward the regular historical drama.

One author tells us that the stage was divided into three platforms, with a dark cavern at the side of the lowest, appropri-

ated to the Heavenly Father and His angels, to saints and glorified men, to mere men, and to souls in hell, respectively. He also says that the divine characters were distinguished by gilt hair and beards, the demons by their hideous heads, and the souls by their black and white coats, according to their kind, while the angels had gold skins and wings.

In speaking of the Miracle-Plays, another author says, "Each company had its pageant, which consisted of a high scaffold, with two rooms, upon four wheels. In the lower room they apparelled themselves, and in the upper, which was all open on top, they gave their performances. They played in every street, beginning at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played it was wheeled away to another street, and thus every street had a pageant playing before it at one time, until all appointed for the day were played."

Before the Moralities, attempts had been made to bring into the plays, in some way, the effect of comedy and tragedy, but it was not until later that they superseded the Moralities as the latter had the Miracle-Plays. Comedy and tragedy were the gradual results of the deviation of Moralities from their original character. To relieve the sameness of the allegories, bits of native wit and humor were taken in, and these grew to be the major elements, much of the old material being discarded as worthless. By degrees the character of the Moralities changed in this way until it became that of the plays of Shakespeare, the greatest name, perhaps, in literature.

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Base-ball certainly reached the highest point of interest during the past season that it has yet held. All the schools and colleges, to say nothing of the professional leagues, went into it with an unusual vigor.

The American League, which has proved itself such a strong organization, can be thanked somewhat for this new interest in the game; for by this body the admission to the "big" games was reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five, thus bringing the price nearer the pocket-book of the great public which supports it.

Among the schools new leagues have been formed, and old ones strengthened so as to render the championship in each a fairly uncertain thing, until the last two or three games. Now, a school that is not represented in some league, serves to those which are, as a polishing tool on granite, to bring the rough material up to the desired pitch of perfection.

Speaking of "pitch," reminds me, what position is there so vital in the whole team? Without a strong, steady pitcher, the fastest team that ever played or the team with the most unity is not a match for a team with a cool, swift, curve-master. Yet as strongly as this point affects a team, the machine unity of a team can by no means be omitted.

Referring again to the professional leagues, I would say a few words concerning the great championship games of last season between the Boston Americans and the Pittsburg, Nationals. So confident were the Pennsylvania smoke-eaters of victory that vast sums of money were staked on the results. Beantown was equally confident, it is said, but, according to reports, Boston did not back her favorites with as much lucre as did their opponents. When that aggregation of about one hundred and fifty "fans" went by special train to Pittsburg, hired a band, and marched that long, dirty route from their hotel in the city of Pittsburg across the Alleghany River to Alleghany City, they showed more enthusiasm and genuine love for sport and s(up)port than the moneyed backers of the National League men.

Base-ball is indeed prospering when a High School of not more than forty or fifty boys can muster twenty for a first team and another to practice first team and then have one substitute for each "nine." This shows not only a love of sport but fine school spirit, which has been promoted by that king of games, gentlemanly base-ball.

As it has prospered, so let it continue to prosper, and may it ever be the national sport of America!

JAMES ALLEN, '04.

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THE STORY OF A MILKWEED SEED.

I am a milkweed seed. I have a great many brothers and sisters and we are all packed in as snug as can be in our long and sometimes narrow house. When we begin to ripen we like to get out in the open air where we have plenty of room. Soon the pod bursts and then the air is full of us. We float around everywhere, lighting on bushes and trees and sometimes on people. The wind is a great friend of ours and when we come out of our house he catches us up as he comes blowing along and we are taken everywhere. We are very proud of our tuft of fine silky hairs. Our cousin, the thistle, is not a very pleasant flower to take hold of, although it is very pretty. The golden rod is another one of my cousins. Children are very fond of it when it is in bloom.

When the wind took me up with him as he hurried along I wondered where he would let me down. I was soon to know. Presently we came in sight of a schoolhouse standing by itself in an open place in the woods. The children were just going in from recess and as the wind swept by he dropped me on the sill of an open window, where I remained for a few minutes. Then, as a puff of wind came, I flew into the room over the children's heads. Some of the boys tried to catch me when the master's back was turned, but when one of them, who was sure he had me, opened his hand there was nothing in it. At last I came down on a little girl's desk and after she had looked at me for a long time she shut me up in her desk and there I am now. When she first put me in, I looked around for something to amuse me and my eyes fell on a pencil and some paper. Then I thought I would like to write a story of my life, so here it is, and if anything more happens to me I will add it later. In the meantime I am content to lie here in a

corner and have a good sleep with no one to disturb me, though I suppose when vacation comes I will be taken up with the old papers and apple seeds in the desk and thrown in the waste-basket for the janitor to burn up.

Annie Lemmon, '07.

A DAY AT THE READVILLE TRACK.

To-day was the day of the great eastern meet. The papers were full of the expectations and gossip of horse men, besides stating the purses and entries. Station at one end was busy with the crowd getting on the special trains bound for the track. I was alone and secured a seat beside an open window. Soon the train started and it was several miles out before we were rushing through suburbs and country villages in the famous Blue Hill district. The train was full of men of every description. Sporty men and coachmen on a holiday were mixed together and all conversed on the same topic. Such expressions as these might be heard. "I've got a V that says he won't get a heat nor go under seven; saw him warm out yesterday," or "No, he's stale, driven off his feet, hasn't got a sound hoof under him." The remarks were expressed by enemies of the Abbot, who that day would fight for the fastest trotting time with Creseus, the holder of the 2.02 1-4 trot record.

My attention was wholly taken up by the conversation about me when the train slow-ly stopped; we were at Readville. Not a thing was in sight but a high board fence, over which could be seen the top of an enormous grand-stand. Mixing with the swarm from the train I soon found myself in the track enclosure. The day was perfect and the track was in its prime. The horses were backed by twenty thousand people and surely this day they should do their best. Far over the track the Blue

Hills might be seen, covered gently by a faint blue haze and the glorious tints of the autumn foliage blended perfectly with the blue sky. The faint scent of burning filled the air and the breath of the pines and young cedars.

The meet would open with a big field of slow 2.20 class. These were young horses in their first season and entered in a slow class to be sure of securing a faster time if possible. Here came half a dozen young mares, not a strap or boot on their legs, cutting a fast half for a warm out. The quick steady rap of their flashing shoes, their nervous blowing and lathered necks sends a thrill through the grand-stand. Now the field was out and fighting for the pole. Now they tear down in a bunch, but some of the young horses break or sulk and the judges' gong clangs and the bunch is pulled down to try it again. On the third time under the wire the gong is silent and some one cries "They're off," and the many that are playing the pools, that is betting on one horse against the field, rush out to see their money multiply or thrown away. When the race is over what mingled expressions will be seen on the now hopeful, expectant faces. On the first lap many of the mares break and run, but the main field trot steady and fast. On the last stretch the grandstand cheers for the handsome black stallion, Lawson's Raven, his noble head is outstretched, his ears laid flat against his pole, his nostrils red and quivering, eyes dilated and flecks of white froth fly against his handsome black chest. His trot is square and clean, and he wins the heat by good six-lengths. Although an unknown horse he took the eye of the grand-stand and became a favorite right away, and when the judge calls out through his megaphone, "First heat won by Raven; time 2.14 1-4," the grand-stand shook. there was better to come. Raven got the three straight heats and when the crowd

became quiet again I heard a man beside me grumble, "Another hundred gone to the pools. Lawson is a lucky dog."

Next followed some fairly fast pacers, then came the race of the day. From out the side gates come two stallions, Cresceus and the Abbot, in their light sulkies, lead by rubbers. Their drivers get in and walk down before the grand-stand. The air vibrates, quivers with the salute. The trainers acknowledge their greetings with smiles. The Abbot is a handsome, nervy mahogany stallion, sixteen hands high, with a perfect head and build in every way. His muscles danced and he quivered as he pulled against his bit. He was off for a fast warm out. Cresceus, perhaps the faster animal, is a sorrel horse about a hand lower than the Abbot, with no more show than a prize cow. His head stuck out straight from his withers and he showed no nerve or action. Now they tear down for a start off with Cresceus at the pole. It is a go the first time. The crowd stand up with eyes fixed on the animals. Your nerves are strung high and your muscles are tense, so interested are you. The Abbot slowly creeps up, but fails to take the pole. Everywhere you hear in tense voices, "steady boy, steady, now Cresceus up, keep the pole, keep on your feet, take this heat, hooray for Cresceus." Then the judge's voice is heard, "first heat won by Cresceus, time 2.08 1-2." Again the air vibrates, the grand-stand shook, twenty thousand voices rend the air. The lathered horses were covered and taken to their paddocks. I followed the Abbot, my favorite, and was near him when he was scraped, sponged, rubbed with linament, bandaged and covered, and then walked about by a rubber until it was time to hitch for the second heat.

I went back and soon the horses came on fresh and eager. Under the wire it was a go the first start off with Cresceus at the pole as he had won the first heat. The

second heat was started and again the crowd arose, eager, nervous, intent. The first lap found the horses still abreast, but the Abbot was on his bit and pulling hard. The three-quarter pole was passed and the Abbot was back again but when the straightaway was reached the Abbot showed a glorious spurt in the supreme moment and went under the wire a winner of a faster heat then the first. The jam of men along the track fence surged and roared; dignified men lost all control and grew frantic and red in the face. These people had no favorite but had come to cheer the winner. Back the animals went. Their blue blood was up and they were reluctant to go in and get their usual care. The pools were being played hard and the harsh voices of the bidders were almost spent. The next heat was the decisive one. The crowd couldn't sit still. The whole mass of twenty thousand people seemed to be churning, restless, like thousands of tiny black ants on a white ant hill.

Fifteen minutes was soon up and the judges' gong pealed aloud and the blooded stallions swung out upon the track for the third and last time. Now their blood and breeding showed. The Abbot played and fretted, pulled and champed, but Cresceus was as dogged, calm and steady as ever. The last time that they started by the judges' stand the Abbot had the pole. Steady and even down they come on their first lap. The quick thud and breathing can be plainly heard. The multitude is silent, spell-bound. The stern, earnest voice of Ned Geers is heard urging on his horse to greater effort, and the spell is broken. Roars like those of thunder echo against the distant hills, the air fairly lifts. Then all is quiet. The horses can't be heard from the other side of the track. Now the whips come out simultaneously. They are both doing their best. Down the stretch they tear with whips to their shoulders.

Steady and slow the terrible staying powers of Cresceus show. Steadily he forges ahead. The Abbot can't come by Cresceus' saddle if he stays on his feet. Under the wire like a hurricane dash the snorting stallions, with Cresceus ahead by a neck.

It was getting dusk when I left the deserted, silent track. The white mist was slowly settling on the distant hills, like downy quilts. The chickadee flew to its mate in the young cedars and the cricket chirped in the green paddock. The pleasure-seeking multitude has dispersed to the more congenial haunts of men, and to happy firesides. The evening stars shine dim through the pale twilight. Walking slowly to the gate I was startled back to life by the warning signal of a fast approaching train. I swung on and soon left the barren grand-stand and high stiff fence, far behind in the darkness of the night.

HOLLIS M. GOTT, '04.

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"JUDGE LYNCH."

Probably everyone who knows anything of current events has heard of "Lynch Law" and "lynching," for which our country has attained an unpleasant notoriety during the past few years. But how many people, even of those who use them daily, know how these terms originated?

The man from whose name these words are derived was a peaceable Quaker named Charles Lynch. He was born in Virginia near Chestnut Hill in 1736. During all his life he was gentle and peace-loving, a very different sort of man from his ancestors, who had been judges in Ireland, and there is a story which tells us that one of them, James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, was so severe that he sentenced his own son to death.

While Charles Lynch and his brother James were young men their father died and since James had inherited the estate at Chestnut Hill, Charles was obliged to set out into the wilderness to seek his fortune.

At that time the western part of Virginia was very sparsely settled, and no organized government was necessary. But gradually as the settlements grew larger a county organization became necessary, and in this new organization Lynch became one of the judges. He was often called upon to settle petty quarrels among his neighbors.

As Lynch became more prosperous he rose in the public estimation until he became the leading man in its county. In 1767 he was elected to the House of Burgesses, being obliged to break his connection with the Quaker society which he had helped to build up in order to take the oaths of

office. He became one of the leaders in the Legislature and was one of those who, during the Revolution, were instrumental in proposing a declaration of independence.

As justice of the peace he had often been called upon, during the war, to suppress his Tory neighbors, and it was in carrying out this duty that his name became famous. It was at the time of Cornwallis' invasion of Virginia. While the war had been confined to the North, the Tories of the South had kept comparatively quiet, but as soon as the British Army appeared they organized and planned to join it. Lynch had been made a colonel in the Continental Army, still continuing to hold the office of Judge. In some way he was informed of the intentions of the Tories, just as he was about to march to join Greene's Army. He realized that he ought not to leave enemies in his rear, but what was he to do? He took the only course open to him and arrested them all. Having summoned them to appear before him he imprisoned them all for a term of five years with the exception of the leader, Cowan, whom he fined 2000 pounds and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Although this act had really exceeded his powers as justice of the peace, it was later confirmed by the Legislature, which considered that the circumstances had been so pressing as to warrant it, even though it had been illegal. And from this illegal act of Judge Lynch, and the condoning of it by the Legislature, has come the modern custom of "lynching" an obnoxious prisoner or suspect.

H. S. Russell, '05.

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Now that the winter has really set in, the Glee Club has begun its work. President Allen called a meeting about three weeks ago, which was held at Miss Weeks' home on Newman Way.

Although only a few attended, there was a quorum present and the business of the meeting was taken up. Mr. Allen first read the constitution and by-laws which were enacted last year. Then the name of Mr. Philip Taylor was presented to the club for membership and was unanimously accepted. Next followed the actual purpose for the meeting, the annual election. Nothing could have been more exciting, despite the small number present. In fact this seemed rather to enliven matters as hardly any office was taken by a plurality of more than one vote. The result of was as follows:—

Mr. Allen, President. Mr. Taylor, Secretary. Mr. Dunbar, Treasurer.

Mr. Allen acknowledged the honor shown him but declined to serve in office another term. Upon his resignation Mr. Viets was elected president. It is rumored that Mr. Viets threatens to resign at the next meeting, but it is to be hoped that a fellow so popular and capable will be brought to the better way of looking at it. We consider it quite an

honor to be elected president of so select a body as the Glee Club.

In some High School Clubs it has been found that boys who sing alto are desirable to augment the tenor part of the club, and in consequence these young men will be sought out and their services enlisted, provided, of course, that they meet two requirements, firstly that they are willing to join, and secondly, that they can pass the examination of the Executive Committee. Any bright boy with an average voice can easily do this, however.

Remember that even if you don't sing, your dues will not be eaten up and you get no benefit from them. The lectures planned for this winter will be instructive and well worth the membership fee.

Another thing that may interest you is that a certain graduate of A. H. S., who is studying music, is now doing some composing and for male voices too, I understand. Furthermore, he has expressed a desire that the Glee Club try some of his pieces which I know the Club would enjoy. What a pity that there was not a Glee Club when Mr. Butterfield was in school. Then maybe our school song would have had music composed by an undergraduate. Perhaps if we say nothing Mr. Butterfield may be tempted to undertake this even now and be kind enough to let the Club give the first public presentation of his work. Let us hope so at any rate.

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SCHOOL LOCALS



1904.

Merry Christmas!

Bonjour, madamoiselle. Bonjour, monsieur.

Latin translation: "He came running up clad in Achille's skin." How peculiar.

Perhaps it will be of interest to the Greek pupils of our school and others to know that Mr. Lonney, a young law student, has begun and, in fact, completed a great part of the translation of the Iliad into English hexameter verse. This work has been attempted before by other scholars, with little success. A few lines of this great epic have been translated by the members of our Greek class with quite pleasing results, but it may be added that the sympathy of all the members goes out to Mr. Lonney in the great work which he has undertaken.

Wanted: The circumferences.

Tickets seventy-five cents!

1905.

Latin translation: "You are not it, Catiline."

"Silas Marner came from Scotland Yard," so we are told. No doubt George Eliot was unaware of the fact when she wrote the story.

Heard in Greek Hist.: "Mount iota."

French translation: "I left off my drinking habit."

Seen on the black-board: "Brocken," " storie."

Greek pupil: "And he spoke in apposition."

Latin rendering: "If they cannot stand, let them fall up."

French translation: "Running with their arms they approached the bear who was growling with his fore feet."

We hope before long to make an addition to the art decorations of the school.

1906.

We are informed in the Civics class that the government of a republic consists of a



OF A PHOTOGRAPH LACKING ARTISTIC MERIT IS AS POOR TASTE AS TO TALK ABOUT ONES SELF.



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CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903

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chief executive with a "house" under him. The chief executive must indeed be a high officer of the state.

"Homogeneous" angles must be a new species of the geometrical family.

A member of the geology class tells us of a place on the Cape where the Indians buried themselves! The Indians were a wonderful race.

Somebody said, "Soldiers were enrolled in BRIGANDS called legions."

We are told in Physics that a pile-driver substituted for a nut-cracker would do the work equally well! Far be it from us to contradict this statement. 1907.

Keep your eyes open; our class pins are coming.

How we do confuse poor Edward the Confessor with wives, mothers, sisters, sons, etc.

When we speak of stags blowing their horns and skiffs calling their fathers, we seem to be stretching the imagination a little.

We are told that the Angles had blue hair. If that be true, we are not surprised that the Britons were afraid of them.

A quotation from Scott, "Dank oysters fringed the swamp and fire."



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The financial outlook of the Athletic Association, which was rather dubious early in the fall, is considerably brighter. Just at present every thing points to the fact that the Association did not "bite off a larger piece than it could manage" when it undertook to add to its usual and incidental expenses the rental of the ball-field. One help toward bringing about this condition was the usual yearly entertainment.

This entertainment, Ko-ha-na-San, was held on the evening of Nov. 12, in Cotting Hall, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. Conducted in the form of a monologue by Miss Nichols of Cambridge, the play presented a vivid and true picture of Japanese life. Miss Nichols appeared in native Japanese costume and acted her part remarkably well, skilfully managing the thread of pathos that was ever present in the sketch. Between the acts, music was furnished by a trio of stringed instruments, which answered to repeated encores. The evening was opened by a few humorous readings which served as an unexpected and pleasing augment to the scheduled program. The undertaking was a marked success and added a fine round sum to the treasury. The Association acknowledges itself much indebted to those who. although not members yet, exhibited such a splendid school spirit by helping in the sale of tickets. The committee who had charge of the entertainment is to be highly praised for its activity and energy in managing the details necessary to the success aimed at. The committee consisted of Gray, Hilliard and Hendricks.

Program.

Act I. Home scene. Nakado's visit.

Act II. Visit of American consul.

Act III. Second visit of Consul. His friendly deception. "Her father's sword."

CHARACTERS.

KO-HA-NA-SAN — Or Madam Little Pine Blossom.

Suzuki—Her maid. His Honorable Augustness—The American Consul.

THE NAKODO—Or marriage broker. Little Mr. Trouble—The baby with "purple eyes."

In accordance with the custom that has sprung up in late years, the candidates for the hockey team were called out for practice very soon after fall base ball practice was discontinued. Nature favored the squad this year by sending ice just before the Thanksgiving recess. Captain Livingstone was not slow to take advantage of this and at the time of writing he has already found the opportunity of marshaling his men in several practice games against "pick up teams" of alumni and other players. In none of these games were the squad worsted, a fact which makes the outlook for a fast team very promising indeed. The following list of candidates, without discrimination as to position, was submitted to us: Livingstone (capt.) Gray, Hilliard, Kelly, Taylor, Spurr, Lunt, Hicks, Hodgdon, Mowll.

In one of the Association meetings it was

voted that the management of the hockey team (capt. and manager) be authorized to take steps with a view to enrolling the Arlington H. S. Hockey Team in the Senior Interscholastic League. Some dissatisfaction was felt about remaining in the old one. It was argued that with such a name as our school holds on the ice, it would not be at all foolish to take the proposed step. If it could be accomplished it would mean stronger contesting teams and correspondingly greater honor in defeating or in being defeated by such teams. However, the outcome can not be known until the annual meeting of the ice hockey management.

On Nov. 13 the Association was given a pleasant surprise by receiving a donation of five dollars from the Together Club of Arl-

ington. This kind gift was highly appreciated by the boys who immediately voted a letter of thanks.

We feel that an unfortunate incident has happened in that Captain Livingstone of the Hockey Team has been stricken with a sickness that compels him to be absent from all school work, athletic as well as academic. Happening as it has right in the busy part of the hockey season, when the work of getting the team into shape is hardest. All who know what a worker Livingstone is can readily understand what it must mean to be confined to inactivity, and we hope for his speedy return. In the meantime Gray has been elected captain to take the place of Livingstone, who has sent in his resignation.

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EXCHANGES



In many of the exchanges we have noticed a number of the so-called "love stories," of which we do not wholly approve. Now, of course, a good "love story" is a very interesting thing, but the average High School pupil has not generally had enough experience with that unknown quantity to be able to portray it well, and the results are sometimes ludicrous. Would it not be a better plan to print stories in a different vein?

He—" When is an actor not an actor?" She—" Nine times out of ten."

Mary first had her little lamb A century ago;

The chops on which we dined to-day, Were from that lamb I know.

The Concord Voice for November has a very attractive and appropriate cover.

She (sentimentally)—"'And what is so rare as a day in June?""

He (prosaically)—"The twenty-ninth of February."

The print is too fine in the Racquet for November.

When we "get even" with a person don't we generally leave him feeling as if he owed us something?

- "What are your rates for music lessons?"
- "Six dollars the first month and three dollars the second."
 - "I'll take the second."

The Lowell Review is a good paper but its exchange column should properly be called a joke column. The perspective of the steps in the cover design is decidedly poor and should be changed.

He (very stout)—" I—I can't express myself."

She (glancing at the clock)—"Go by freight then."

- "What did the doctor say about your red nose?"
 - "He told me to diet."

The Fram is a cleverly gotten up paper, always welcomed at the exchange table.

A new and a very good exchange is the High School Journal from Pittsburg. "Against Time" is an interesting story in it.

Willie—"I was goin' fishin' Sunday but pa wouldn't let me.

Minster—"That was right. Did he tell you why?"

Willie — "Yep. He said there wasn't enough bait for two."

Student (at parting) "Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Professor (pleasantly) — "Don't mention such a trifle.

"Painter Jim" in the November, and "Vive L'Empereur" in the October issues of the Latin and High School Review are bright stories.

(On the Sabbath)—"Tommy, stop that noise. Don't you know whose day this is?"

- "Yes'nı."
- "Whose?"
- "Bridget's. Mary Ann went out last Sunday."
- "What was your dog's number at the show?"
 - "Why K 9, of course."

The Quill from Staten Island and the Quill from Sanford are both neat papers. The color of the latter's cover is rather too vivid, however.

"Yes," remarked the egg, "my theatrical venture was a great success. I was cast for the villain and made a great hit."

"What do you do when you wear your shoes out?"

"Wear them home again."

A young minister about to preach on the dove's descending, wished to impress his congregation and hired Pat to let a real dove down from the ventilator. The time came, but no dove. "And the dove descended," began the minister. Still no dove. "And the dove," in more sonorous tones. Pat stuck his head through the ventilator. "Sure the cat has ate up the pigeon. Will I trow down the cat?"

The X Rays for November has a cover which, to say the least, is unique for its ugliness. The rest of the paper is good.

"Why is a dog a blacksmith?"

"Every time you kick him he makes a bolt for the door."

The November mercury is not up to its general standard of excellence. Its cuts are very good, however.

"This is decidedly food for reflection," said the goat, as he commenced on the

The Distaff is well put together but would be a better paper if the size of the pages was diminished.

A CAMP RECIPE.

To make good bean soup, place on the bottom of a large wash boiler one goodsized bean and pour over it four gallons of boiling water. Stir the mixture with a crowbar until the bean is dissolved. If too thick, add more water.

- "Dikes, Ditches and Dutchmen," in the October Radiator is a well written article in a well conducted paper.
- "Who was Joan of Arc, Tommy?" asked the teacher.
- "Noah's wife," answered Tommy, who was great at guessing.

If at any time you feel blue don't pine away, but spruce up.

"A Little 'Rithmetic" in the September Red and Black is rather hard to believe, though it may be true. The November number is an interesting one.

"Did you hear about that comb I thought so much of?"

" No!"

"All the teeth were out and I couldn't part with it."

The Jabberwock at last is brightening up a little. Let us hope the change will be permanent. It needs more material.

"I just dropped in for dinner," said the polite old man, as he slipped and fell into the crocodile's jaws.

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With this issue the exchange editor, with the rest of the staff, severs connection with The duty has been a very the Clarion. agreeable one, and it is with many pleasant memories that the exchange editor says good-bye and wishes all good luck to his successor.

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BEATRICE BRACKETT



EDITORIAL



This marks the initial number of a new volume of the CLARION and is the first issue under its new staff of officers elected for the coming year. We trust that the confidence shown by investing them with the responsibility attending their several offices will be justified by the material evidence forthcoming. Our aim is to make the CLARION in all its departments as much a success as it has been heretofore. If this desire can be realized we shall be satisfied. If any opportunity of advancing its sphere of usefulness appears, however, it will be gladly and promptly seized.

To work out this aim, we need and ask for the support of the entire school. The success of our paper always has been, and must be, dependent on the support of the pupils. Will not, then, all of the A. H. S.

realize this and show their interest in it by becoming subscribers? To do this, one has but to inform Mr. Livingstone and he will see to it that a copy is sent regularly to any address.

Arthur Hendricks '05 has been chosen captain of the ball team. Hendricks is one of the veterans of the team, knows the game, and ought to prove in every way competent to fill his position.

Already we can scent the coming of spring by a certain freshness in the air and warmth in the sunshine which makes our blood quicken and our spirits buoyant as we anticipate the sunny afternoons on the ballfield or the links.

With spring approaching, many of us must bear in mind the examinations, either preliminary or final, that await us. We are now on the last "lap?" of our preparation for them and need to put in our hardest strokes.

A new addition has been made to the art decoration of our school building. Following the custom which has prevailed for some years, the Junior class has presented its gift, which it is hoped will give satisfaction to all. The subject chosen, "The Wrestlers," appealed to the class from the very first, because of its accurate and vivid representation of the highly developed human form in extreme tension, and because of the truth that lies beneath and which is shown by the shapely heads, that the greatest physical strength must be controlled by strength of mind to get the best results.

Is there any reason why the CLARION'S note should not ring outside the school? Are the Alumni who have gone from these walls no longer interested in what passes on here? Surely it ought to afford them pleasure, and to bring back pleasant memories to look over the paper now.

It may interest those readers of the CLARION who do not already know it, to hear that a debating club has been formed in the school. Although the Juniors are the originators of it, the club is to be open to all members of the school who wish to join and are voted in by the charter members. We consider that an excellent opportunity is opened up here and one which should be taken advantage of by every one who can. A knowledge of argumentation and experience in debating will stand a person in good stead all his life. We wish the club hearty success and hope it will have a large membership.

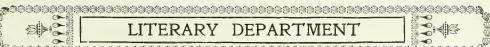
The graduating class of a Maine high school last year varied the usual programme to quite an extent. Instead of having public exercises, the class spent the money that would have been put into dresses, flowers and such like, in taking a trip across country to Washington, teachers and parents acting as chaperons. The idea is certainly unique and a trip like that cannot help but furnish nourishment for the mind.

There appeared recently in one of our periodicals, an interesting and instructive article on the care of the voice. In it the writer urges young people to be careful that they in no wise injure this organ. The reasons given are manifold and important. A good strong voice is not only helpful in nearly every business occupation, but necessary to success in a large percentage of them. A pleasant voice adds to one's personal attraction. On the other hand, people of great attainments are often handicapped by imperfect voices. It is, therefore, well for us to remember this and profit by it. "Shout, if you will," the writer continues, "but when doing so, throw back the shoulders, give the lungs room, and instead of harm you will get good from it."

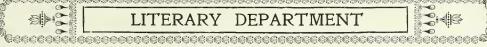
Now for the concert!

Here's to the hockey team!

We must all agree that the Athletic Association has been the indirect means of enabling us to enjoy the instructive and inspiring dramatic readings which have lately been given in this school. Never before, to our knowledge, has such an opportunity been offered to the pupils of the school of being introduced, as it were, to some of the masterpieces of the world's best literature. It is a most excellent way to awaken in each of us a desire for such reading, and to bring out the true marks of genius which might otherwise escape our eyes. On behalf of the school we here express our indebtedness to those by whom it was made possible to enjoy these privileges.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



SOCRATES COMES HOME TO DINNER.

The noonday sun was high in the Athenian sky when down the Parthenon steps came a little old man, bald-headed, goggleeyed, bow-legged—the great Socrates. Walking absent-mindedly down the street, wrapt in deep meditation he suddenly stopped and, glancing round, found that he was going in the wrong direction. Turning about he walked on and soon entered a humble dwelling just outside the city walls. Shrugging his shoulders slightly he cautiously opened the door, and entering the narrow court he found his wife on her knees, scrubbing the painted tiles.

"So you have come home," she said, "it's about time. I was thinking about coming after you and bringing you home by the ear. Where have you been all the morning? Calling on the wonderful Aspasia I suppose, and listening with open mouth while she talked about mind and matter, while I have to earn your bread and butter. Of all goodfor-nothing men, you are the most worthless."

At this, Socrates, who had been gravely studying the leaves of a plant, and had not heard a word, said, "You should have heard Plato this morning expound his belief in pre-existence—truly his is a master mind."

"What do I care about Plato,—another fool like yourself-only he can afford it. Here you might be earning ten drachma a day, and I enjoying life, but no, you're too lazy. You'd rather sit down and watch your mind work. Get out of my way," giving him a shove with her mop.

Hastily complying, he meekly enquired when dinner would be ready. "Dinner!" she replied, "there isn't any. Your noble Crito forgot his beggar teacher this morn-

ing, and has not sent his usual gift. You'd better go and say a few more nice things to Aspasia—tell her she's beautiful, and perhaps she'll give you something to eat. I'm not going to feed you with my hard earnings, so you can just make up your mind to it—there's scarcely enough for me and the children. Go and mend the front gate, it's been off its hinges for a month; and fix the fence, it does you great credit, lying flat like that, and clean the chimney, and perhaps you'll get some supper."

Regarding her gravely for a moment, Socrates replied, "My dear wife, it is not fitting that a mind such as mine should stoop to such things. Leave those tasks to the rude and unlearned. I am to discuss with Callicles this afternoon, the true politician, and cannot think of such sorid matters as gates and chimneys."

"No, you never can think of anything for the comfort of your family. Well, I don't care. You can go and beg a supper. Where's that stew pan I told you to bring me to-day?"

"I told you, Zanthippe, that I cannot bother myself with your affairs and you must not trouble me with them. Besides, what is the use of a stew pan when you've nothing to put in it. Now you must not speak to me for a season, for I desire to converse with my guardian spirit, that I may know how to conduct my speech to-

"A plague take your guardian spirit," said Zanthippe," throwing her bucket of scrubbing water at him. "Another of your foolish notions.'

This sudden bath did not in the least disturb the victim. As soon as speech was possible he said in a reflective tone, "After the thunder comes the rain," and sat down in the sun to think up more questions with which to stir the minds of men. But Zanthippe, in a rage too great for words, hastily left the apartment.

Louise McConney, '05.

IVANHOE, THE YOUNGER, AT A TOURNAMENT.

How grand it makes one feel to see the crowd surge round about and here to sit in this most gay pavilion! Much would I like to descend, but I hear anon my father's voice bidding me retain my seat. This wish I wot is seconded by the maternal glance from her whom the commons reverence as the Lady Rowena. If only I could mingle in the melee of the morrow, and yet, forsooth,

"A springal of eleven Is not ready for heaven,"

as old Wamba would say had he not died in that fit of laughter.

But now the wierd music of bells and cymbals breaks in upon my reverie and proclaims that the hour of combat is at hand. The gallant knights upon their fiery steeds are fast approaching to the challenge. They choose their foes and retire for the signal to begin. A momentary pause, the trumpets wind their warning note, and they hasten with all speed to the conflict. Now comes the clash, the din of battle and con-

fusion, and we gaze anxiously to learn how each has fared. I trow I ne'er beheld such feats of chivalry. At last the fighting ceases and we see here and there about the lists the victors and the vanquished.

Then more challengers, another combat, and maugre all desire my eyes begin to swim, my brain to twirl, which soon translates me to scenes of slumber.

The noise of the press could not have awakened me, for all seemed hushed in suspense. The hero of the day had chosen La Royne de la Beaulte et des Amours.

With this event the festivities came to a close. My sire called for the horses and our procession departed on its way to Rotherwood. The cavalcade moved through the gloomy cover in silence. It was observed by Elgitha, grown old in service, that the Lady Rowena was unusually pensive, a circumstance the cause of which a lesser mind might have little understood. She was thinking of that memorable day of long ago when the Disinherited Knight had crowned her Queen of Love and Beauty.

ARTHUR C. FROST, '05.

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THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS.

The Scotch Highlanders have always been a very superstitious race. They used to have many beliefs in signs and spirits and most of the spirits were bad ones. Old Scotch minstrels sang songs of people who encountered these evil spirits in the woods. The "Ballad of Alice Brand" tells how Richard crossed himself when he saw Urgan, the fairy, approaching him.

Nearly every clan of the middle ages had a hermit to whom they confessed all their sins. Brian was the "ghostly confessor" of Clan-Alpine, but the people thought he was an evil spirit.

"No peasant sought the hermit's prayer, His cave the pilgrim shunned with care."

If any one did meet Brian, he made the sign of the cross which was supposed to frighten evil spirits away.

When the chief of Clan-Alpine wanted to summon his clan, he sent abroad the Fiery Cross which was made of the yew-tree, burned and dipped in the blood of a goat slain for the purpose. Any one who saw the sign and did not obey was it, cursed by Brian.

If any one wished to foretell happenings, such as the outcome of an impending battle, he was wrapped in a bull's hide and placed near a waterfall or some other wild place. When he had been there a long time, evil spirits would seem to rise up around him. The person would then infer, from what the spirits said, the answer to his question.

Most Highland families were haunted by a phantom which foretold any dreadful thing. The spirit of an ancestor, who had fallen in battle, was supposed to ride around the family home three times and announce the coming calamity by ringing his fairy bridle.

MARION HILL, '07.

"THE MEETING OF ROBIN HOOD AND ROBERT BURNS."

"Beshrew the day that ever brought me here," sighed Robin Hood, gazing about with anxious eye, for some one to speak to.

"Hoot, mon, hae ye been waitin' long to gang across?" asked a person at his elbow.

"Many, many years," said Robin Hood, "I truly wish my sweet cousin had not been so over zealous in her blood-letting."

"Weel, weel, we all must come to the river some time, but I dinna like the thought o' waitin' long for the journey across. I just arrived, you know, and hae been looking about a wee for Mary,—I dinna think she could rest long by this stream, the noise of these folks is eno' to drive one daft."

"Aye, if I but had my arrows, methinks I'd stop the talk of some of them. Charon is a heartless wretch, see him shoving them back from the boat."

"I think he looks a wee bit doon in the mouth hissel'," said Burns, "'twould be na' easy task to ply that rickety boat to and fro."

"Mercy, I wish they would give me the

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job," said Robin, "I'm tired of this everlasting waiting. Can't you do something to cheer us up a bit?" So Burns sang in a wavering voice:—

"If a body meet a body,
Waiting at the Styx,
Just to cheer the weary body,
Kicking 'gainst the pricks,
Tell the body not to worry
Charon will come soon
To ferry him o'er the rushing wave
To Pluto's great throne room."

Just as he had finished this, Robin Hood cried out, "Look, look, he's beckoning to you, Robert, go quickly!"

"Bide a wee; an' dinna weary," said Burns, as he hastened away, "I'm thinking t'will na' be long afore you can come."

MAUD ESTELLE WEST, '07.

SAVED BY A CAT.

Some years ago two elderly sisters lived in an antiquated house in a town of Massachusetts. Their only companion was a great grey cat, nearly as old as the sisters themselves.

They were a very happy family, living along always in the same methodical way, till one day something happened quite out of the ordinary, which proved that even a cat can requite kindness.

During the previous night, one of the old women had a dream of the house burning down, and she asked her sister the next morning if she thought it would come true. Her sister laughed at her fancy, and as the day wore on, both, engrossed by their work, forgot the circumstance.

In the evening after their work was over, they made ready to go to bed. One of the things which they always did at night was to hunt up the cat and put her out of doors; but on this night they were forced to give up the search, for the cat was nowhere to be found. Being old fashioned, they still used candles. So having snuffed all save one which they left burning, for both stood in great fear of burglars, and as many people know, a light is a good companion for sleep-less hours.

A long period of time had passed, when the clock below chimed the hour of one. Up to this time the night had been still, but suddenly a gust of wind came in at the open window.

The long muslin curtains, borne inward flapped to and fro, at first slowly and then more vigorously. The wind was rising. A distant flash of lightning, accompanied by low, growling peals of thunder, betrayed the presence of a great grey cat, creeping about the room with noiseless footfalls.

Again a gust of wind, stronger than any which had preceded it, blew the curtains inward until they fluttered above the table on which the candle rested.



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After hovering about the candle a moment, they dropped slowly downward directly into the flame. A tiny tongue of fire started up, then another and still another, casting a weird radiance into the darkest corners and revealing the cat standing in the centre of the room snuffing the air, which was smoky by this time.

Then with two long bounds she alighted on the bed of the sisters and tried to awaken them by rubbing against their cheeks and mewing. Getting no response, she gave one of those peculiar wailing cries which you sometimes hear in the back yard at midnight.

This effectually awakened them from dreams of cake and bread burning in the oven, and they saw their dangerous position, for by this time the bed clothes had caught fire. Rushing from the building, they aroused the neighbors with their cries.

After a hard fight the flames were conquered with the help of the friendly thunderstorm.

The cat had disappeared next day and was not seen for some time. At last she came back, seemingly none the worse for her experience, and you may be sure that she was certain of a warm corner and plenty of food in the house of the sisters as long as she lived.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL, '05.

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AN EASTER LILY LEGEND.

"Lily-bells and roses," the sweet tones rang out through the windows of a little church as I passed by. "Evidently some one is practicing Easter music," I thought. "Lily-bells," I repeated. "It is such a pretty name for them. Why are they so called I wonder"? Musing thus, I was suddenly startled by a little voice saying, "Please don't tread on me." There at my feet lay a fragrant, golden-hearted Easter lily. As I bent my head to breathe in her perfume, she softly whispered, "I can tell you the legend of the lily-bells."

"The lily family is very large, but the Easter lilies are the most favored for we have been chosen to symbolize Easter. A long time ago my very first ancestor had petals outspread toward the sun and did not have drops of gold in her heart as we do. She felt very proud of her exquisite purity and was so very aristocratic that she looked down on all the other flowers. At last she became so haughty that she would not unfold her petals one morning when the sun's ray bade her, saying pettishly, 'I am not ready for day yet. Later I will open

my petals.'

"The ray carried this answer back to the palace of the sun. 'Very well,' said the king, 'she must be punished.' And would you believe it, when the blossom tried to open her eyes and fling out her white arms, all she could do was to open them half way, making her the shape of a bell. Dark spots marred her snow-white purity. The flower drooped her head, silent and ashamed. Never again did she boast; only too happy sometimes when she escaped the jeers of her companions. She became so humble that at length the king took pity on her.

"Poor thing, she has suffered enough." With the words he gently touched each dark spot and it gleamed forth a golden star. Into her cup besides, he dropped a song and that is why we sing when the breeze wafts

us to and fro.

The first lily sang so joyously that the Easter angel heard her and said, "every Easter thou shalt carol thus."

"Listen," whispered my lily, "listen on Easter morning, if you wish to hear us."

EVELYN M. WARREN, '04.



Owing to many unavoidable reasons, the Glee Club has been unable to hold its customary meetings as usual. Although we cannot meet and rehearse, nevertheless our interest does not wane and we may be sure that in a short time the Club will be holding its usual sessions.

Several new members have joined the Club and are awaiting the time for their voices to be tested. There are still many more who have not joined and to whom we extend an earnest invitation. We are especially in want of tenors. A plan has been proposed to admit a few of the school who sing second alto, although it has not been carried out.

A great deal of the time and attention of the Club has been spent in the direction of the concert in which all the pupils of the school will participate, and which has at stake the interest of the Athletic Association. It might not be out of place here to speak more fully of this concert. There will be singing by each of the classes, also by individual choruses, and by the school as a whole. The cantata, "The Village Blacksmith," given by the school last year at graduation, is to be repeated. This is the first attempt at a musical entertainment by the school, and it is hoped that as large a number as possible will be present and thus aid toward making it a success.

When the work in this line is finished, the regular meetings of the Club will continue, and all pupils desirous of becoming members should, before then, see to it that they hand their names to either Mr. Taylor '06, or Mr. Viets '05. Join, and participate in the good times which the Club is looking forward to.

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SCHOOL LOCALS



1904.

The day after the Christmas vacation some one said that purpose was what you wanted and result was what you got.

The next thing on the programme is the Senior Social.

Some of the Physics class don't see anything when they look into the looking-glass. Really, they are rather hard on themselves.

Freshmen evidently know how to procrastinate, if they don't know the meaning of procrastination.

One member of the Latin class thinks that Aeneas was a theologian and speaks of him as the Reverend Aeneas.

The chicken certainly is a timid beast.

It hardly seems right to be addressed as "sinner,' even if one does forget the rules of prosody.

Sola bulo—the lonely owl.

Speaking of watery honey sets us wondering if that trick was practised way back in Virgil's time.

Spring vacation is fast approaching.

1905.

No fatalities have as yet been reported from the chemical laboratory.

Only a few verbs in German are termed "mixed," though with some of us they are all mixed.

In the selection and character of our class gift, we think we have sustained the high standard set by previous donors.

"The wigs played a very prominent part in English politics." A boon, doubtless, to bald-headed members of Parliament.

A recent mathematical discovery—" Three halves make one whole one."

Quadratic equations often involve expressions of anxiety which cannot be described as affected.

Query:—Were the Barbary pirates Barbarians?

The imagination rises to great heights in history recitations. The Greek athletes were especially wonderful since one of them, we hear, ran a thousand miles in a day.

Is Stiefel wrong?

Yes, Shuhe.

Teacher—"Give the Latin for the other side."

Pupil—"I don't know the other side."

Your boots are wet - "lhr Hausknecht ist nass."

Canine callers in the early morning should not be encouraged, even if their visits are made in quest of dog Latin.

1906.

One of the Greek pupils gave the following translation :- "Man surpasses, in understanding the other wild animals!" Query:-Though the translation is smooth, is it not a little wild?

If Master — when explaining his geometrical figures on the board would only remember that he is not transparent and that the A. H. S. has no X-ray apparatus, he would confer a favor upon his classmates.

A Latin pupil translates as follows:—
"Membra viminibres contexta sunt"—
"Limbs interwoven with living men." We had supposed that Cæsar's bridge was inanimate, not animate.

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The following facts relative to the habits of the elk, not recorded in our text-book, were announced by pupils of the Latin class:—"The elk can neither get up nor sit up." They use trees for "liars" and for "pillows."

Close connection—"He said that he would follow himself immediately!"

1907.

Our class pins are just the thing.

It seems strange, after having a vacation of ten days, that some one did not have time to translate five sentences.

Even on the map one must have a long hand to reach from Arlington to Byzantium.

Cronus must have had a great stomach capacity to have been able to find room for his children.

Some one thinks that a little more learning would injure him.

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Since the last issue of the CLARION, many things have happened in the Athletic Department which may interest our readers. The chief sport of the winter months is hockey, this winter proving no exception. The frozen surface of Spy Pond furnished an admiral practice ground as well as a contest field for the team. Everyone knows that the only way to develop a winning team is by hard work, and so when snow covered the ice, thus barring out skating for many, the snow shovel was brought into play to such advantage that only heavy falls kept the team from their practice.

The first game of importance was played against Cambridge Manual on Dec. 12th. The High School team was not, at that time, definately picked, so the game gave an opportunity of trying out candidates. For Arlington, ·C. Gray, Spurr, Hicks and H. Viets played forward, Capt. Hilliard took his place at cover-point, and Kelley and Taylor at point and goal respectively, completed the line up. The game was a tight one from start to finish. After some minutes of play, Gray received a pass in front of the opponents' goal and shot the rubber through for Arlington. No more scoring was done in that half. In the second period, things warmed up in good shape and each side scored once which made the final result 2—1 in favor of A. H. S. This game put the fellows in good spirits for the hard

practice which their captain saw was still necessary before they could play a league game. Some amusement was occasioned by the outcome of the game because C. M. T. S. was in the Interscholastic League, into which Arlington had tried to enter but had been refused.

About a week later the team defeated Cambridge High. The game was ragged throughout and ended in a score of 6-o. A game with Alumni players furnished considerable sport. Against the team were arranged Moore, Johnson, McClean, Mills, F. Gray and others, all good players. The result could not be foreseen a minute before time, so tight was the playing. The first score was credited to the Alumni and was followed by one for the High School. Toward the end of the second half each side scored again, but after this none were made, so that when time was up, each side had scored twice. Another game was arranged for, but was unable to be played.

We were less fortunate when it came to playing Cambridge Latin School at the Harvard rink and suffered a defeat of 8—2. However, we played them again in a week's time and although once more beaten, the score was considerably less.

On the last day of December, our team met Somerville High on Spy Pond. The game was anticipated with considerable interest because no one could be found who



H. Viets.

Lunt.

Hilliard (Captain.)

Kelley.

Livingstone.

Hockey TEAM 1903-04.

Mowll (Manager)

Gray.

Hicks.

Taylor.

Hicks.

seemed to know anything about Somerville's strength. In spite of the snow which covered the pond, the game was played in a spot which had been cleared in the morning. The forwards for Arlington were Spurr, Livingstone, Hicks and Gray; the defense, Hilliard, Kelley and Taylor.

Almost in the first minute of play, Spurr tripped and fell, putting his shoulder out of commission. He was obliged to retire and H. Viets took his place. It took but a few minutes to see that Somerville had her match. In the first half, Arlington succeeded in shutting out her opponent and in scoring herself. In the second half, all the excitement was around Somerville's goal and each forward took his hand at scoring, in which even our cover-point was not left

out, one goal being credited to him. When time was called the score stood 7—o and the team felt amply repaid for their morning's shoveling.

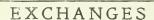
Just a week later, the team met Boston E. H. S. on Spy. The condition of the ice was not all that could be wished for, but this did not hinder the game's being fast and tight. The first scoring was done about the middle of the first half when Lunt succeeded in sending the disc through for Arlington. No more scoring followed in that half. A. H. S. began the second period determined to keep her opponent from scoring, and to score herself. This, in part, she was able to do until very near the end of the game when, despite all efforts, English High shot a goal. This made the score

1—1 and thus it stayed till the end. By this time it was too dark to play an extra period, which is sometimes done in cases of tie.

January 11 was the day fixed for the first league game with Ballou & Hobigand, but for some reason or other they did not appear, so that the game was ours by forfeit.

On January 18th Arlington and Melrose lined up for a game which was to prove fast and hard fought. The ice was in splendid condition, smooth and black, and the bitter cold was not felt after once getting into the game. At first, Melrose, who had thus far suffered no defeat, started in to do things up brown. A. H. S. was equally determined to score and put up a grand fight, starting right in on the offensive. Back and forth they sped, now down at one goal then back to the other, neither side seeming to have an advantage. Hilliard was a great mair stay in our defense, and Kelley and T each made superb stops. When called at the end of the first h had been made. With and a change of goa again. In this h nate. Before m the opposing t goal. In spit was followe was caused eree chan directly posing front incide

league game that was able to be played thus far in the season. With the cup in view, the players went in with a will. The following lines from a Boston paper may give some idea of the game: "The victors put up a magnificent exhibition of team play, which raised havoc with the individual efforts of the Roxbury boys." The score was 12—0. Before the game the was taken in hand by a hard-hear grapher who made them sta wind, cheering them that it would s this treatme ing's pape some, th to disti





Aren't the illustrations in The Radiator

Jabberwock is waking up. "Bobby's is "too cute." Keep it up, girls!

be a good deal of salt in

rks are all

r. every-

"You look the same as ever," said the dime savings bank.

"Well," said the little boy, as he shook it, "there seems to be no change in you."

The Quarterly Review would be improved by another story or two.

The photos in The Imp add greatly to its attractiveness.

"Star Eyes" in The Fram is a very interesting story. We would suggest a longer exchange column, though.

> exchange column of The Quill, Sans good.

> > see that a goodly number Illustrated. This is novement among it will be cont are the pic-

> > > out the exes. The s is per-Record Radialine.

⇒ ARLINGTON * HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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THE CLARION

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Officers of the Clarion.

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HOWARD T. VIETS

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BEATRICE BRACKETT



EDITORIAL



We have now nearly completed our school year, and the summer vacation is not far off. Since last September much has happened out of the usual run to make the year a memorable one. In the first place we started in with an almost entirely new corps of teachers; though by this time we no longer think of them as new. In fact they have so successfully fitted into the places of their predecessors, that the school has experienced none of the inconveniences that so often rise from such changes; and any barriers of reserve that may have existed at first, are now entirely done away with.

Then, too, we have had our entertainments. The school, under the leadership of the Athletic Association, has not been content with one, or two at most, as in former years; but has assisted right well in making successful as many as five. When one stops and considers this, he must admit that the terms have been busy ones and exceedingly productive in a financial light as well as academic. We have had our Shakespeare readings, which have thrilled us with pleasure and at the same time furnished instruction.

We have had the Senior Social. It will certainly be a good while before we shall be likely to forget that. The class of '04 ably upheld the standard attained by previous Senior classes in acting the part of host. The rest of the school as guests, had a good opportunity to judge of the merits of their sister class; and not one in the company could be found who was not sincere in his praise and appreciation of what they had done. The bright little play presented during the evening went off smoothly, and showed that the class contained some "geniuses" in that line. A larger number were able to take part, through the tableaux that were given, than would otherwise have been the case. The evening concluded with a social hour in which old members of the school were welcomed and the younger ones made to feel more at home; so that when the company broke up all felt better acquainted with each other.

The Debating Club formed in March has proved to be very successful; and the committee have been able to arrange for a debate once a fortnight, regularly. The club is divided into two "teams" equal in number, each with its captain. These teams are to remain the same for half the year, and from them the captains select two each time to uphold their side of the argument. This causes a friendly rivalry, and prompts the debaters to work hard for their side. As there is a general debate while the judges are out, any member who is so disposed may speak. The membership is open to any boy in the school, a fact which perhaps all do not know. Also, any connected with the school, teachers or alumni, are cordially invited by the executive committee to attend the debates, which are held on Friday afternoons.

Meanwhile, Athletics have been booming, as was shown by the championship trophy the hockey team captured; not to speak of the individual cups, which the owners will always regard as a memento of the season's work. The ball field, too, shows signs of life, and the new back-stop and spacious new grandstand make it better adapted than ever before, both for players and spectators.

To see how gratefully a visiting team receives any courteous treatment we may give them, lends interest to the sport; and we cannot help feeling that if we win, we do it in an honorable fashion, while if we lose we

do so in a friendly way, and attribute it simply to the superior playing of our opponents.

We owe a vote of thanks to the designer of the grandstand for those good broad seats that do not necessitate sitting on anybody's toes.

It is interesting to notice the list of acquaintances a fellow will make, who plays on any of the school teams; for wherever he goes he is continually meeting those with whom he first got acquainted on the athletic field or the rink.

It is always gratifying to hear of the good work that some of the graduates of this school are doing in the lines they have chosen. Mr. Michelson is one. Although not a graduate of the school, he was for some time connected with it. While here, he showed considerable talent for drawing; and recognizing his opportunity he has striven to perfect himself in it. (He is the author of the sketches at the head of the Athletic and Society notes.) His work has lately appeared in high class magazines, which speaks well for him. We have also heard that Mr. Raymond Grover has had the distinction of being the author of several witty jokes in the Lampoon, Harvard's paper. Some of us may have noticed that Fred. Cook, one of Exeter's pitchers, is a puzzle for batters on the strongest college teams. It was in school here that he first tried pitching; and he was always a strong support for the team.

Have we missed Rhetoricals this year?

To those who complain that they have to take studies they neither like nor get along well in, one of the country's great educators has said, in part, that to get right down and master them to the best of one's ability is excellent character training.

The practice of taking a collection at the games is very lucrative, and should certainly be continued.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



A TRIP TO MARS.

Early one morning several years ago, I received a letter from an intimate friend out in Ohio, which read, "Meet me at eight o'clock Saturday morning at the Grand Depot in New York." It was now late, and to get there at that time I must start im-Therefore I started at once without any preparation, and reached New York at the time expected. After having several narrow escapes in crossing the streets of the city, we arrived at the house of my friend. A large part of the day was spent making necessary preparations in our outfit, but at night all was ready to start. However, we waited until Monday morning, when early in the day we climbed into our ship, before a great multitude of people. My friend gave the order, "cut the ropes," and slowly we arose. I never was much of a mechanic, for I had always given my time to foreign languages until I could speak French, German, Greek and Latin almost as well as English; therefore my friend did all the steering. At first, we started at ten miles an hour, but gradually we increased our speed until the ship was going at five hundred miles an hour. At night we directed our ship by the stars. One of the most valuable discoveries we made, was the fact that the air encircling a world not only extends the few miles now supposed by scientists, but continues for thousands of miles. However, it did become so rare finally that it seemed as if to live were impossible; but to our delight we found that the higher we went the denser it became: so we knew that we were approaching the planet. After a few more weeks we arrived at our goal, and alighted at the city of Athens. What a place this was. We attached the ship to a few of the surrounding

trees and stepped out. The people were thunder-struck to see this monstrous animal in their midst, and some were so overcome that they fell to the ground and hid their faces. I was much surprised to hear two gentlemen beside me, talking Latin. Instantly I joined in and soon after found that I was conversing with no less personages than Julius Cæsar and his friend Mark Antony.

It seems that the Romans and Greeks had taken up arms against the French and the Americans, and had just lost an important battle in which Napoleon with 30,-000 men had overcome Augustus with 40,-000.

Casar continued to talk about the war: and when he told me all the causes and principal events, he asked me if they ever had war at home. I told him that the country had just had a civil war. He complained that the battle of that day had been lost because his men with their bows and spears could not approach near enough to the enemy with their "iron monsters and matches." I told him that his army would be hopeless now against the modern firearms.

Passing up along the street with its mixture of old Roman and foreign houses, I met a person apparently lost in thought, whom I stopped and asked, "Can you tell me where this road leads to?" "Yes sir," he said, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." I expected to visit an old fashioned gravevard at the end of the road, but "confusion reigned supreme." Instead, on my right was a sign which read, "Order is Heaven's first law." How could this be anything but "a forgone conclusion?" Yet, "to err is human."

In the distance I heard the queerest

sound, "making night hideous," and I understood "there was a gude time coming." Soon the van appeared singing in my own native tongue, "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances," and following closely at their heels was Washington on a white horse.

My friend and I decided to visit the "America" of Mars. We took a sailing vessel from Athens (for at that time steamships were unknown to Mars), and reached Washington two weeks after. The people there were much disturbed by the news that Fort Sumpter had been fired on. It was real pleasant to hear the comments of the Civil War, but the story seemed old to us.

The news came to us in Washington that our ship in Athens had been hit in the steering gear by a falling tree, and that to repair it was beyond the powers of the inhabitants. We immediately returned to Athens and tried to borrow some tools from the people. But they had never thought of screwdrivers and monkey wrenches and such things; so all we could do was to repair the

ship as best we could with the few tools we had brought.

At last the time to depart had come, and early one morning we cut ropes and left the previously unexplored Mars. The trip home was delightful, although we were constantly afraid the ship would fall to pieces. As we were nearing home, congratulating ourselves on our successful trip, a cyclone struck the ship, causing it to sway one way and another; and then came the crash. There was no time to think, for the ship was broken and we were fast descending. Destruction seemed inevitable; so we both jumped and faster and faster we fell until. "thunk," I had struck something. A few days afterward on recovering my senses I found that I had fallen into a snow-bank, and my friend, on an outstretched flag on the Fourth of July nineteen hundred and four.

This may have seemed "a foregone conclusion," but thereby hangs a tale."

P. W. TAYLOR, '06.

A. D. W. PRESCOTT,

A. H. S. 1895.

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A DIVING LESSON.

Last summer, three boys, including the writer, went camping. The pond where the camp was situated was well stocked with fish and its shores proved nearly an ideal camping ground. The swimming also was fine, and as soon as the camp was straightened out all decided to take a swim.

We were all able to swim fairly well; but only one knew how, or rather dared, to dive. This young gentleman, whom I will call Ned, prided himself on his diving and was anxious to impart some of his knowledge to his companions. He first informed them that it was "dead easy" if one only knew how; and then he proceeded to illustrate his manner of diving. He first climbed upon the wharf and stood a moment gazing into the clear water beneath; then, slowly raising his hands to the proper position, dived. His first attempt was a fair success and so was the second; but then came his downfall. Becoming over-confident, he decided to show off a little and perform a running dive; so he ran back from the wharf to get a good start, and then came on at a great rate of speed: but just as he reached the edge of the wharf, he slipped. The other two cannot tell to this day just what happened next, but they both remember hearing a blood-curdling yell and seeing Ned, with arms and legs wildly waving, shoot headlong from the wharf. A splash and a great

commotion in the water followed, and then Ned appeared above the surface, gasping desperately for breath and shrieking for help, although the water was only about five feet deep. He was soon pulled out on the wharf and convinced that he was all right; but he did not enter the water again all the time that the party were camping: and even now he gets angry when he is asked if he knows yet how to dive.

FRED S. MEAD, JR., '05.

SOME QUEER NEWS ITEMS.

I should like a newspaper without advertisements. It would be such a novelty that it would be more interesting, in my opinion. than any book. While reading a newspaper one day, my eye roved carelessly over this item: "William Burton, a wellknown citizen of this town, died, after a long illness. The funeral was held at his home on Friday. The Reverend Mr. Black made an appropriate address beginning: 'The Bible says, 'Drink 'Moxie.' It will fill you with new life." In alarm, I looked more closely; for I did not remember having read that particular passage in the Bible. I breathed a relieved sigh as I saw that the mistake was mine. I had not noticed the tiny black line that separated the minister's speech from a familiar advertisement, and had read straight down the column. Another time I was reading this:

BEST OPPORTUNITIES for HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

...IN...

RELIABLE BANKING MERCANTILE and WHOLESALE HOUSES

YOUNG MEN WISHING TO SECURE GOOD POSITIONS SHOULD CALL AT

MERCANTILE REFERENCE AND BOND ASSOCIATION,

56 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

NO CHARGE FOR APPLICATION.

ESTABLISHED 1885.

"Albert Stone, a young man of this town, was going home alone late one night. As he passed a dark alley, a masked and cloaked figure sprang from behind a house and seized him, exclaiming, 'Eat 'Force.' It builds up the muscles." "Very good advice," I thought, "and certainly quite appropriate." But a second perusal of this startling bit of news revealed the fact that the villian's exclamation, which was "Hands up!," was in the next column. In disgust I threw the paper from me. The villian was always saying "Hands up!" That first remark which I had read, seemed such an original thing for a robber to say that I was much pleased; and when I read his real command, I was certainly disappointed. Now I am trying to think of some scheme by which I can persuade editors, without hurting their feelings, to leave advertisements out of their newspapers.

RUTH E. WHITTEN, '06.

THE MOONSHINERS' CAVE.

It is wonderful what pains men take to do evil. The Secret Service Department at Washington has in its possession miracles of ingenuity in the shape of manufactured bank-notes of the lower denominations. If one half the energy and skill were applied to a lawful business, it would bring the workman a fair profit. An interesting example of misapplied ingenuity occurs in the following:

A small island in the Peedee River, North Carolina, was known to be the haunt of moonshiners. It had been raided time after time by government officers, but to no avail. Finally, a deputy collector and several men stationed themselves on the island, at night, to watch. About daylight a boat containing two men and several kegs, approached the island. One of the men had been long under suspicion. He sank the kegs in the river. The watchers were a little surprised at this; but the next move surprised them more.

The men undressed and dove into the river. Nothing was seen of them all day. About sundown a boat with two men was seen nearing the opposite shore. By looking through a spy glass, the watchers saw that it was the same two men whom they had seen at daylight. At this reappearance they were dumb with amazement. It was evident that there was an underground passage on the island; but where?

The watch was kept up for another night and day. The same performance was repeated; they dove into the river, and at sundown reappeared on the opposite side; donned second suits of clothes; and with an iron hooked pole, brought several kegs to the surface of the water; loaded the boat with them, and paddled away.

The moonshiners' still was under water; but how they got in and out of it was a mystery. At last one of the men volunteered to dive and see what he could discover. The others waited anxiously for an hour, when suddenly the swimmer rose from the water at their feet.

He told his story. An expert swimmer, he had made his way under the water towards the bank. After swimming about fifty feet

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With the coming of spring we usually like to forget the past winter with its icv temperature, and think only of the warm days ahead. However, it would not do for the pupils of the A. H. S. to forget two things which have happened since this paper was last printed. Those are the Senior Social and the A. II. S. concert. The first of them has been spoken of elsewhere. The tale of the latter belongs here. Such an undertaking as that, showed what a well trained High School chorus could do; and furthermore it handed over to the Athletic Association some one hundred and eleven dollars. As this last was the primary function of the concert, one can readily see that it was a distinct success.

On April 22, the third Shakespeare Recital was given. from which a good sum was realized for the Association.

Base-ball began in earnest on April 15, when Arlington met Cambridge Latin School on Lawrence field. The team as it appeared then was almost entirely new. Kelly c., Hendrick l. f. and Livingstone c. f. were the only ones who could boast of having seen active service before, excepting the pitchers, Hicks and Banks. These last two have been hard at work since the middle of winter preparing themselves for work in the box. The game caused a great deal of expectation as to what sort of a "battery" the team would find in its new pitchers. For the first four innings, Banks did the "twirling," and then retired to Hick:

was rather ragged throughout; but this was accounted for by the fact that it was Arlington's first game, two previous ones having been cancelled on account of the weather. Numerous errors were distributed to the players, which undid the fine work of the pitchers; but still there was evidence of first class material: and all that was needed, i. e., a little practice, was forthcoming.

At this game, the inconvenience of having no grandstand was manifest; so that the work of building one was hurried along as fast as possible. Responding to the call for volunteers to "dig", a good number of the fellows showed up on the field at the appointed afternoon; and by steady working soon finished the half hundred post holes in short order, thereby saving some few dollars.

Just a word about the ball team might not be out of place here. As was said above, the team is comparatively a new one, and has reached its present proficiency only by hard, continued practice. This year, first base is covered by Phil. Taylor, who has rapidly come up and can be counted on to hold all that comes within his reach. Hilliard is at short, and has shown that his old position at first is not the only place he knows how to play. Second is covered by "Mac." Taylor, who has already shown that he is a natural ball player; and is continually receiving applause for good playing.

xll at third, although throwing rather

weak, plays hard, which goes a good way on a ball team. Hendrick and Livingstone seldom make the mistake of dropping a fly; and work together well, thus being a help to each other. It is all important that the fielders should work together this way, as it prevents mishaps and avoids that sight so amusing and at the same time disadvantageous, namely, of seeing two fielders standing and looking at the ball because each thinks that the other is going for it. Right field is a Hobson's choice, as it has no definate claimant. Banks, when not pitching, frequently plays there. Wood, also, can play the position and not infrequently does.

On April 30th, Arlington met Mechanics Arts High on the home field. The afternoon was an ideal one for ball playing; and the new stand was filled with a typical holiday crowd. Promptly at 3.30 the game started with Arlington High in the field and their opponents at bat. Immediately, Hicks began to line them over with speed and twists, which Kelly took in in great style. Again and again the cheers rang out as three strikes were called, or some good play made on either side. Excepting one or two

rather wild throws, the game was well played. The Arlington aggregation was surprised and pleased to see Hilliard playing once more, and by the way he handled himself at short won frequent applause. Below is the score of the game:—

ARLINGTON HIGH.
ab bh po a e
Hilliard, s. 5 2 1 2 0
J. Taylor, 2 5 1 1 7 1
Cleary, 3.. 4 1 1 4 1
Liv'g'ne, cf 4 2 2 0 0
Hicks, p... 3 3 0 1 1
Ra'dol'h, cf 2 0 0 0
Howll, 3... 3 2 2 3 0
Banks, r... 2 1 0 0 0
Banks, r... 2 1 0 0 0
H'dricks, lf 3 2 0 0 0
Kelley, c.. 3 1 14 1 1
Baker, c... 2 0 0 1
Hiller, p.. 2 0 0 1
Fitzg'ald, p 2 0 0 0 2

M. A. H. S....... o o 3 o o o o o o o—3
Runs made—Hilliard 2, Livingstone, Hicks, Banks, P. Taylor, Hendricks, Weinz, Bjorkland, Randolph. Two-base hits—Mowll, Kelley. Three-base hit—Hendricks. Home run—Hicks. Sacrifice hit—Hilliard. Stolen bases—Hilliard 3, Livingstone 2, Hicks 2, Weinz 3, Cleary 2. First base on balls—Hicks 6, Fitzgerald 1. Struck out—Hicks 11, Fitzergald 2, Miller 9. Double plays—Andrews and Weinz; J. Taylor to Hilliard and P. Taylor. Wild pitches—Hicks 2. Hit by pitched ball—Andrews. Time—1h. 20m. Umpires—Mahoney and Smith.

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The 19th of April was celebrated by a game in the morning with the Lakeside Club of Arlington. The Lakesiders had not had much practice, it is true; but they were all old players and put up a good game indeed. In this game, Hicks did excellent work, striking out fourteen men. The official score is given below:—

ARLINGTON HIGH.					LAKESIDE CLUB.							
bh	ро	a	е				1	bh	ро	a	е	
J. Taylor 2b 1	0	4	I	T.	O'l	V'il	,2b	0	2	0	2	
Kelly, c I	15	4	0	Fi	'i'dr	ich	ιb,	0	5	0	0	
Hicks, p I	0	I	0	D	avis	, С		0	3	3	2	
Mowll, 3b I	2	0	0	A.	Dı	iffy	, 1f	0	2	0	0	
H'dricks, lf. 1	0	0	0	Bı	enn	an		0	2	I	3	
Liv'g'ton,cf. o	I	0	0	T.	. Du	ffy	, ss	0	3	I	0	
Banks, ss I	2	3	0	Po	wei	s,	3b.	I	4	I	0	
P. Taylor, 1b 1	7	0	0	O.	Brie	en,	cf.	I	2	0	0	
Lunt, rf o	0	0	0	G	ardr	er,	rf.	0	0	0	0	
				Lı	ites.	, 1 f		0	I	0	0	
Totals7	27	12	I		Tot	als		.2	24	6	7	
Innnings		I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
A. H. S		0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	_	-4	
Lakeside		I	Ō	0	I	0	0	0	0	0	-2	

Runs made by—J. Taylor, Hendricks, Banks, P. Taylor, O'Neil, Brennan. Two-base hits—Kelly. Stolen bases — Davis 2, Brennan 2, Powers, O'Brien, Banks, Hendricks, Hicks, Kelly. Base on balls by—Hicks 3, Brennan. Struck out by—Hicks 14, Brennan 3. Sacrifice hits—Friedrich. Umpire—McCarthy. Time 1h. 30m.

We were not so fortunate when we met Medford High on April 23. Numerous errors were recorded during the game and at times the base runners were either asleep or else did not mind their coachers. Banks pitched the first two innings for Arlington, and was then taken out at his own request, being physically unfit to pitch that day. He struck out four men, however, while in the box; and Hicks followed with a good number more. In the last inning, Arlington High had the bases full with nobody out and there seemed to be every chance of pulling in the needed runs. A hot liner was knocked to third, for which the baseman was obliged to jump; but holding it, he quickly recovered; sent it to second, whence it was hustled on to first, all before the base runners could get back on the bases. This play ended the game.

MEDFORD H. S.		ARLINGTON H. S.	
ab bh po a	е	ab bh po a	е
Zwicker, c. 4 1 4 3	I	J. Taylor, 2 2 1 2 4 0	0
Bean, 2 3 0 4 1	2	Kelley, c 4 0 14 1 0	O
Mather, p. 3 1 1 4	0	Hicks, s, p 3 I I I	Ι
Lewis. s 4 1 2 2	I	Mowll, 3 3 1 0 1 6	0
		Hend'ks, 14000	
Bl'chard 1. 3 0 2 0	I	Lv'st'ne, cf 2 1 2 0 0	0
		Banks, p,s 4 o 1 1	
Hernon, cf 4 I 0 0	0	P.Ta'lor, 1 3 0 7 0	1
Jackson, 3. 4 1 6 0	I	Wood, r., 2 1 0 1 0	0
Totals33 5 27 10	8	Totals26 5 27 9	7
Innings I 2		3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Medford H. S o)	2 0 0 2 5 0 1—10	0
		0 0 0 4 1 2 0-	

Runs—Hernon, Jackson 2, Mather, Lewis 2, Hazelton, Zwicker 2, Bean, Wood 2, J. Taylor, Kelley, Hicks, Livingstone, P. Taylor. Two-base hits—Mather, Hernon. Home run—Wood. Sacrifice hits—Hendricks, Kelley, Bean, Tryon, Blanchard. Stolen bases—J. Taylor, Livingstone, P. Taylor, Wood, Mather 2, Lewis. First base on balls—By Banks 1, by Hicks 2, by Mather 10. First base on errors—Medford 5, Arlington 4. Struck out—By Banks 4, by Hicks 10, by Mather 3. Double plays—Blanchard to Bean; Mather to Tryon. Passed balls—Zwicker 4, Kelley 4. Wild pitches—Mather. Hit by pitched balls—Zwicker, Bean, Mowll, Kelley. Time—1h. 50m. Umpire—O'Donnell. Attendance—750.

On the 12th of May the team did itself proud by defeating R. M. T. S. Every one played his best, and those who looked for a defeat at the hands of Manual Training School were treated to a surprise. There were but two errors credited to Arlington, and neither of these came at critical points. The features of the game were Hick's pitching (he secured 10 strike-outs), and a spectacular catch of a foul fly by Mowll, who was obliged to sprint through the crowd for it. We are unable to give the whole score.

Innings	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Arlington	4	0	O	I	I	0	0	0	0-6
Rindge	0	0	0	0	0	I	0	0	1-0

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SCHOOL LOCALS



1904.

The class of 1904 wishes success to the Arlington High School, its teachers and the successive classes.

"Cunis umbrosa tege bat harundo." "He had a shadowy arrow stuck in his hair." He was without doubt an Apache chief.

Now that the whole High School chorus have got through "singing in Paradise," seventy of them are doing "penance sore."

"Votre regne aux neveux dort servir de modele." "Your reign should serve as a model for your ancestors." Just how, please?

On these beautiful spring days a large majority of the school think that it would be a good idea to hold the classes on the lawn.

Overheard:---

- "Going to Reading this afternoon to the game?"
 - "No, too many lessons."
- "Oh, study on the cars, I'm going to do that."
 - "All right, I'll go."

But it was perfectly allowable as they were both Seniors.

Dapes inbet—He orders the dates.

According to one member of the Greek class the chimaera somewhat resembled a drake.

Coming—June, exams and—graduation, and the class of "ought-four" will have entered the great world to fight its own battles and do its humble part in life.

1905.

The class of '04 will be greatly missed "by those who in their turn shall follow them."

A terse translation: "The French were decomposed after having been finished."

Teacher: "What does 'exurere' me in?" Respectful response: "Dry up."

The study of Shakespeare, in some instances, seems to have been conducive to sleep.

"They swam across in boats."

It might also have been said,—There is no royal road to College.

Heard in recitation (after Easter): "Dorr's resurrection."

For explosives for the holidays consult the Chemistry class.

May September find us reunited with ranks unbroken!

1906.

We hear the following translation from Nepos: "He trusted that he could dispel the impeding danger." We had supposed that danger impels rather than impedes us.

He seized the javelin of his family (sui familiaris). The above translation can be accounted for only by a scarcity of arms.

Teacher: "What was Scipio's daugh ter's name?"

Pupil: 4 Cornelius!"

"Alcibiades snatched a weapon from his friend carried under the arm!" The strength of the old-time soldier may have been sufficiently great to have carried a friend in this manner; but in modern times it would be considered quite a "stunt."

We read that the North End people sew their children's dresses on for the winter. One of the French class, who must have undoubtedly read and been impressed by the foregoing, translated the following sentence: "Les riches ne changerent pas leurs habitudes." Thus: The rich never changed their clothes!"

"They did not dare to kill him by *shields!*" Time changes everything. While formerly the shield was evidently used to destroy, we believe that in later times it was employed to protect life.

A certain pupil translates: "Sed satis de hoc: religuos ordiamus. "But enough

concerning him: let us omit the rest." Most of us feel that way,—with an apology to Nepos.

A certain member of the class is often seized with fits of perpetual motion; at such times it is very difficult for us to preserve the tranquility of our nerves: for pencils, ink-well covers and other small bric-a-brac seem to be seized with the same symptoms.

1907.

There are a few pupils in our room who cannot think,

A quotation from Longfellow: "The stairway rose the guests and departed."

What a bad expression for a Freshman! "I don't know nothing about it."

Someone called "sooner" a preposition.

The pronunciation of E-pam-i-non-das has caused great trouble.

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EXCHANGES

We gladly welcome as new exchanges the Packard Budget from New York, and the Linsley Echo from West Virginia.

"Here, take this rifle," cried the excited showman, "the leopard has escaped. If you find him, shoot him on the spot." "Which spot, sir?" gasped the green circus hand. Ex.

The only trouble with the Phonograph's exchange column is that there is not enough of it.

Something which we have noticed in one or two of the exchanges has surprised us not a little. We quote from the March Racquet, in the base ball notes: "In the past few weeks many of the men have laid away their beloved pipes, etc," and from the editorial of the March Stylus, speaking of the lecture on cigarettes, "Our boys are certainly no worse than those in neighboring cities in that respect." Is it not a pity that it should be an accepted fact that the boys who represent the school and stand for the best that it brings forth, should smoke.

"Well this beats the Dutch," said the Amsterdam school-master, as he fondly gazed at his well-worn birch. Ex.

The writer of "His Paper," in the Polaris, evidently has the right spirit.

The editors of the "Room 2 Sunbeam," a copy of which is published in the February Lynn Gazette, certainly "have it bad."

"Excavations made in Boston," in the Latin and High School Review, is rather amusing.

You need an exchange column, Concord Voice.

We are always glad to see the Fram. It is in all respects one of our best exchanges.

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked an Irishman of a friend. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt." Ex.

The exchange column of the Salem Advance is splendid.

We should like to know if the figures, \$1600, quoted in the Ball II. S. Review as the box-office receipts at a High school entertainment, are correct or a mis-print. The statement must be swallowed with a grain of salt.

The Crimson and White evidently has a wide-awake exchange editor.

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epitaphs, while the other leaned against the fence, and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:—

- "Are you troo?"
- "Yes."
- "You ain't got nuffin' more to say?"
- (NTO 22
- "Well, all dem tings what you called me, you is." Ex.

The play, "Reggie's Bride," in the Quill. is very mirth-provoking. The "naughty four" must be a rather humorous quartet.

The Dean Megaphone would do well to use larger print.

The Miska Sagaigan is a bright little paper.

"The Grasp of the Law," in the Saugus High School Advocate, is well worth reading.

The X Rays is a splendid paper, but for its exchange column. We advise the editor to brace up and study its contemporaries.

Can't you get a prettier cover, Blue Stocking?

The Radiator excels, as usual.

⇒ ARLINGTON *

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EDITOR:

HOWARD T. VIETS

CLASS EDITORS:

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EDITORIAL



The CLARION again sends out its hearty greeting to all connected with the school, teachers and students alike, and trusts that each one may derive something from the coming months which, when made his own, will stay by and be of use in after years.

Many long poems and complete stories purpose often to teach but a single moral or two, capable of being spoken in a few short sentences, yet none the less valuable. Much is written, in these instances, to show every side and aspect of the truth which the author wishes to teach and emphasize.

So it is with school years. Though we may forget many particular lessons, for this is inevitable, and thus be led to imagine that our pains are wasted, yet always, if we will only be on the lookout, we can each acquire some new trait, form some

habit which will be extremely useful when striking out into the world.

One may have learned to apply himself, to concentrate his mind on the work at hand; another, that some system is valuable in all undertakings; yet another, by frequent intercourse with a person of exceptionally good character, may have formed at first a liking for that person and then a desire to emulate him or her as far as possible. There are instances where some word of advice, prompted by genuine feeling, has completely changed the life of a student. Thus if there remains, above all, some added growth of mind and character formed little by little from each day's work, then the school has not been useless.

We will say here that those now in the third and second year classes who intend

to go to college, would do well to look carefully into the entrance requirements and ascertain the number of points and studies necessary. In that way they could plan so as not to be compelled to crowd into the Senior year more work than could be done with reasonable efficiency.

Those who take up the study of Botany certainly have a well equipped and attractive work-room.

It usually happens that the Senior Class furnishes, among other things, a good proportion of the different "teams." May this year prove no exception.

As winter approaches we all begin to wonder whether that trophy of last season is to remain here. All things going well, Captain Hicks and his men can be depended on to put up the very best sort of a fight for it this winter.

There is at present a united plea among educators and others for more expression and enthusiasm in the school room recitations. It is true that most of us speak in a low tone, with little expression and snap to it. Now we could, in this school, easily make a change in this, if enough would only take interest. The chief trouble is, each one is shy about leading off in any new course. If all will act together, this difficulty can be overcome. As soon, then, as this issue comes out, it seems as if no one ought to be afraid to try to recite with more feeling; for the class will know where the impulse comes from, and if they all will but take hold, the lessons will become vastly more interesting in every way.

If the Seniors will but take the trouble to think back and recollect, when they were Freshmen, how grand the then Seniors appeared, it may prove a great stimulus in maintaining their "dignity."

To give our readers some idea of the school's high standing in academic work,

we will say that of the Senior candidates who last June took examinations at Harvard and Radcliffe, several passed with double honors in some studies. There are certain advantages in a school's having a high standing, and to maintain ours it is often found expedient to forbid a candidate to take an exam. in some one study, perhaps, if his work during the year gives evidence that he is likely to fail. In that case it is made up and the exam. taken at a later date.

Last year, as many remember, considerable interest was aroused in the Debating Society, and it is hoped that this year the interest will be greatly increased. Several years ago a debating society was organized and successfully carried through for some time; but then it was dropped. This new activity, it is hoped, gives evidence of a permanent organization.

Membership is open to all boys in the school, provided they are voted in, and each one is given a chance to take part at one time or another.

It is hardly necessary to say that debating is of infinite value to all who would become good citizens. Every public officer needs the practice it gives; every private citizen sees the time when skill in it is of great practical value. Debating trains one, in an entertaining way, to think, speak and write in an orderly and effective way.

The young ladies of the school are especially invited by the members to attend all debates. Their presence will, without doubt, add an incentive to the work.

We feel justly proud in informing our readers that a former graduate of this school, Miss Therese Norton, has been elected president of the Junior Class at Radcliffe College. Two years ago a similar honor was extended to Miss Marion Churchill, also an A. H. S. graduate and classmate of Miss Norton, when she was

chosen president of the class in its Freshman year. Considering the comparatively small number of Arlington High graduates at Radcliffe, we regard this as reflecting no little credit and honor on our school.

Many of us remember the graduation exercises last June with pleasure. The class chose to take part themselves rather than engage a speaker. Apart from the salutatory, the exercises centered around the life of Oliver Goldsmith, and several interesting essays were read depicting different phases and periods in the great author's life. The president's greeting departed from the usual custom, in that it was delivered in Latin. As a product of the Latin training furnished by the school, the greeting mentioned is published below.

SALUTATORY.

Salvete, amici nostri, qui semper, dum laboramus ludimusque, voluntatem nostris rebus bene gestis summam habuistis. "Nobis frequens conspectus vester multo iucundissimus." Gaudemus quod nostram adhuc disciplinam adulescentiae feliciter confecimus. Laetitia tamen nostra cum tristitia conjungitur, quod oblivisci non possumus nos, qui multos iam annos tam firmiter consociamur, vias posthac diversas secuturos. Hoc autem tempus est, ut scimus, quasi unum ex miliariis, quae in nostris viis stant, non meta. Itaque pleni spei animique ad novos labores contendere parati sumus, memoria tenentes illa Vergili verba, "Possunt, quia posse videntur." Quam occasionem ad gratias vobis omnibus agendas propter ea, quae multis modis liberaliter contulistis, sumere volumus.

Curatores magnifici, vobis qui non solum magno studio disciplinam nostram continenter coluistis, verum etiam tempus, scientiam, sapientiam, diligentiamque nobis copiose atque gratiis dedistis, maximam habemus gratiam. Utinam nos, ubicumque in terris versamur, ita vivamus ut his omnibus vestris beneficiis digni simus.

Praeceptores venerandi, propter vestra officia semper nobis cum benevolentia data, nostras gratias accipite. Vos scientiam atque usum rerum quae nostram disciplinam quam maxime fructuosam et periucundam fecerint, habere scimus. Cum auxilium, exhortationem studiorum nostrorum, consensionem nobiscum omnibus in rebus, denique amorem vestrum, nobis semper concessistis, tum maxima exempla morum doctrinaeque perpetuo nobis ostendistis. Hoc consilio vitam agamus ut vos ex nostra virtute fructum amplissimum benevolentiae et benignitatis vestrae consequamini.

Salvete, parentes carissimi, vos summa voluntate salutamus. Maximam longe partem ad nostras vitas moresque informandos contulistis. Quem animum domi accepimus, eum ne umquam, quodcumque fortuna ad nos feret, amittamus. Vobis est noster amor verissimus et gratia.

Salvete, commilitones. Nos abimus, vos autem manetis. Quod tam præclarum exemplum relinquere possumus, cuius vos aemuli esse conemini, gaudemus. Vobis nostros libros, labores a nobis confectos, qui autem vobis suscipiendi sunt, relinquimus. Periculosa non est via, sed laboriosa. Nolite timere iter facere, ubi nos praecessimus. Praeter cetera auxilia quae vos hortentur ut nova semper temptetis, est vobis etiam memoria rerum illustrium a nobis gestarum. Scilicet non inopportunum est hoc verbum ultimum hortationis—moribus, studiis doctrinae, rebus athleticis curate ut quam optime vos geratis, neve umquam virtutis imaginem, quae semper nobis cordi fuit, colere desinatis.

RUTH HORNBLOWER, '04.

Coffee

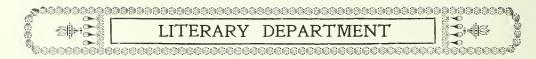
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BOSTON IN THE EARLY MORNING. (How Boston wakes up!)

I have always thought that I should like to go to Boston early, very early in the morning and watch that great city wake up and begin its daily work. Let us imagine ourselves in that great city, about three o'clock on a summer morning. The stars have already paled and the blue-black of the sky has changed to gray. But still the city seems to sleep, waiting for the sun. Yet, even before sunrise, we can hear the market wagons rumbling in from the suburbs. When finally the sun does begin to peep above the horizon, the twittering of birds is heard from the Common, and the city begins to bestir itself. Now the sun is shining brightly and the sky has changed to blue. Storekeepers begin to let down their awnings; Italians arrange their stands, laden with pyramids of fruit, carefully shining the apples to a glorious red.

At the market, day is already well advanced. The hucksters are busy arranging their stands and the early dawn finds them ready for the earliest customers. Thither come all sorts of people: young brides who, in the pride of their domestic responsibility, scan the fruit and vegetables with a critical eye and buy the first thing they see; older, more experienced women, who are on the sharp lookout for specks in the peaches and who do not hesitate to shake off the top layer of berries, suspicious of those beneath; women who carry large baskets and give large orders in plain food stuffs. Occasionally, a man on his way up town, hurriedly gives an order and wonders why women make so much fuss about marketing.

If we could look into the elevated trains now we should see people of all descrip-

On the earliest trains come the workmen, each with his tin lunch pail. hour or so later come the clerks and stenographers. But between eight and nine the elavated does its duty. The cars are then literally packed. There are brisk young men who talk of business schemes or talk with a stranger about the weather; older men, lost in thought; giggling girls who talk of their weighty social engagements; students, who never take their eyes from a Greek grammar; tired ones, who sit with folded hands and stare at nothing; and frivolous girls, who hang on to a strap with one hand and turn the leaves of a dime novel with the other. A little later come the courageous army of shoppers, who skillfully make their way down Tremont street in quest of bargains.

The Common is also a scene of much interest. The sleepers are awake and rubbing their eyes with smudgy fingers. There are men who spend the whole morning reading newspapers which other people have discarded. There are women with novels or knitting and little girls in charge of half a dozen youngsters, who are revelling in the dirt.

The interested sight-seer might find some degree of picturesqueness even at the North End, where the Italian inhabitants conduct their summer life on the sidewalks. Swarthy, indolent women loll around on the steps, scolding their children; and long-bearded men stand at the corners, keeping guard over fly specked sweets and ripe fruit.

It is now well along in the forenoon and already what a bustle and noise pervades the whole city! The whole scene is characteristic of the American people, up early, ever in a hurry, and all anxious to outdo their fellows.

Myra Wood, '05.

A GLADIATORIAL COMBAT.

Once while visiting friends at Rome I received an invitation to attend a gladiatorial combat. Having no idea what I was going to witness I gladly accepted. The amphitheatre in which it took place was circular in shape, with the stage on which the gladiators performed, in the centre.

I had been seated but a few minutes when two men appeared, between whom the struggle was to take place. One looked very large and strong, while the other appeared weak and small. At a signal given from the balcony the contest began. Great was my astonishment when I found out that each was endeavoring to kill the other. It was to be a fight to the finish.

From that moment I lost all interest in the surroundings, and could keep my eyes on the stage, only with the greatest difficulty, when I thought of the cruel work going on before me. But as there was nothing either to the right or left, except crowds of people, I was obliged to witness this fearful struggle.

They began by trying to tangle each other up in strong rope nets. The larger one soon had his smaller antagonist pretty well entangled. However, he seemed to be more of a fighter, and by a desperate effort succeeded in getting free. Right here I twice made it known to my companion that I wished to leave, but she was so interested in the struggle that she took no notice of what I said.

Soon the smaller man was entangled again, this time much worse than before. The other now delivered two sharp blows with his pointed pitch-fork, blows which seemed to sink deep into the poor man's side. Strange to say, though, they did not affect him visibly, and I concluded that he wore armour beneath his clothing. This angered his adversary, who realized that he had no means of killing him even if he should knock him over.

By this time the unfortunate one was wound up in such a way that he could not possibly get free, and in another second was thrown upon the floor with such violence as to be stunned long enough for the other to disengage himself. While he was still on the floor his adversary wrapped him up in both nets. It was useless to struggle; for the tight ropes firmly held both his legs and arms. The rest was soon over. To my horror the barbarous multitude indicated, by holding their thumbs downward, that they wished the vanquished man to die, and accompanied the last blow with a loud shouting.

The victorious gladiator was received with every mark of honor and praise for his fighting, which I considered cruel and unmanly. The crowds then slowly dispersed and I took the occasion to declare once and for all that I would never witness another gladiatorial combat.

Frances McKay, 'o6.

SOMETHING ABOUT WASHINGTON IRVING.

The first American who openly adopted literature as a calling and relied upon his pen for a support, was Washington Irving. He was born on the 3rd of April, 1783, when the British were in possession of New York city and George Washington was exerting his forces to drive them away. Like Benjamin Franklin, he was the youngest of many sons. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an English woman.

The Irvings were staunch patriots and did what they could to relieve the sufferings of American prisoners, while the British held the city. And their son was not christened until the English evacuated the town and George Washington came in and took possession. Mrs. Irving said, "Washington's work is ended and this child shall be named after him." Shortly after Washington was made president of

the United States, in New York, which was then the capital of the country, the Scotch servant girl with little Irving in charge, seeing the president on the street, called out, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington bade her bring the boy to him, and placing his hands on his head gave him his blessing.

As a boy, Irving was playful rather than studious. His delicate health prevented his entering college, and the educational training which he received was at sundry small schools. Even this ceased at the age of sixteen, at which time he began to study law. When he was nineteen, he contributed a series of essays to a daily paper established by his brother, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were humorous and met instant success, being quoted and copied as far and wide as the sayings of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" had been fifty years before.

Not long after, Irving's failing health compelled him to abandon his legal studies, and he went abroad. He spent two years in European travel and gathered a stock of material for his future writings. When he returned to New York he took up again the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced the profession. The next year, with his brother and James K. Paulding, he started the "Salmagundi, or Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelat Langstaff, Esq." which was published fortnightly.

The next two years were spent in writing his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which was published in December, 1809. To introduce this book, Irving advertised in the newspaper some months in advance of its publication, for an old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker, who had suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him the manuscript of a book and his board bill unpaid. It was finally announced that his landlord had decided to publish

the book, with the hope of realizing enough profit to satisfy his claim for board against the author.

It was received with great enthusiasm by the public. Abroad it created almost as great a sensation. This book brought both reputation and money to Irving, and with bright hopes he entered the business firm of his brother as a silent partner.

After the war of 1812 he made a second voyage across the Atlantic, intending to return shortly. But through the failure of his brother's firm he was compelled to return to literature and so remained abroad seventeen years. It was during this time that he wrote that book, so famous and so loved, the 'Sketch Book.'

We must not think of him as thin, poor and threadbare. On the contrary, when he returned to his native land he was able to build a handsome villa, "Sunnyside," in New York. Honors, too, were bestowed upon him. He represented his country at Madrid, held an honorable office in England and was greeted with magnificent public welcome here in America.

Above all else it was his descriptive essays that brought him fame. The power to picture vividly, an old abbey, a winter landscape, indeed anything, was given to him and he used it.

Edna M. Fessenden.



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A HAUNTED FORECASTLE.

We had never had very much success in getting the old captain, whom we knew as "Uncle Jud," to tell us a sea story. In fact, Capt, Judson Davis was one of those exasperating old sea-dogs who, if they in the least suspect that one wants to hear a yarn, will "close up like a clam," and nothing that anyone may say can remove their shell of reticence in regard to their own adventures. If, however, some word or anecdote brings forth a memory of former days, he starts of his own free will in a relation of his experience which will last as long as he is permitted to run before the fair wind of his remembrance without illtimed interruptions.

It was one chilly evening when we were all seated by the large open fire-place in his snug and hospitable little cottage, that "Billie" Munroe told of an item he had read in the "Cape Ann News." It was about a sick shark that had gotten under the keel of the little vessel "Lucy Tucker," as she lay at anchor in the Gulf Stream, and had, by its groaning, frightened the crew into believing the ship haunted.

"Waal," said Uncle Jud, from the midst of lighting his short, black clay pipe, "them fellers is allers gettin' a scare outen somethin.' 'S surprisin' how many things they is 'at they c'n make a ghost of."

Here we "cocked up" our ears, but wisely refrained from any active demonstration of eagerness, for fear of checking the flow of words we felt sure would follow. After waving the match in the air to extinguish it, and puffing hard at his pipe, he began.

"I rec'lect one v'yage when I was bound home from the West Injies with a cargo o' molasses an' sugar, the men thought we hed a ghost b'low. 'Twas 'long 'baout the year '72 or '3 an' I had three or four men as hed never been saouth before, an' a West Injie darky to cook. We was layin' in

the Gulf Stream 'thout no wind to speak of, an' things was purty quiet. One night, 'long 'baout four bells in the fust watch, I was stan'in at the wheel when Sambo he come jumpin' up the fo'c'stle steps, an' aft to whar me an' Osgood the fust mate, was. "Hand me a couple o' them matches, thar, will ye, Tom; funny baout this pipe, somehaow or 'nuther I can't never seem to keep her alight onelse she's chock full o' wind. Thank ye."

"M-wall, 's I was sayin', the black feller come runnin' aft an' we see his teeth was rattlin' in his haid. 'Marse Cap'en,' sez he, 'I can't gwine stay down yar no longer,' s'he, 'dey's a *ghost in de fo'c'stle.*'

'A ghost, ye say?' s'He, not knowin' what ailed the man. 'How d'ye know there be?' 'Yassir,' sez he, 'I heer'd him thumpin' an' rattlin' hees bones, sah,' sez he, 'an dis darky cayn't stay down dar nohow,' he says.

'Some game o' the boy's,' thinks I, but sez I, 'Let's go daown thar, Osgood, an' see what its like.'

"Afore we got to the galley, all the other men come pilin' up on deck 'cept Al Higgins, he'd been with me saouth three v'yages an' he sat b'low there in his bunk, laffin' like to kill hisself. 'Look out, skipper, sir,' sez one o' the crew, 'they's a ha'nt down thar, sir, sure, an' I guess Al's gone crazy with it. Just go poke your haid in' an' hear the drummin', s'he. 'Come daown, you, 'long o' me,' I says, beginnin' to und'stand.

'Waal, Cap'n Davis,' sez he, 'I ain't nowise sup'stitious, sir,' s'he, 'but 'taint fur me to go crossin' no ghosts, I hopes,' s'he, ''tain't lucky,' s'he. And 'twa'n't long 'fore I found aout 't all the rest was of the same ρ -pinion.

"We listened to that drummin' for a while, betwixt while Al wa'n't laffin,' an' the men, gettin' purty nervish, each one rec'lectin' some ghost story 't he'd heard,

and byembye sez l, 'Lets ketch the ghost, you,' but the men wa'n't very forward, just 's I cal'lated they wouldn't be, cept Al Higgins and Osgood. We rigged up a big net on a pole an' lowered a boat, the men sorter scary an' warnin' us as we'd better not meddle with ghostes.

"Waal, I dinno however we done it, but somehaow we slid the net along the port side, far 's we could reach b'low the water line and I snum 'f we didn't ketch their ghost. Up she come with a big—oh, I reckon fifty pound, drum fish. 'Thar's yer ghost, boys,' I sez as soon 's we got it on deck. And they didn't hurry any too much; 'was a simple case o' "one's afraid an' t'other dassent." But we showed 'em that 'twa'n't nothin' but a drum fish an' tole 'em baout them, and if they wa'n't a sickly, sheepish, mad-lookin' crowd, I dunno. "Them drum fish, ye know, is a fish

as weighs from 20 to 90 pound, and when they're full growed they is grayish and got a kinder beard on their lower jaw. Whatever makes that drummin' I dunno; some say its their bones drummin' together, an' they got a funny way o' fastenin' on to things. They feed on oysters mostly, I reckon, an' you don't see 'em much onelse in warm water and where they's lots o' shellfish. But it cert'nly scared them fellers." And he layed down his pipe and threw back his head in one of his hearty laughs, in which we all could not help but join.

After bidding the honest old fellow good night, we decided that we were due in our own respective bunks bound for dreamland, and we went out into the chilly salt air, leaving the warm fire and smoky atmosphere behind us.

CHARLES GOTT, JR., 06.

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MY FIRST AUTO RIDE.

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A circus was to show in the next town and my cousin invited me to go with him in his auto. At nine o'clock we were all ready and set out rejoicing, for everything was working smoothly and we travelled along at a good rate. On the way over, nothing of note happened. We saw the circus and the side-shows, the fat woman, the living skeleton and all the other artificial wonders, and late in the afternoon we started up our auto and turned towards home.

But what was that we heard way down in the vitals of our steed? A sharp hissing sound at regular intervals showed us that there was a leak somewhere. "We've got to get home before that grows much bigger," cried my companion and he pulled back the lever another notch. The machine leaped forward and we fairly burned along the sandy road, slurring sideways through the deep ruts and bouncing over innumerable "thank-you-marms."

I knew that if we kept up at this rate something would happen, so I started to warn my country chaffeur to slow up a bit. And just then something did happen. A tearing and wrenching, a sudden explosion and we were bumping along on three tires. The rear tire had given way to the rough usage it had received. A great gap such as this could never be fixed by the "kit" we had, and it was equally impossible to ride on a wooden rim. Here was a fix indeed!

But one can do most anything when one has to and it did not take us long to hit upon a plan. We filled the tire with the coarse sand from the road and bound up the hole with rags and tape. That tire was safe for a while at least.

Then we started up again, more slowly, you may be sure, than before, but still we were riding and that was infinitely better than walking. But now a new anxiety was troubling our minds. The leak was slowly growing bigger and already steam was escaping nearly as fast as the machine made it. "We're lucky if we ever get home on this," muttered my companion as he looked grimly at the hill before us, a good old-fashioned country hill with two ruts for a road, a hill which only a horse could safely attempt to climb.

Opening wide the throttle we sped ahead and began to climb at an encouraging rate. Up and up we climbed and slower and slower went the auto until almost at the top it stopped. With a muttered imprecation at all automobiles in general and this one in particular, he yanked back the lever to its full extent.

With a convulsive leap it bounded forward for a few yards and then with a report like a cannon a large wad of packing blew across the road and we were enveloped in a cloud of escaping steam. With a wheezing and sighing our steed came to a stop just three yards from the top.

"That fixes us all right," I said, "but anyway we can coast down a good distance." We got out and pushed the auto to the top and then as if under full steam, raced down. But everything must have an end and a New Hampshire hill is no exception, for a quarter mile further we stopped for good just two miles from home.

What were we to do? We could not leave the machine there, much less push it home. How we wished then for a horse, a horse of real flesh and blood, a horse

with no rubber tires to break, a horse—but just then we heard a shrill neighing, and turning about we beheld what most we desired, a horse and team coming down the

With a couple of ropes we hitched on behind and after walking and pushing for an hour we reached home, resolved that next time we took an auto ride we would bring a horse along with us.

EDWARD L. VIETS, '05.

"A DAY WITH THE SHADES."

With a whirr and a buzz, the elevator stopped at the opening of Hades. With a joyous shout, several shades, materialized for one day by the relenting Fates, sprang forth.

"Well, Gaius Julius Cæsar, old man, how do you like it?" exclaimed Napoleon, slapping Cæsar jovially on the back.

"O!" with a sigh of delight, "let us make the best of it!"

The other shades at once agreeing, they all started off for a pleasant ramble in the green woods. It was a typical June day, and colonies of birds, like hidden orchestras, made sweet melodies to delight the ears of the released shades. The dew was still shining on the lips of nodding flowers and the fluttering butterflies sipped and rested luxuriously on their blooming breakfast tables. As the happy people strolled along, the grasses barely bowed their heads under the weight, and when the invaders had passed, looked up and nodded gayly at the smiling sun.

Suddenly a strange sight met the eyes of the inhabitants of Hades. Two long rows of iron rails appeared, between which, low, very low, wooden seats were placed.

"So considerate of the dear mortals," murmured Archimedes, seating himself on the highest of the above mentioned seats as he prepared to draw some of his famous figures with the sharp end of a birch stick.

Adam smiled indulgently at King Henry the Eighth, and, whispering something to Washington, sat down on the grass, and his example was quickly followed by the rest.

A large bird, preening his brilliant plumage, sat on a high rock. An inquisitive squirrel peeped from his doorway, like an old woman, and chattered saucily at the trespassers in his sacred garden. "So glad Martha is not here," remarked the Father of his Country; "she would spoil the tranquillity of this beautiful scene. Do you know, Sir Walter, a scene like this stirs my very being, makes my heart throb, and fills my eyes—" "Thunder!" ejaculated Socrates, in an awed tone.

They all listened intently. Sure enough, but how quickly the sound approached! The noise was like that of an impending avalanche, a cloud-burst-but at that mo-

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ment a strange creature dashed around the corner. Straight towards them it advanced, its eyes gleaming ferociously, breathing fire from its nostrils, which were located on the top of its head, and bellowing like an enraged bull. Faster and faster moved its short legs, and a turn in the road showed its long body, curving and swaying like a serpent.

They all fell to the ground, overcome by fear of such a strange animal. All but Archimedes. He jumped and waved his arms wildly, but the awful monster rushed unswervingly forward. Now a strange jangling sound jarred upon their ears, which had been rendered very sensitive by the delicate, ghostly music of Hades. Cain and Abel dashed forward and seized Archimedes by his shoulders, while he tried to beat them off, screaming, "Don't disturb my circles." At last the struggling mathe-

matician was landed safely in a bed of nettles, and the cause of this awful uproar dashed by, and, wonder of wonders, they saw that it never once turned from the path formed by the iron rails!

The terrified shades stared after it.

"A prehistoric animal," moaned Noah, "and one that I never saw before!"

"O, my poor nose," wailed Archimedes from his prickly bed, and when he had been fished out with trembling hands by his friends, he announced his intention of returning to his accustomed dwelling place.

Sir Walter Raleigh smiled somewhat dolefully as he saw the swollen "central feature" of Archimedes' face, but he quickly seconded his motion, and they trotted back through the fields, and returned, wiser and more sorrowful shades, to Hades.

RUTH E. WHITTEN, '04.



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THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN.

There was a young man as I've heard tell, He went to High School to learn how to spell, He went to High School all on a summer's day, At least that's what the young folks say.

But alas! He met a boy named Sprout, Who said, "What'n the dickens you thinking about?

Some folks do have the queerest ideas, You don't know High School ways it appears."

"We learn to spell? For mercy sake! You actually make me with laughter shake. I'm a senior, my school days are near gone by, And I can't spell. Not I, not I."

"I can talk Latin, German or French.
Geometry's easy, history's a cinch.
In about all my lessons I get along well,
But there's one thing I can't do, I simply can't
spell."

So this young man as I've heard tell, Who wished so much to learn to spell, Turned round and homeward made his way, At least that's what the young folks say.

Mabel B. Coolidge, '05.

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At the first annual meeting of the Athletic Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Howard Russell; vice-president, Philip Taylor; secretary, Arthur Frost; treasurer, Howard Viets; athletic committee, Hicks, Hendrick and Tappan. Any boy in the school who has not joined the Association may hand his name to the president for enrollment.

The base ball season which closed in June was on the whole a very successful one. After a few games, the playing and fielding showed a marked improvement, and the way they defeated strong teams such as R. M. T. S. and Mechanic Arts showed that the fame of the A. H. S. base ball teams was not merely a matter of history. The school will not be represented by a foot-ball team, but according to the custom in recent years, base ball practice has been instituted in its place. The base ball candidates were called out by Capt. Hicks the last week of September. The players of the team still in the school are: Hicks, P. Taylor, Banks, J. Taylor and Wood. Kelley, who has played behind the bat for three years, has not returned to school and a new catcher must be recruited for this position. We lost by graduation Mowll, and also Hilliard, who as captain, coach and player, did so much for the team. The names of the other candidates, irrespective of position, are as follows: Duffy, Clifford, H. Viets, Marston, Mansell, Peirce, Tappan, Frost, Cashman and Sloan. With hard practice and plenty of enthusiasm, there is good reason to hope for a team next spring whose victories will be many and defeats few.

As winter draws near, chief interest centers once more in winter's chief sport, that of hockey. Each year the hockey team naturally seems handicapped by the loss of several men, but there always arise able candidates to fill vacancies. Captain Hicks feels confident that a team equal to its predecessors can be developed this year. II. Viets and Hicks forwards and P. Taylor goal are the only ones left from last year's team, but with many promising aspirants for the other positions a winning combination may be looked for. Last year we entered a new contest for another cup and did the thing expected by winning the series. The same result should certainly be attained this year. The idea of having a second team seems a very good one as it gives the younger boys a chance to prepare for the "varsity."

Notwithstanding a considerable income to the Association, from various sources, the unusually large expenses for the year have more than kept pace with revenues, so that at present the treasury is far from being in a flourishing condition. To secure the rental of Lawrence field for another year and pay all current expenses will require greatest activity and energy on the

part of us all. In addition to the monthly stipend paid by members, a popular and practical way of raising funds is by presenting to the public several excellent entertainments during the winter. It has always been gratifying to the management to note the way the entire school has contributed to make these entertainments a success financially as well as otherwise.

This manifestation of school spirit and loyalty to athletics is a wholesome one to foster. Whatever means are devised in the future for the support of athletics, let each one do his utmost to assist in every way and display as active a concern in the Association's financial welfare as to cheer its teams to victory on the ice or on the ball field.



SCHOOL LOCALS



1905.

Here's hoping that the class of 1905 may prove a worthy successor to the class of 1904.

The "Freshmen" class, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts.

That Colombus, that much ill-used individual, was imprisoned in Scotland is a fact quite new to most of us.

Physics note: When in doubt apply the "Orange problem."

The Botanical department has moved nearer to Mother Earth.

Those who aspire for future eminence should lose no time before joining the Debating Club.

Freshmen and Seniors alike seem to lack that "irreproachable orthography," judging from blackboard inscriptions.

Wanted: A few ounces of radium for laboratory work.

One pupil takes unpardonable liberties with hyperbole when he remarks that it requires an hour to locate a word in the French dictionary. It is a figure we can all appreciate, however.

Translations:-

Don't expose your lives! (More applicable to a cat than a man.)

They ordered Jupiter's statue to be enlarged by his ancestors.

Those men are poor up there in the sky. They built a figure of a mountain like a horse.

(To be continued.)

Definition: German is the study which treats of lingual gymnastics.

Comparisons are odious: e.g. comparative, ausser; superlative, der oyster.

1906.

Can it be possible that we have a cannibal concealed in our midst? Freshmen, beware!

Latin—"You shall live until no man so dishonorable can be invented."

Probably, in the time of Cicero, villains were made to order.

French — "The peonies had swelled heads."

Consider the peonies, how they fall to pieces, and beware of "swelled heads."

Oh, if Room A only had a piano! Then the Freshmen could beguile the weary hours of their class meetings by singing "Annie Laurie" and "Auld Lang Syne."

The Freshmen were criticised for the notice which appeared in Room A, "Freshman, please pay your dues." Next day appeared this notice, "Freshmen classmeeting this noon." Evidently, they are willing to please.

Can we be Seniors next year if we don't pay our class dues?

Recitation in Ovid—Teacher, "Why did Titan ask the *Hours* to harness the horses to his chariot?"

Bright pupil—"Because it takes *Time* to do it!"

One of the Greek pupils persists in telling us that "a large sparrow" and an ostrich are the same birds.

Greek—"The tent coverings had skins."
Well, aren't skins proper coverings for anybody?

Greek—He promised to *destroy* the men who were burning up.

German—"Has your father eaten my brother?"

1907.

We have elected officers as follows: President, Grayson Wood; vice-president, John M. Taylor; secretary, Wellington Hodgdon; treasurer, Philip Sears.

Pity poor Rome, in the middle of the Mediterranean.

One of us thinks that the Ager Romanus was two by six feet.

Teacher: "Translate, Germani cum suos interfici viderent."

Pupil: "The Germans, when they saw themselves being killed."

An amazing sight.

The Freshmen announce themselves record-breakers in the selection of class pins, as theirs are to be "the best yet."

Some of us in the Physics class would be grateful to "Sunny Jim" if he could give us additional points concerning "force" and "energy."

1908.

Our class officers are as follows: President, Bernadette M. McWeeny; vice-president, Pattie Beals; secretary, Rollin W. Hoyt; treasurer, Mabel F. Barnes.

We learn, from one of our number, that Scott went to the High School when four years old.

Teacher—"What tense is vocat?" Pupil—"Present-perfect."

Keep your eyes on the Freshmen if you want to see some pretty class pins.

A recent invention of one of our number is the word "hist."

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EXCHANGES



Greeting, exchanges.

Good, better, best, Let none of them rest, Until your good is better And your better best.

-Authentic.

Surely everyone must know by this time "how to kill a High School paper."

Another new movement among the school papers is the "Commencement Number." Don't you think it is a good idea?

Father (to son, as they were visiting Bunker Hill monument.) "My son, here is where Warren fell."

Son (gazing from top to bottom of monument.)

"Did it kill him?"—Stylus.

The tone of the Taunton High School paper has been greatly raised in the September number. It is really worth reading. Keep it up, Taunton.

Gentleman, (to waiter)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Yes sir, we serve anybody, sit right down." — Authentic.

There was so much worth copying in the last number of the Authentic that perhaps we may be pardoned for borrowing so freely.

A grave digger dug a grave for a man named Button, and when the bill was sent in, it read, "One Button hole \$1.00.

-Authentic.

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Officers of the Clarion.

EDITOR:

HOWARD T. VIETS

CLASS EDITORS:

ARTHUR C. FROST RUTH E. WHITTEN LOUISE HOOKER PHILIP W. DUNBAR

BUSINESS MANAGER:

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ASSISTANT:

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EDITORIAL



Christmas differs from all other festive occasions and holidays. The feeling that takes possession of man's inner being is, on that day, the same the world over. One does not anticipate the Fourth of July or even Thanksgiving Day in the same mood as he does Christmas. The feeling that, around this day, pervades the very air, is one of happiness not unmixed with awe and veneration. Good-fellowship appears then more than ever. Men try to suppress all bitterness. Smiles appear and greetings are exchanged where, before, they were absent. It is indeed a time when goodwill and friendliness are at their height, when malice and envy are put away and when things mortal seem to be under the

touch of things immortal.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

We would take the opportunity to express here our thanks for the many instances of helpfulness, on the part of pupils and all the teachers, which have gone far towards making possible what success the paper may have had during the past year. We appreciate it fully, and once more we thank you.

Though the political campaigns do not affect most of us beyond causing some degree of excitement, yet one lesson to be learned from them we have repeatedly noticed. That is, the great stress laid upon the character of candidates. The man with a clean record, who gives earnest of faithful and honest services, is the man most generally nominated. There is even a company whose business it is to look into and make a true statement of candidates' character. Thus it is made possible for a man of even medium attainments to secure a public office by virtue of his sound character.

The Seniors will not soon forget the good time they had at their social gathering last month. Only members of the class and teachers were present, and all formality was speedily forgotten in the games which made up the evening's enjoyment. Their next social will probably be the customary annual one, when outside friends will be invited.

The Juniors, also, have had their class social and from all that can be learned the evening's pleasure was complete. Such good times are worth much, in that they serve to bring the members of the class into a better acquaintance and a closer friendship.

We have the pleasure and privilege of mentioning another honor indirectly bearing upon our school. Miss Ruth Hornblower has been chosen president of the Freshman class at Vaasar. As our readers know, this is yet another instance of Arlington High furnishing college class presidents.

All who had the opportunity of listening to Mr. Southwick, Dean of the Emerson College, in his Shakespeare recitals last winter, will, we are sure, be glad to hear that plans are as good as completed for a number of recitals and lectures to take place this winter. Only a limited number of tickets for these entertainments will be offered for sale, the proceeds going towards the out-door side of our school training.

As regards debating, we shall say nothing here further than what has already been said in these columns, in a preceding issue, except to repeat the words of our principal, "Boys, stick to it."

The German Club is as active as ever and its regular meetings are looked forward to with pleasure, notwithstanding the facetious rule which exacts a fine of one cent for every word spoken in English.

By the death of Senator George Frisbie Hoar, there was lost to the United States a most venerable and able public servant; to Massachusetts, a son to be proud of; and to his acquaintances, a firm and true friend. His life may well serve as an example to all who would be loyal citizens. He has been called "one of Massachusetts' grand old statesmen." His life was one of quiet activity, nothing pompous, nothing showy. To him might well be applied the words:—

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime."

We are glad that the morning recitals at the piano have been revived, and feel that our attitude is shared by others.

Don't forget the Blake Prizes, Freshmen.

With this number of the CLARION, the present editor's connections with it will close. We earnestly trust that, under our hands, it has lost none of its tone, and will add, here's to its success for the years to come.

The Christmas vacation is most here. Let us strive to keep our energies bent upon our work until the last minute, and then the days following will be enjoyed all the more.

Why not have a prize speaking contest some time during the winter, if the Debating Club committee could arrange for it? In some way, a little money could be raised among the members of the Club and put into prizes.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

BLATHERS' CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas eve, and every one knew it, even Blathers, the tramp dog. He ran along the street in the little college town, pausing now and then to rest in a sheltering doorway, and gaze beseechingly at the people as they hurried into the light and warmth. No mischievous boys tied tin cans to his snub-tail to-night, nor did they wickedly drive snowballs at his swiftly flying feet. The bundles were too many and the Christmas trees too tempting, to think of poor Blathers.

He reached a wide doorway, the object of his search, where the light streamed out into the storm, and where men hurried up and down over the stairs singing and whistling. He would wait here and perhaps his master would come as he always used to and say, "Come on, Blathers."

Up stairs amid all the noise and confusion, one room remained quiet. Two friends, stopping for a moment outside, rattled the bolted door. "Jack must have gone south for Christmas. These railroad accidents are ugly things. Too bad!"

"I rather thought he would stay here for Christmas. He gets so blue, either way, that I can't tell which is better. Anyway, he's gone," with another vigorous pound on the door.

"Not tonight, fellows," came from within, but the visitors were gone and didn't hear. But did he care? Wasn't he glad that they had gone and left him alone? Old memories had been brought to life again and he wished to think before the dying fire, and to be left alone.

The clock chimed eight—only two hours since supper! What a rumbling those

fellows made on the stairs. He did wish that —

- "Open the door and let Santa Claus in!"
- "Hurry, before the reindeer freeze!"
- "The pack grows heavy, hasten, my lord."
- "Three cheers for Jack," and the cry rang loud and clear over the house. The dog barked, a true Blathers' bark, and a fellow lying flat on the floor gazed through the crack under the door and told of the proceedings within in stage whispers and with tragic gestures. The bolt slipped and they all tumbled in head over heals—Blathers ahead. Such a merry crowd!

The Christmas tree was planted with the rubber plant, while the long lost Blathers and his master rejoiced. The fire snapped briskly and the apples on the hearth almost sang while they roasted. The piano made music and merry songs rang throughout the house. Santa Claus made his customary speech, warning them all to be good boys if they wished for a top *next* year.

And when at last they went home calling "good night" and "merry Christmas" from every stair, Blathers sent his greeting with his master's.

All was quiet again; all the town had gone to bed, even the policemen. Blathers curled down by his master's side, first turning around and around, fairly pushing his master out.

"Three cheers for you and Christmas, Blathers," he whispered, "It's just like old times, isn't it?" And Blathers blinked sympathetically.

MARION R. BROOKS.



BEN THOMPSON'S PACT.

On a beautiful morning in July, 1775, a young man was walking thoughtfully from Woburn to the headquarters of Gen. Washington, in Cambridge. He had trudged by these placid Mystic Lakes and over these same roads many times in the previous four years, while a student at Harvard College, and the stirring scenes he had recently witnessed, together with the bitter feeling against England and her red-coat soldiers, which filled the hearts of all the farmer-folk of the country-side, had finally decided Ben Thompson to give up his studies and offer his services to his country.

Knowing himself to be possessed of some military genius, Thompson had determined to see General Washington and ask for a position on his staff. He reached the head-quarters, situated in an old colonial mansion, later known as the Longfellow House, and made known his errand to the general.

Thompson's appearance, at this time, was not such as would command favor in the eyes of an aristocrat, even so just and impartial a one as George Washington. He was tall and awkward, with the unpolished manners of a country lad, in spite of his collège training; but he was very intelligent, capable, and ambitious, though headstrong and extremely sensitive. Washington did not wish or need his services, and the young man was refused a commission.

Thompson had high hopes when he entered, but he left the house feeling mortified and angry. This feeling was intensified when he found, standing outside near the door, two gentlemen, the younger of whom wore the uniform of an aide-de-camp — a tall, haughty appearing young man, with a slight cast in one eye. This was Colonel John Trumbull, son of the governor of Connecticut, and the older man, who wore a curious red velvet mantle, was John Singleton Copley, the famous Boston artist, who was visiting the headquarters on this day, as the guest of Colonel Trumbull. Thompson had met the aristocratic young Colonel while at Harvard, and neither had liked the other, for while Thompson had to struggle with poverty to obtain his education, Trumbull was wealthy, and showed plainly the disrespect which he felt for the poorer classes.

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Colonel Trumbull had seen Ben Thompson enter the house and surmised his errand. He now suspected its result and laughed at the humiliated country boy, at the same time making a sarcastic remark to Copley, which was intended for Thompson's ears. The remark was overheard by Thompson and for a moment he was tempted to say something in return, but he only looked the contempt he felt in his heart for the young aide, and left the grounds determined that if such a thing were possible he would by some means — by any means rise above his circumstances and meet John Trumbull, in the larger world of affairs, on equal terms. Thompson kept this pact before him until it was fulfilled.

He returned home and brooded over his wrongs for some time, at last, in his anger, deciding that, as his own country did not wish for his services, he would offer himself to the enemy. Accordingly, he called on General Howe, at his headquarters in Boston. Howe at once recognized the ability of the young man and urged him to accept a position immediately, in the services of Great Britain. Thompson accepted, and was at once sent to England on a secret mission, by General Howe. There, by force of his talents, Thompson quickly gained recognition and was given high positions in the government.

In the meantime, at the most critical period of the American Revolution, John Trumbull left the Continental Army to take up the study of art. Some time previous, his friend Copley had gone to London and Trumbull now joined Copley there, where both became pupils of Benjamin West, the American Quaker court painter to George the Third.

Shortly after Trumbull's arrival, all England rang with the news of the capture and execution, as a spy, of Major André, by the Americans. Seizing his opportunity, Benjamin Thompson, now a power in the

British government, openly charged Colonel Trumbull with being a spy in England, "for surely," Thompson maintained, "such an aristocratic patriot would never desert his own country in her hour of need!" There was force and sarcasm in Thompson's charge, and no one felt it more keenly than Trumbull himself, who had laughed at this country boy a few years before. As a result of this charge, Trumbull was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained in imminent danger of execution for a year. At the end of this time, as Thompson, feeling that he had faithfully kept his pact with himself, and that the disgrace was sufficient punishment for Trumbull, pressed the charge no further, Trumbull was released.

John Trumbull afterward became a famous artist, and Ben Thompson continued to gain notoriety in England, and later in Bavaria, where he reorganized the financial and military systems of the kingdom and

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DORA PHILPOTT, '08.

A FISHING TRIP.

One afternoon, last summer, while I was camping in the Rangeley region with my father, my brother and a guide, we took our fishing-rods and started for a pond about four miles from our camp, intending to try our luck at fishing in the evening and early morning. We reached the pond early and, after pitching our tent and making arrangements for the night, went fishing.

We took two boats, my brother and father going in one, and Ellis Lane, the guide, and myself in the other, and went to opposite ends of the pond. After fishing for a while without any luck, the guide pulled up anchor and we tried another place. We had better luck there; for we caught four good sized trout. We were pulling for camp when I felt something strike my line. I pulled as hard as I could, but could not stir it. I told the guide I thought I was hooked on bottom, when all of a sudden the line began to run out.

"I guess you have more than the bottom on your hook," said the guide.

After a hard fight for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which the fish left the water several times, as fish do when they are hooked, it showed signs of weakening. Gradually it was worked up to the boat and the guide put the landing net under it and lifted it in. After we got the fish into the boat we had quite a lively time with him,

as he flopped around considerably. Finally, my companion caught him and held him until he drew his knife and hit him on the nose. It proved to be a salmon weighing about three and one-half pounds. Then we started for camp, as it was quite late.

When we reached camp we found supper all ready, as the other boat had returned before we did. They had not had such good luck as we; for they had caught only three small trout.

After supper we went "jacking" for deer. We had heard three or four when we came upon a doe and two fawns, eating lilypads. We were quite near them before the doe scented us. When she did so she gave two jumps and disappeared into the woods with the two fawns at her heels. She stayed in the bushes and "blew" four or five times and then we heard her crashing through

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the woods. We paddled around a little longer but did not see any more deer, and soon returned to camp. On the way back, we went through a flock of ducks. We came upon them so suddenly that they had flown before we knew they were there.

The next morning we arose about four o'clock and started off the same as before, my father and brother in one boat, and the guide and myself in the other. My father and brother went to the place where we had been the night before and the guide and myself to the place where they had been. They said that it was their turn to catch a big fish and they were going to do it before they came back. It grew lighter gradually and pretty soon we were able to discern their boat. After we had caught a number of small trout, we started for camp. We were almost there when we heard a shout from the other boat, and upon looking in that direction, saw that one of them had hooked a large fish. We rowed out to them as fast as we could and just reached them when they lifted him into the boat. It was a large trout, weighing about three pounds.

We all rowed back and breakfasted on the trout we caught the evening before. After breakfast we remained around camp taking pictures until about ten o'clock, when we started back through the woods to our former camp, well pleased with the success of our trip.

FREDERICK W. HILL, '08.

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THE OLD TRAIL.

There stood the old mountain in all its grandeur, and to us who had paused in the valley at its base, it was an imposing sight. The light clouds and blue sky in the background, with the sunlight streaming through and lighting up the otherwise gloomy peaks, completed the picture, and we gazed long upon this, nature's beautiful portrait. It was autumn and many-colored leaves and festoons of moss helped to lighten the trunks of the old forest monarchs.

We had been told that from the tip-top house on the summit one could view the country for miles around, and, eager to prove this, we pressed on to the trail. A trail in truth it was, only a narrow, winding path, which our guide informed us had been * in use a hundred years ago. The ground was covered with pine needles, which served partly to conceal the jagged rocks, and twigs. In some places we were scarcely able to trace our way on account of some boulder which had fallen down from the peak above and thus obscured our path. Many of the trees were very old and their roots extended across the trail, furnishing steps for us. Once we started a wood-chuck from his seat on a mossy rock near by, and again we heard the faint murmur of a brook speeding on its way down the mountain-side. Little flickers of sunlight fell across the trail from time to time, as we came to some intervale through which they found their

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way; then the next moment, we would be almost in darkness. Often the trees were so entangled above our heads that we could not see the sky and had it not been for our guide, we should have stopped.

Sometimes a bird soared by us, far above, and a saucy squirrel scolded from his perch on an old limb. As we went higher we found the path still more difficult to trace and the darkness increased. We paused once at the foot of an old pine while our guide cut apart the thick underbrush and thorns. We were delayed more and more as we proceeded, sometimes by the rocky bed of an old mountain torrent which had cut a deep gorge in the rocks, sometimes by the trunk of a massive tree blown down by an unrelenting wind. These victims of some mountain tempest looked but little less imposing as they lay outstretched upon the ground than they did when they loomed upward toward the sky. A gentle breeze stirred the tree-tops, just enough to sway them back and forth. The branches of an old oak creaked with every passing wind and a young sapling near by bowed low in

At brief intervals, through long rows of stately pines, we caught glimpses of the peaks above. We still hastened on, hoping to gain the summit ere sunset, for then the colorings would be most beautiful. One by one the clouds floated by, looking to us like sails on a distant sea. Our guide informed us that in ten minutes more we would reach the first peak. The last part of the way was the most difficult, for we were constantly cutting aside the branches and sometimes even the limbs themselves. We were entirely shut in from the sunlight and could not get a glimpse of the sky.

Each step seemed to take us into greater darkness, but, at last, going through a sort of rock cave, we emerged into the light again. We had gained the peak and our journey was done. Far distant in the valley

below we could see a river, lightened by ripples of sunlight, winding between the darker banks. Still farther away, almost at the horizon point, stood the grey old mountains, like forbidding barriers between the dark plains and the many-colored sky. Looking back through a long line of trees we could just catch glimpses of the old trail, now fast becoming dark and obscure as the sun sank gradually down, leaving a flood of light in the west.

HELEN G. ALLEN, '06.

A MUCH CHAPERONED YOUNG LADY.

Her mother had been unable to accompany her on her trip to Washington, but in spite of the above fact, of chaperones she surely had her share. He and she, together with a party of others, had been examining the many objects of interest in the Congressional Library, as well as admiring the beauty of the library itself.

It was when our little party was waiting for a car, that he committed the unpardonable sin of asking her to walk down to the hotel with him. "The streets of Washington are so prettily lighted up in the evening, the flower shops look so bright and gay, and the many-colored electric lights scattered here and there are so brilliant, that you should not miss it," he said.

She had just replied that she would like very much to go, when Chaperone No. One piped up, saying, "No indeed! You can not walk. It is too far to walk. And, besides, you mother is not here to look after you and so I am going to be your chaperone in her absence."

This surprised the young lady in question as much as it did her escort, for the lady who claimed the privilege of chaperoning her, although a friend of her Aunt's, was totally a stranger to the young lady herself. Scarcely had she finished speaking, when

Chaperone Number Two chimed in, saying, "I think, my dear, that you had better ride home in the car with us." Finally the young man asked, "Who is chaperoning this young lady, anyway? If possible, I should like to speak with her." Then her Aunt, who really was her chaperone, spoke, "She is a very much chaperoned young lady. We all three are her chaperones." The young man looked aghast, but mustered sufficient courage to ask if he might walk down to the hotel with her niece. Her Aunt, although she had no serious objection to the young man, thought her niece too tired, and so refused to let her go. Her niece understood and took this refusal kindly. But the young man, briefly bidding them a good evening, walked away with feelings very much hurt.

Not long after this little episode, the same party set out to visit the Smithsonian Institute and also Mt. Vernon. The young lady and young man thought perhaps they might have the pleasure of sitting beside one another on the car, but, lo and behold, the oldest of the chaperones seized the young lady by one arm, while the youngest grasped tightly her other arm. They were very happy at this victory, and turned around casting triumphant glances at the young man, who was seated behind them. When the party left the car, however, they relented somewhat and permitted him to walk with the "very much chaperoned young lady."

They had the pleasure of going over the Smithsonian Institute together, and were boarding the car for Mt. Vernon, thinking that they might see more of each other, when the youngest matron of the party snatched the young lady away from him. As soon as she had seated the young lady safely beside her, she began to talk French. This youngest chaperone was very enthusiastic over French, and finding that the young lady understood it tolerably well,

chattered unmercifully in French all the way out to Mt. Vernon. It is needless to say that the young lady would have much preferred the young man's company, despite the fact that he spoke English only.

It was in Philadelphia that the young man showed his gallantry,—a gallantry that would rival that of a true Southern gentleman. They were dining in a café, and the young lady, taking up a teaspoon, remarked how pretty it was, saying that she wished she had it as a "souvenir." The young man said, "It is yours," as he slid it up his sleeve.

Speaking of souvenirs, perhaps it will not be out of place to mention one little incident. This young man of whom we have been speaking was in the habit of carrying a dress-suit case in one hand and a large bag in the other, which was used exclusively for souvenirs.

It was when they were at Fall River waiting for the train to start to Boston, that he came into the car, tugging his heavy bag along. Suddenly opening it he drew forth a large water pitcher, which he had taken from his state-room on the Fall River boat. This was merely one of his many

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souvenirs, so he informed us, with which he intended to decorate his den.

The party were all saying their good-byes in the South Station, and, remarkable to tell of, all the chaperones were expressing their regret at leaving the young man. And more remarkable still, they told him that he might escort the young lady to the Sullivan Square terminal.

At last they were away from the rest of the party, and the situation was so novel that they made their way to the elevated train in silence. It was when the young man was bidding her good-bye that he exclaimed, "I have never been chaperoned so much in my life as I have been the past week." He had hardly finished saying this when the car started, bearing the young lady out of sight.

ETHEL FROST, '05.

MY EXPERIENCE IN HORSE BACK RIDING.

It was on a cold. chilly day in June, when every one said to every one else, thereby showing himself extremely witty and original, "What is so raw as a day in June?" that I had my first and only experience in horseback riding. I was making a visit at one of New Hampshire's fine old farms, but though the place was a beautiful one, nevertheless the fact remained that amusements were few. One day a brilliant idea came to me. I would borrow my cousin's saddle horse and go horse-back riding. I had never ridden before, it is true, but in my opinion that made no difference, all I had to do was to get on, and stay on, and ride.

I started toward the barn full of this new idea, but alas, I received a set back at the very start. My cousin firmly refused to lend me his horse, on the ground that I could probably break my neck soon enough on any of the horses without riding Fanshion, who was unused to anyone but himself and decidedly skittish.

Since nothing better was to be had, I meekly asked for Spot, one of the older horses, who although rather pretty to look at, was terribly lazy and fond of stopping to enjoy the scenery at short intervals. I was mounted sidewise, but after a few steps, at each one of which I expected to roll to the ground, I decided that fashion in this instance was common sense, and I sat astride my gallant steed. We started off down the road at a walk. Spot had mastered the latest style in walking perfectly, and "skittled" in such a way as to jolt her whole body and incidentally to run cold shivers up and down my back bone.

About half a mile from home she stopped, gazed around in a mildly curious fashion, and in spite of the gentle kicks I gave her, could not be induced to go on. So we turned homeward. Passing under a tree on the way back I broke a small stick from it, but the way she began to mend her pace was a caution to me not to use it, for I had no intention, my cousin to the contrary, of breaking any bones.

We journeyed back and forth in this way for an hour or two, going about half a mile from the house each way. At the end of the half, Spot would stop, admire the land-scape and — refuse to go any further. At the end I gained courage to trot a little,

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but I cannot say that I became a really fearless rider, for the way she would start and prance up and down if anything happened contrary to her wishes was nervetrying.

After dinner I started out again, full of courage and determined to have my own way in the matter of how far we should go. I set out on a different road from either I had taken in the morning, since I thought if I took the same one, remembrance of past victories in the same places might influence her. But the new road evidently suited her even less than the other, for she stopped sooner. After waiting a short time, she turned toward home. I turned her back. Again she turned and again I turned; and this performance was gone through with seven or eight times without variation or any change in the feelings of either of us. Gradually, however, my temper began to rise; and as temper came in, fear went out, until I finally reached the point where I even dared to strike her with my stick. She jumped up and down, two or three times, in a way highly dangerous to maintaining my position, and then we went back to our "mutton," namely, of turning round, and round, and round again.

The road was a narrow country one through the woods, on each side of which rose a steep banking, covered with rocks. So I came to the conclusion that if I got her up on one side of the road, and kept pulling on the rein and struck her at the same time with my stick, she would doubtless go on. But I did not count on her strength of character, for she calmly turned round toward home again. But I, alas, was reposing on the rocks, wondering if I was truly killed. Having decided that a little life still remained in me, I got up meekly, took hold of my horse's bridle and led her home.

FANNY E. HOLT, '06.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

Far away in a distant land where no cold winds, no ice or snow ever comes, the night was fragrant and balmy with the odor of cedar and the breath of sleeping flowerets. The soft white clouds that had been floating idly about in the dark blue of the midnight sky passed away, and the clear heavens looked down on the little sleeping town, repeating again and again by their calm, majestic silence, "He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps."

Suddenly there was a change. A star flashed out, — brilliant, awful, wonderful. Its radiance illumined the sky and lit up the dark hillside. The little lambs nestled down by their mothers' side, thinking the day had come, began to gambol merrily. The flowers raised their dainty heads and breathed out their fragrance to the new comer, and all the other stars sang their welcome; for this was the Star of the East, and once more the Christ-child had come to the earth.

Brighter and brighter grew the radiance flooding the world with a light more brilliant than that of the sun. Once each year does the Creator, the Giver of all Good, place this symbol of his love before the eyes of man, and there is great rejoicing among the stars as they welcome among them this one more blessed than any which shines in the firmament.

The night wore on. Sweet strains of music sounded over the hillsides. The wind, gliding through the branches of the olive trees which bent in reverent adoration, completed the harmony. Then there was a reverent hush, and the Star told once more the Christmas story.

Slowly the starlight faded. A new day was dawning. The light which had illuminated the hillsides of Bethlehem had flashed through the world the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth, and in every land the sweet toned bells sounded loud and clear. In

every tongue praises were sung to the Lord of Glory, and even the little children lisped the song of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Louise McConney, '05.

A SUMMER TRIP.

One of the most crooked rivers in Maine is the Saco. It rises in the White Mountains in a little pond at Crawford Notch, sharing this narrow pass with the railroad and the carriage road. Beyond the Notch it makes its way through a valley between two low ranges of mountains until it reaches the level fields of Maine, where it winds and turns on its way to the ocean.

In one small town in Maine, just over the New Hampshire line, it used to flow for thirty miles, making irregular loops. The two ends of this horseshoe are only about three miles apart. In the spring and fall the river often overflows its banks and does damage to the crops on the intervales near by. On account of this the farmers whose lands were flooded by these freshets, shortened the course of the river to half the original distance by digging a canal.

One of the favorite all-day excursions for summer visitors in this neighborhood is to go "Round the River," as it is called.

Last summer I took this trip with a party of six, in two boats. After going about a mile past the summer camping ground and through the woods, we came to a part of the river where it is broad and shallow. Here some of us had to get out and wade to get the boat across the sand-bars. We came soon after to the first bridge, called the Toll Bridge. This bridge, like all others in that vicinity, is of wood, and covered. Beyond the bridge the river grew deeper and we could see the nests of bank swallows. Here and there cattle were grazing in the pastures or coming down to the river

to drink. Once in a while we saw a turtle or a sand-piper, or even a duck.

At about noon we began to look for a good place to eat our dinner, for fresh air and rowing had given us good appetites. When we had landed we did not delay about spreading out our lunch under some large elm trees, and we did ample justice to the contents of our lunch baskets,

After resting a little while, we rowed on down stream and passed the mouth of the "Old River." This is a part of the original course of the Saco, but it is now the outlet of the two Kezar Ponds. We amused ourselves by giving names to the different islands which we passed on our way.

We had to go almost around Mt. Tom, and we went quite near sometimes. We first could see only one side; then gradually we went around the end where it is so steep that even the pine trees can hardly get a foothold on its face. When we were wholly around it, we knew that we must be approaching what is known as Walker's Falls, which is the most exciting part of our otherwise quiet trip.

These rapids are not very dangerous, but considerable care is necessary in going over them. Those who do not care to go over, land and walk down to see the boats come over.

We saw then that a shower was approaching and would soon overtake us. Those in one boat protected themselves by drawing their boat up on shore and overturning it so as to make a shelter from the rain. The others decided not to land but to row under some overhanging trees and wait there till the rain stopped. As soon as the sun came out we started on again and it was not long before we reached Lovewell's Pond.

This pond is named for Captain Lovewell, who was killed in a battle with the Indians on its shore, in 1725. Recently there has been a monument erected to mark the battle-ground. Lovewell's Pond is about three miles long, and as we rowed across it we had a fine view of the White Mountains.

In an hour we reached the other side, where a carriage was waiting to take us to the village a mile away.

WARREN ROBINSON, '06.



Few happenings of moment have occurred in our little athletic world since the issue of two months ago. Foot-ball engrosses the attention of many schools in the autumn, but we make no claim to laurels on the gridiron. We should, therefore, strive all the harder to hold a high rank in hockey.

Unfortunately at the time when his services were most needed, Captain Hicks was prevented from attending school on account of illness, and was thereby obliged to resign his post. Howard Viets, who has been elected to the position, is an experienced player and understands the game thoroughly, so that under his leadership a winning team should be developed. As only II. Viets and Manager P. Taylor are left from last year's hockey team, the prospects seem less bright for a successful season. However, in view of the number of promising candidates, Capt. Viets feels confident that with hard practice a good team will be forthcoming. Since the middle of November, the candidates have been practicing in the basement, and at the end of the month, Hill's pond furnished an opportunity for work on the ice. For convenience in practice, the candidates are divided into two squads. The following are trying hard for positions: Hodgdon, Gray, Clifford, M. Taylor, Rolfe, Churchill, Porter, P. Taylor, Bullard, Banks, Duffy, Sloane, Sears and Bott.

It might be well to say a word about the situation in the Interpreparatory League, the league which we entered last year. This makes the third year of the contest, and having won last winter's series, it is earnestly desired that we do likewise this winter and secure a comfortable lead in the race.

Lawrence field has again been secured for us by Mr. Holt for another year. The possession of such an admirable playground should prove an incentive to put forth the best ball team possible next spring. Meanwhile any such opportunity as the disposal of a few desirable tickets for an entertainment, among one's friends, should be made the most of.

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According to logic peculiarly our own, a machine is not a machine except when in use.

Teacher: "A triangle can have one obtuse angle; never more?"

Pupil (emphatically): "Nevermore!"

Perhaps worthy Aeneas found it as hard to decline Dido as some of us do.

We trust that we are warranted in saying that the school-room idiom "I dunno know "has become obsolete in Room A.

A Soph's lament: How oft appears the handwriting on the wall, which us for afternoon sessions doth recall. (This is not considered poetry.)

It may interest the scientific world to

learn that a certain Senior all but discovered a case of perpetual motion.

Sight translation: "un cahier qu'il lit -a cigar which he lit.

Who but a verdant Freshman could ascribe to Holmes those immortal epics of Homer?

Translations (so-called): —

A studio for sewing.

He declared that he would rather die than be her wife.

All ears terrify.

The fires groaned.

(etc., etc., etc.)

Shall (or will) we ever learn the difference between shall and will?

1906.

Friday, November 18th, the members of this class met in Wellington Hall for a so-

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cial evening. The only members of the class who did not enjoy this social were the ones who, on account of previous engagements (it is supposed), did not attend.

Teachers (in a chorus): "Please speak a little louder."

We are hoping to get the banner soon for brilliant French translations.

Je sentis mes cheveux se dresser, et je me dis, "C'est la cométe!"

Pupil: "I thought to arrange my hair, and said to myself, "There is the comet!" Wonderful presence of mind!

Penchè au bord de la fenêtre— "Perched on the edge of the window."

Assis sur les marches—: "Seated on their marches."

Translation—"I was cold to think how we were going to be boiled."

De l'île de Ferro—" From the iron island."

Such an island would be a treasure for the Iron Trust.

Smart Pupil: "William, the orangeman, seized the throne of England."

Now we understand why the signs such as "Pedlars and beggars not allowed in this Building" are placed in large buildings. No risk should be taken.

French class, do not forget that *souffrir* has a u.

1907

- "All Gaul slopes to the stars."
- "Cæsar asked them to remain in his mind."

Greek translation—" Your brother does how."

Part of an experiment in Physics: —

- "Then place a child on the block to keep it down."
- "If they had no minds they would be heathens."
 - "Gravestones are exempt from taxation."

Some of us did not know what part the pipers played in Rome.

Sometimes an income is an outcome.

1908.

Although algebra has wonderful powers, we are inclined to disbelieve an answer which tells us a mother is 144 years old and a father 108.

Latin translation—"Cæsar, having followed the 'flying' enemy, slew many."

Latin translation — "Mater non liberio intellegit quid usus sit." "The mother did not know which children to use."

We learn from one of our number that King James V. of Scotland received a messenger from Mars.

Heard in the History Class—"They 'Chucked' the heralds into Pits."

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EXCHANGES George Conference Conf

Here's to our new exchanges — Latin School Register, Tatler, Life and Rostrum.

Quite a novel heading that you have for your exchange column, Nautilaus.

Student (translating the Aeneid)—"I threw my arms about her thrice!—that's as far as I went, Professor."

Professor—" That's far enough, sir. Sit down!" — Budget.

The Rostrum from Maine should feel encouraged to appear oftener. It is quite a nice little paper.

Among our best exchanges is the Clarion from West Roxbury. We cannot too highly express our appreciation of the poem, "Chrysanthemums."

The Distaff is bright and interesting, as usual.

The Life from Melrose is well named.

An Irishman had twins. They were boys, so his wife told him to name them. He said that he had a very dear friend whose name was Peter, so he named them Peter and Repeater.

After a time more twins were born. This time they were girls, so his wife named them Kate and Duplicate.

Still more twins were born, these being 1. s. The father thought that this was enough so he named them Max and Climax.—Clarion.

Why not have an Exchange column, Stylus?

The Tatler, from Lansingburgh, New York, has made a good start. Success to you, Tatler.

Professor (at an examination)—"Does any question trouble you?"

Student—"Not at all, sir. The questions are clear enough. It is the answers that bother me."—Stylus.

We can not compliment the Debater on its cover for the November issue.

Physics Teacher — "Explain a vacuum." Student (much perplexed)— "I can't put it into words, but I have it in my head."—
Debater.

The Imp far excels the other exchanges in the excellency of its cuts.

"My son shall sit on England's throne,
With all that job entails,
For, judging by his midnight's voice,
He is the prince of Wails."
—Bulletin.

We should judge that the author of the article on Jamaica, in the Jabberwock, had never visited that land, or she would know that grain and wheat are not grown there, that the cattle are much inferior to ours, that yams do not grow on the roadside, any more than our streets are paved with gold, as is believed by many in foreign lands.

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